The Outlook

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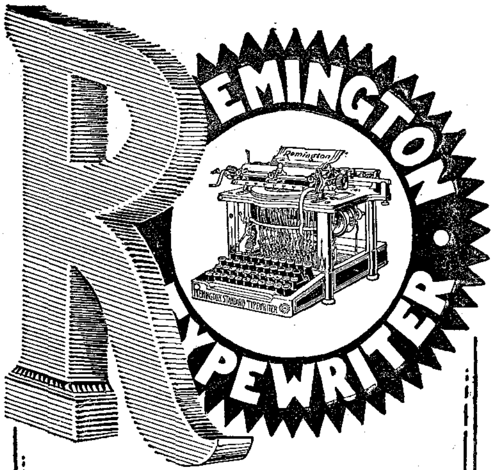

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The Outlook

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The Army Investigation During the week the President has practically completed his Commission of Inquiry into the conduct of the War Department. Eight members of the Commission have accepted appointment, and the name of the ninth will probably be announced within a day or two. As at present constituted, the Commission includes Major-General Grenville M. Dodge, of New York State, who served with great credit in the Civil War as a Major-General in the Army of the Tennessee; Colonel J. A. Sexton, of Illinois, Colonel Charles Denby, of Indiana, General James A. Beaver, of Pennsylvania, and General Woodbury, of Vermont, all of whom also saw service during the Civil War, while General Beaver and General Woodbury have been Governors of their respective States, and Colonel Denby has a fine record of service as Minister to China for many years; Major-General J. M. Wilson and Major-General A. M. McCook, of the regular army; and Captain E. P. Howell, the well-known Georgia journalist, who served in the Confederate army with gallantry. The various utterances of Secretary Alger the past week indicate a change of attitude. Instead of making the broad declaration that there have been no avoidable deficiencies, Secretary Alger now seems inclined to admit that there have been many defects, but to assign responsibility for the failures to subordinate officers in the Medical and Military Departments. Thus at Camp Poland Secretary Alger said, "The commanders of camps are responsible for the condition of their camps," and "Had the War Department been acquainted with the conditions said to have existed at Chickamauga, the troops there would have been moved long before they were." It is hardly necessary to point out that, if the War Department was not acquainted with the conditions in its camps, it should have been. At Chattanooga Secretary Alger spoke of the "incompetent officers in charge of some of the camps," and in an interview held at Cincinnati he said, "General inexperience and reckless exposure to unnecessary risk is the real cause of all our army trouble." At Lexington, Kentucky, Secretary Alger's repeated request that officers should feel free to point out defects met a response in the public statement of General Wiley that he had over and over again made requisitions for stretchers, but had failed to receive them, and that when men fell in the ranks under the heat "they were forced to lie exposed to the hot sun for hours with no medical attendance." General Wiley also pointed out that the Medical Director at Chickamauga was a veterinary surgeon with no military training whatever, who, when he was asked for a disinfectant for the sinks, said that disinfectants were not needed, and that "such stuff never keeps off typhoid fever." We are pleased to see that since these statements of General Wiley this Medical Director has been forced to resign. Notwithstanding General Wiley's straightforward criticisms, Secretary Alger, in his final address to the soldiers, congratulated them on the excellent care which they had received. A correspondent calls our attention to the fact that every one of the members of one Illinois company which has been in Porto Rico has signed for publication a statement that the only food served to them for weeks at a time was pork and hardtack, both in a condition unfit to eat, although transports were at the dock full of good food. Such incidents as this, and those pointed out by General Wiley, will undoubtedly receive careful attention at the hands of President McKinley's Commission. It is sufficient here to say that, while it is perfectly obvious that subordinate officers, and especially those in the Quartermaster's Department, have been criminally ignorant and careless, this fact by no means removes the ultimate responsibility from the head of the War Department, by whom they were appointed; and that if, as is generally believed, many of these appointments were made, not for fitness, but for political reasons, the responsibility is doubled.

❀

Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines Little news has come from the Military Commissions in Cuba and Porto Rico during the week. Affairs seem to be moving much more rapidly in Porto Rico than in Cuba. It is understood that the Spanish members of the Military Commission have intimated that it would be impossible to complete the evacuation of Cuba before the end of February, and that in response our representatives have been instructed by the President to insist that the evacuation be completed by the end of the year. The issuing by Captain-General Blanco of an order for removing the remains of Christopher Columbus and the monument surmounting his tomb in the cathedral at Havana to Spain has attracted some attention, and it has even been argued that such an act would be an infraction of the terms of the protocol. From the Philippines the most important news is the publication of an appeal to the foreign powers by Aguinaldo and his supporters. This appeal sets forth that the insurgents have thirty thousand men organized as a regular army; that they are able and willing to carry on the civil government of the islands. They therefore entreat the foreign governments to acknowledge the belligerency and independence of the Philippines. Representatives of the Filipinos have reached this country as a commission to present their case to President McKinley, who will probably see them, but only as individuals and not as representatives of any supposed government. The published claim that our Consul-General at Manila, Mr. Wildman, after Admiral Dewey's entrance into Manila Bay, entered into an agreement with Aguinaldo that this Government should aid in securing the independence of the Philippines, has little consequence. It is not probable that any such engagement was made, and it is certain that Consul-General Wildman had no authority to bind the United States in that way.

❀

New York Politics The past week has been a busy one in State politics, and the present week will be still more so. As we go to press the Republican Convention in this State is meeting at Saratoga. The indications still are that Colonel Roosevelt will be nominated by a large majority, although Governor Black has continued his efforts to secure a renomination as an indorsement of his administration, and will probably make a strong fight in the Convention. The political sensation of the week in New York has been the publication by Colonel Roosevelt's political enemies in his own party of an affidavit made by Mr. Roosevelt when he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy. In it he disclaims residence in New York City, and claims exemption from taxation there. He adds, "In October last my family came on here from Oyster Bay, Long Island, and since then I have been and now am a resident of Washington." Under the Constitution of New York the Governor must have been a resident of the State for five years, and the claim is made that if Colonel Roosevelt were a legal non-resident of the State for a single day during that period, he is ineligible. This is a purely technical objection, and the technical points raised must be considered with reference to all the evidence obtainable. Colonel Roosevelt's friends in reply say that Oyster Bay is and has been Colonel Roosevelt's residence; that he has paid taxes there on personal property as well as real property, and that, with reference to the affidavit, he gave explicit directions to his attorney and business manager that the affidavit should not be used if it should occasion any doubt about his residence. The letters containing these instructions have not been published, but will probably be presented at the Convention. Colonel Roosevelt's friends seem confident that the objection raised has no serious force. We refrain from expressing an opinion on this purely technical legal point until the full evidence has been placed before the public. Meanwhile general enthusiasm for Colonel Roosevelt as a candidate has undoubtedly increased rather than diminished. The Democrats of the State are at odds on the silver question, and if the Democratic Convention to be held at Saratoga this week does not indorse the Chicago platform, the silver Democrats will hold a Convention of their own, will indorse the Chicago platform fully, and will nominate separate candidates.

❀

In Other States In New Jersey the Republican State Convention last week nominated the Hon. Foster M. Voorhees, who has been Acting Governor, by acclamation.

There is little or no doubt that he will be elected. The platform declared for the single standard, and indorsed the St. Louis platform and the general policy of the Administration; a clause urging investigation into the conduct of the war was dropped from the platform. In Connecticut the Democrats nominated Mr. Daniel M. Morgan, of Bridgeport, as their candidate for Governor. He is a man of high personal character. The great fight in the Convention was over the money question, and the result was the adopting of a financial plank declaring in favor of bimetallism as affording "the most stable standard of value," and also declaring the party "unalterably opposed to monometallism of any kind." The gold-standard Democrats consider that this is a defeat for the free-silver element, as the gold-standard men believe that the free coinage of silver would be silver monometallism. Whether the majority of the delegates who voted for the resolution so believe or not is another question. No doubt, however, the defeat of a motion to substitute a direct indorsement of the Chicago platform was a distinct blow to the silver men. The Connecticut platform denounces the management of the war as regards the treatment of the soldiers, denounces the condition of civic affairs in Connecticut as corrupt, demands home rule for cities and boroughs, denounces "the scandalous sale of valuable public rights and franchises in the State," and invites attention to the evils of the present method of representation in the Connecticut General Assembly. The Michigan Republicans have unanimously renominated Governor Pingree by acclamation, and have commended his efforts for equalizing taxation in the State. The platform heartily indorses both President McKinley and Secretary Alger.

⁂

Russia in China Count Cassini, the Russian Ambassador in this country, in a recent interview with a newspaper correspondent, declares explicitly that Russian policy does not conflict with the interests of the United States in any part of the world, and especially in China. In building the Siberian railroad, he said, it was found that the route necessary to reach Vladivostok presented engineering difficulties that were practically insurmountable, and that in order to obtain a port which should be free from ice and thus make it possible for the railroad to become a successful enterprise, Manchuria must be crossed. To secure these necessary conditions, and the traffic which will justify the building of the railroad, an ice-free terminus at the south was secured by obtaining from the Chinese Government, for a term of years, a lease of a large territory. This arrangement between Russia and China was not animated by hostile purposes toward other Powers. Russia has no desire to prevent other nations from increasing their commercial privileges in that country. The English have had a free hand in the neighborhood of Hong-Kong, and the Germans in the Shan-Tung Peninsula. In the judgment of the Russian Ambassador, there will be no real partition of China. It is not the purpose of the Russian Government to annex Chinese territory, but to secure the right of way for the Siberian railroad, with a commercial outlet from Siberia, together with other necessary commercial facilities for the great northeastern territory which Russia controls in Asia. This may all be true; what the Russian Ambassador fails to emphasize is the fact that the occupation of large sections of Chinese territory is practically a division of China. The fact ought to be accepted.

⁂

At Fashoda In speaking of the occupation of Fashoda by the French expedition under Major Marchand, we intimated the probability of a peaceful and satisfactory settlement of the French and English claims to the territory about Fashoda. News now comes that General Kitchener has returned to Omdurman from Fashoda, and that the British possess Fashoda. No collision between the French and English expeditions occurred, and Major Marchand, while refusing to retire from the territory without orders from the French Government, did not oppose the raising of the British and Egyptian flags. The disputed claims can now be settled in peace and at leisure by the two Governments through diplomacy. Evidences increase that the opening up of the Soudan to trade will be of great commercial importance. The Khalifa has not been captured, but his forces seem to have been dispersed completely. An indication of the terrible effectiveness of modern instruments of warfare, and especially of machine guns, is shown by the fact that the losses of the Dervishes' forces at the battle of Omdurman are put at ten thousand, while the combined British and Egyptian army lost only about fifty killed. Probably never in history has there been such a ratio of loss in a great battle.

❀

Turkey and Our Claims

President Angell, on his return from Turkey last week, pointed out the difference between the claims which the United States is making upon Turkey for damages inflicted upon American citizens and the demands made by other Governments. The Sultan has refused to recognize these claims, and has denied his responsibility upon grounds which are unsatisfactory to all the Powers, including the United States. He bases his refusal on the alleged fact that the damages suffered by foreign citizens were the result of mob riots, and he has gone further and told the European Powers that he is entitled to indemnities from them, because Europeans fired upon and killed Turkish soldiers from their own houses. As a rule, the claims of the foreign Governments for damages are for losses sustained by their citizens through mob violence, while our claims are for property destroyed, not by mobs, but by soldiers who were supposed to be guarding that property, and who were, therefore, the agents of the Turkish Government. When this aspect of the American claims was pointed out to the Sultan, he stubbornly held the ground which he had previously taken, and refused to make any specific answers to the American claim. In the judgment of President Angell, an armed demonstration will be the only means of securing restitution from the Turkish Government. The Sultan, according to the same authority, is a man of decided ability. He is the actual ruler of Turkey, and his prestige has been immensely increased by the success which attended Turkish arms in the war with Greece. That war has revived the Mohammedan spirit, and it is inaccurate any longer to speak of Turkey as the "sick man of Europe" That phrase hardly applies to a country which possesses a powerful army of 300,000 thoroughly equipped men, trained in modern tactics by German officers, and armed with weapons of the most improved kind. The real fact in the case, so far as the claims against Turkey are concerned, is probably that the treasury is empty, and that, if the claims of one country were paid, the Sultan would be obliged to pay the claims of all others. President Angell, commenting upon this aspect of the case, said, very epigrammatically, "A bankrupt has an advantage; he can pay nothing, and owe the rest."

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Church Problems in the Conquered Islands

Archbishop Ireland's remarks on the policy of the Roman Catholic Church in regard to Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines are wise and patriotic. He denies the statement that an ecclesiastical commission will be sent from this country to investigate Roman Catholic Church affairs in any of the islands, and asserts that the Spanish clergy will be left in charge, as being the most competent to deal with the new conditions imposed by our Government. We do not know whether the Archbishop speaks from personal knowledge when he says that the priests in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines will be in accord with American ideas and progress, or whether it is simply his own opinion; possibly instructions have been issued from the Vatican as to the attitude of the Spanish clergy under the changed conditions The main point is that, according to Archbishop Ireland, the policy of our Administration will be faithfully supported by his Church. It is not yet settled whether the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of Cardinal Gibbons shall be extended so as to include the whole or a part of the territory. There is no doubt that the American Catholic clergy can co-operate most efficiently in facilitating the acceptance of American ideas and the practical adjustment of ecclesiastical administration in the islands to the new demands made upon it. But these will not be onerous; they will, in fact, make the Church comparatively free by separating it from the State. In the Philippines the religious orders have had fierce and vexatious contests with the civil power during more than three hundred years, and these will be henceforth most unlikely. When the clergy see that their religious rights are in no way interfered with, but rather secured by tolerance and impartial government, they are sure to recognize the benefits of their new allegiance.

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The Quebec Conference

The Quebec Conference is gradually nearing the vital questions intrusted to it. Senator Gray's place on the United States Commission has been filled by the appointment of Senator Faulkner, of West Virginia. The proceedings were pleasantly interrupted for a day by the ceremony of unveiling the Champlain monument, at which the Commissioners were present and were enthusiastically received. British war-ships took part in the celebration, and were joined by the Marblehead, commanded by Captain McCalla. Our sailors were specially honored in the position assigned them as guard of honor facing the monument. It was generally felt that the celebration heightened the mutually friendly attitude of the Commissioners, though protests and counter-protests have been pouring in rapidly from both sides in behalf of special interests. Thus far the attitude of all the Commissioners has been reserved in regard to these interests; no promises have been made, and no intimations of future action have been given. On our side, deputations have arrived representing the National Grange, and speaking for the farmers of the United States; the Home Market Club, of Boston, representing a total capital interest of $700,000,000, mostly invested in manufacturing; and two hundred and fifty of the principal lumbering firms in twenty-one States. The first two deputations strongly protested against any treaty of reciprocity whereby Canadian agricultural products should be admitted free or at greatly reduced rates into this country, while the lumbermen vigorously opposed the admission of Canadian lumber free. Deputations also called for a modification of the bonding privilege enjoyed by Canadian railways, though this was opposed by a representative of the Boston Merchants' Association. On the other hand, a representative of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, a deputation from the Province of Ontario in behalf of the lumber interest, and other representatives have been sent to oppose any concessions deemed injurious to certain special interests. It is understood that Ontario will not consent to repeal the export duty on logs unless Canadian lumber is admitted free into this country. The Governors of New York, Ohio, and Michigan also sent the Fishery Commissioners of those States to procure an agreement, if possible, under which joint international regulations may be established regarding the preservation of fish in the great lakes. It will thus be seen that the Commissioners of both countries are being diligently, if perhaps not very impartially, informed in regard to the varied interests affected, though no presumption can be made of the effect produced by these deputations. It is obvious that the Commissioners are not to look at these weighty matters in their local, or even exclusively in their national, relations, but also in the light of that international good will and advantage for which the Conference was instituted.

The British West Indies

The British West Indies have declared against the efficiency of Mr. Chamberlain's method of restoring prosperity to the islands, though warmly acknowledging his efforts and admitting the partial good likely to result from them. Mr. Chamberlain's scheme, which was recently outlined in The Outlook, contemplates grants in aid of the sugar industry and the building of model sugar-factories as well as other public improvements. At a conference recently held at Bridgetown, Barbadoes, and attended by delegates from nearly all the islands, as well as from Demerara and British Guiana, resolutions were passed which, after recognizing the aid to be given by the home Government, referred to conditions of depression which could not be changed by it. These were, first, the failure of attempts thus far to arrange for a treaty of reciprocity between this country and the islands; and, in the next place, the failure of the home Government to secure to the colonies the right to compete in the British market on equal terms with the bounty-fed sugar of the Continent. The demand was made that Great Britain either prohibit the importation of such sugar, or meet it by countervailing duties which should deprive the export-bounty system of its advantages. It is noteworthy that the discussions did not touch upon the question of annexation, either as concerns this country or Canada. The reports that resolutions of that character engaged the attention of delegates, or that any such movement existed, are without foundation. But, after this emphatic assertion as to what the islands really need for a restoration of prosperity, it seems as if the case would, in a measure, need to be reopened. The only reassuring fact in the meantime will be a fair trial of Mr. Chamberlain's scheme to see whether it will disappoint the predictions of a majority of the delegates.

Australian Affairs

New South Wales has lately had a general election whose result is of more than provincial significance, by reason of its connection with Australian federation. Mr. George Reid, the Prime Minister of the colony, appealed for support not only on provincial grounds, but for an indorsement of his course in opposing federation during the campaign preceding the referendum vote. The fact that his party now has a majority of only one, and that some of his stanchest supporters failed of re-election, is looked upon practically as a condemnation of his political conduct. The leading facts in regard to Australian federation have already been set forth in The Outlook, but the check received by the movement on account of the failure of New South Wales to give the required 80,000 votes has been explained only by facts which have very recently come to light. According to cable dispatches and the opinions of Australian journals, Premier Reid has not been playing a very creditable part. There are reasons why New South Wales should ask for some changes in the Commonwealth Bill before she casts in her lot with federation; but Mr. Reid, who was one of Sir Henry Parkes's firmest supporters in organizing the movement, knew that New South Wales could not get all the desired concessions, and allowed himself to be considered the leading champion of federation—a position specially obligatory upon him by reason of Sir Henry Parkes's death a few years ago. When the referendum vote came to be taken, Mr. Reid began to see almost insuperable objections to the scheme, and underwent a change of view which some could not understand, but which others bluntly ascribed to a deal with the labor vote. Apart from Mr. Reid's defection, some of his former supporters in the federation movement have urged another convention for the purpose of formulating some amendments whose acceptance by the other colonies will secure the support of New South Wales. The two points of contention are the excessive financial burden imposed upon the latter colony by that part of the Commonwealth Bill relating to revenue and taxation, and a change in the present provision for equal representation in the Senate. The former point is the more exigent since New South Wales will, in the event of federation, have to give up free trade and her system of land taxation and excise in order to take her place in the federal scheme of a protective tariff. It is beyond question that the supporters of the Commonwealth Bill in New South Wales consider the recent check to be only temporary. The centripetal forces are too strong to permit the defeat of the movement.

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American Trade in India India and Egypt have as yet shared but little in the keen interest felt in Eastern markets. The President has recently appointed a commission to investigate the conditions of increased trade with China, with the object of extending and specializing the methods necessary to compete with European countries. Our trade with India, though less valuable, would be less hampered by difficulties, yet very little effort has been made to promote it. Great Britain claims seventy per cent. of the imports, yet this has not been for many years the result of monopoly, and other competitors, such as Germany and Belgium, have secured a fair share of Indian trade. Recent investigations in behalf of one of our leading Chambers of Commerce have disclosed the excellent market for high-grade articles as well as others more in keeping with the needs of so immense an agricultural country as India. The agricultural and cotton-manufacturing interests demand agricultural and textile machinery; the expanding railway system, increasing railway supplies; the larger cities and towns offer an increasing market for the best and most varied kinds of articles demanded in our own highly civilized centers. It is a revelation to those whose commercial calculations had failed to include India by reason of its poverty and famines. Egypt also offers increasing inducements to American trade, especially by reason of British administration, which is constantly adding to the wealth and purchasing power of the country. Agricultural and textile machinery will be in increasing demand there; more especially the latter, as the excellent quality of cotton grown is encouraging its manufacture. In the articles enumerated, and in many others, England would be almost exclusively our competitor, and the articles are of a kind in which some of our most successful recent gains in export trade have been made. These are facts and conditions which must compel attention and lead to practical results.

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Richard Malcolm Johnston Richard Malcolm Johnston, the Southern novelist, who died in Baltimore on Friday of last week, was a lawyer and a teacher as well as a writer of fiction, but he will undoubtedly be remembered chiefly as the writer of the humorous, natural, and simple tales of old-time life in Georgia. Such books as his "Dukesborough Tales" and other similar stories do a great deal to preserve in a simple and pleasant way the flavor and local color of the homely and typical incidents of a bygone generation of Southern country life.

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Out of Its Field

The movement for the nomination of Colonel Roosevelt as Governor of this State on the Republican ticket is of National interest because it is, in effect, an effort to secure a Governor who shall represent the people of the State and not a political machine. The Citizens' Union of this city, which was organized for the purpose of securing efficient non-partisan administration of city affairs, has gone out of its field and has offered Mr. Roosevelt an independent nomination. This being the state of affairs, Dr. Seth Low has written a letter which is characteristically clear-sighted and to the point:

> I am not very well acquainted with the details of the situation, but, so far as I can base an opinion on the surface of things, I should think that the proposed action of the independents in this State is the one thing that can cause the defeat of Colonel Roosevelt and the possible loss of a sound-money Senator from New York, as well as sound-money Representatives in Congress. On the other hand, I can see absolutely no benefit to accrue from the course which has been taken and which is proposed. It seems to me to be unreasonable and unprofitable, and similar to the attitude of the Prohibitionists, who sacrifice all practical results year after year for the sake of a theory. I regret to differ so radically from one whose opinion I value so highly as yours, but under the circumstances you can perceive that I can take no part in an independent movement this year.

The Citizens' Union was organized to secure certain results in municipal affairs. It will become a power if it adheres to this purpose; for the thinking men of both parties are agreed that the separation of the affairs of the State from those of the city is necessary to wise and sound city government. To train the unthinking voter to consider the interest of the city first and only in municipal elections is the aim and hope of those who believe that the purification of politics must begin at the fountain-head.

Mr. Low's attitude is logical. The important thing for the State is the nomination of State officers who are honest, independent, and capable, and that result in the administration of the State affairs is the issue now before the people. To confuse that issue with another and different issue, and to jeopardize the success of Colonel Roosevelt, if he is nominated, in order to assert independence of the State party, would be a political blunder of the first magnitude. The attempt to form a third party out of a movement organized to nominate and elect to municipal offices men who should serve the city as the servants of the city, not as the political agents of a State machine, diverts that movement from its true end, and is likely to destroy its power while at the same time it defeats the man it strives to help. In declining the nomination of the Citizens' Union Colonel Roosevelt has also been logical; the Citizens' Union was out of its field in tendering the nomination. If its managers now go on to make another nomination, they will destroy a sorely needed instrument of reform, and furnish one more evidence of the failure of reformers through lack of practical sense in dealing with public affairs.

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The Change in China

The Outlook has recently reported a series of imperial edicts, so comprehensive in their policy of bringing China into line with European methods and Western civilization as to be practically revolutionary. The provision for the establishment of an educational system along European lines, the granting of concessions for the development of mining and railroad interests, the removal of restrictions from the press, the granting of free speech, and the organization of a postal service, which would have created highways of intelligence to all parts of the Empire, showed that a comprehensive plan of reform was being worked out. Now comes the news that the Emperor Kwang-Su has been forced to abdicate in favor of the so-called Dowager Empress, Tsi-An, and that Kang-Yu-Wei, the Cantonese statesman and reformer, who has been recently in such close association with the Emperor and has undoubtedly exercised great influence over him, has been compelled to take refuge on a British steamer, while his papers have been put in the care of the British Consulate. Thus ends, for the moment, the effort to bring China into line with Japan in the assimilation of the methods of Western civilization.

The story is an interesting one, and if the curtain could be raised and the palace intrigues disclosed, a State tragedy would be brought to light. The life of the Dowager Empress Tsi-An parallels that of the Czarina Catherine or of Catherine de Medici. When the Emperor Hien-Fung died in 1861, his son, a boy of six, was proclaimed his successor, and a few months later was brought to Pekin in company with the Dowager Empress, or principal widow of his father, and Tsi-An, who was one of his secondary wives. The young Emperor was to rule by the aid of a Board of Regents, but these Regents were removed on the day following the arrival of the party at the palace; Prince Kung, an uncle of the young King, and the two widows acting together to secure the substitution of the Dowager Empress, Tsi-Tshi, as Regent in place of a Board; Prince Kung to be Chief Minister. Four years later the Chief Minister was removed, and the two women ruled together. He was subsequently reinstated, but found himself simply the instrument and creature of these ambitious women. In 1872 the young Emperor married, and four months later he assumed the management of public business. In 1873 he exercised his authority to degrade Prince Kung, but the very next day a decree signed by the two Empresses reinstated Prince Kung. Coincidently with his attempt to rule, the Emperor's health began to fail, and he shortly died, the young Empress passing away almost at the same time, under very suspicious circumstances. The two Dowager Empresses thereupon chose the present Emperor, who was a son of Prince Chung, and whose selection gave them a further lease of power.

In 1881 the Empress Tsi-Tshi died, leaving the Dowager Empress, Tsi-An, sole ruler; and this death also was attended by suspicious circumstances. Tsi-An, having removed or survived the obstacles in her path, now became absolute mistress of the affairs of the Empire. Three years later she found occasion to dismiss Prince Kung, who has since remained in obscurity. Death came again to the assistance of the Empress by removing Prince Chung and his ally, the Marquis Tseng, and these deaths again were surrounded by suspicious circumstances.

Nine years ago the young Emperor was married to a lady who had been selected for him by the Empress Dowager; and the latter, on the occasion of the marriage, published her resignation in a farewell edict. But, in putting aside the semblance of power, Tsi-An did not give up its reality. She continued to rule with relentless energy. Li Hung Chang had long been her ablest ally, and probably owes it to her protection that to his recent losses of rank and office was not added the loss of his head. Three years ago, through the intervention of the Empress Dowager, Li went to Russia to attend the ceremonies connected with the coronation of the Czar. Since that time he has been the steady ally of Russia, and the representative of Russian influence in China; and it is at this point that the Great Powers appear as actors in this intricate State tragedy. Li Hung Chang has been recently restored to some of the posts which he was forced to give up. The young Emperor, under the influence of the Cantonese reformer, Kang-Yu-Wei, and undoubtedly in accordance with his own instincts and desires—for he has shown a very definite purpose to familiarize himself with Western methods—had apparently thrown off entirely the influence of the Dowager Empress, Tsi-An, and was probably responding to English influence in the series of edicts which he has been making public. Whether the abdication of the Emperor, which is not unlikely to be followed by the news of his death, means that an ambitious and unscrupulous woman has again taken the reins of power into her own hands, or that Russia has determined, by a master-stroke at the palace, to consolidate her own power in China, and to prevent the reorganization of the Empire along modern lines, no one outside a very limited circle knows. The progress of China will not be stopped by these intrigues, but its lines of movement and its methods may be entirely changed.

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The Danger in France

The Dreyfus mystery deepens, and the political situation grows more threatening. Colonel Picquart, it will be remembered, was an officer in the secret service of the French army who some time ago announced his belief in the innocence of Captain Dreyfus as the result of certain investigations which he was directed to make by the War Department. These investigations suddenly ceased; Colonel Picquart found that his correspondence was being examined; and he was unexpectedly ordered to service in North Africa. There was every appearance of a determination on the part of the War Department to stop the investigation which he was carrying on. The charge of revealing documents concerning the national defense was some time ago brought against Colonel Picquart, and on Wednesday of last week he was placed on trial before the Correctional Tribunal on that charge. The public prosecutor promptly asked for an adjournment, on the ground that General Zurlinden, who had just resigned the position of Minister of War, had ordered the prosecution of Colonel Picquart on charges of forgery and of using forged documents. General Zurlinden brought these charges while Minister of War; he then resigned and was appointed Military Governor of Paris; in that capacity he is now practically directing the prosecution which he ordered as Minister. Colonel Picquart was promptly transferred from civil to military jurisdiction, and the sensational element which has pervaded this extraordinary case from the beginning was supplied when he rose and declared that he was probably speaking in public for the last time; that he should sleep in a military prison, and that he wished it understood that, if he should be found there dead, with the strangling-cord which killed Picard or the razor which destroyed Colonel Henry, the fact would be evidence of murder and not of suicide. Picard was a detective concerned in the Dreyfus matter, and was found hanged about a year ago, under very peculiar circumstances. Colonel Henry committed suicide three weeks ago. Colonel Picquart has disappeared from view. His friends are not allowed to communicate with him, and do not know where he is. Esterhazy, who is believed by many to be the chief villain in this remarkable drama, is still in London; is alleged to have made a confession in which he assumes responsibility for the forgery of the original *bordereau* or memorandum which was the principal evidence against Dreyfus.

This brief statement of the events of the week deepens the mystery of a case which promises to become as complex, as widespread in its implication of well-known people, and as disastrous in its results upon established reputations as the famous scandal of the diamond necklace in the reign of Louis XVI. The mystery which surrounds the case is one of its worst aspects. The whole country is plunged into moral perplexity and confusion by it. There is universal distrust and suspicion. The French do not know whom to trust nor what to expect. Nor does there seem to be any immediate prospect of solution of a mystery which will destroy the Government and perhaps overthrow the Republic if it is not cleared up. The Commission appointed by the Minister of Justice, under the direction of the Cabinet, to consider the question of the revision of the whole case is not able to make a report, because it is evenly divided. But on Monday, at a Cabinet meeting at which all the members were present, it was resolved that a revision of the case should be had. The special commission headed by M. Sarrien, the Minister of Justice, had been evenly divided on the question of revision, so that the final decision fell upon the Cabinet after all. The decision refers the case and all the documents connected with it to the Court of Cassation, to which also has been referred the petition of Madame Dreyfus for the granting of a new trial for her husband. This decision was not reached without prolonged and hot discussion, if the reports of the meeting of the Cabinet are to be trusted; and the resignation of several Ministers may be anticipated. These are all, however, matters of minor importance. If the Government has determined to reopen the case, to abandon arbitrary methods, and to publish all the facts to the world, France is again on the highroad to health and strength, and will recover the respect which her treatment of this matter has forfeited. Whether Dreyfus is guilty or innocent has become a subordinate question. The real question is whether the French Government is willing to submit to the dictation of the army. So far, every step in the history of the Dreyfus case has been marked by violence, secrecy, arbitrary interference, and disregard of judicial methods. The peril of the situation lies in the attitude of the army and in the apparent subservience of the Government to the general staff. The arbitrary transference of the case of Colonel Picquart from the civil to the military authorities, and his secret confinement in a military prison by the direction of the Military Governor of Paris, show that the French Republic has practically ceased to exist; for such methods are absolutely incompatible with self-government. The military power has usurped the civil power, military methods have taken the place of judicial methods, and France is to-day under a tyranny in the form of an irresponsible power behind the Government. The lack of frankness and courageous leader-ship in public affairs makes it possible for the leaders of the army to subvert the processes of law and to terrorize France; for France is to-day repeating the Terror in a modified form.

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Half-Truths and the Truth

One of the most difficult duties laid upon a man is the balancing of his life between what appear to be antagonistic tendencies. That this is a duty is evident from the gravity of a failure to secure this balance. All ill-balanced character, extravagance of opinion, excesses of energy, tragic wastings of force, and the vast majority of those eccentricities which betray a distortion of nature, come from the failure to harmonize the diverse tendencies which are in every man's heart and the diverse forces which play through every man's life. It is impossible to give one's self up wholly to anything without spiritual loss; even the pursuit of the highest virtues and the noblest ends becomes an occasion of weakness if these virtues and ends are thrown out of their normal relations to the whole order of life. In order to attain deep spirituality of nature one must be, in a sense, separated from the world; and yet no man can attain his full stature or greatly serve his fellows who is detached in fact or in feeling from the human brotherhood. One cannot compass the richest spiritual growth or attain the widest spiritual vision if he is *of* the world; neither can one secure either of these great ends unless he be *in* the world. In order to lead his fellows one must attain the independence of the great teachers whose wisdom has always been the knowledge of God; but no one can touch the hearts of his brother men and guide them into higher paths unless he is so completely one with them in all the deeper experiences that he secures also the wisdom of the knowledge of man.

The ball of the earth, like all the other stars that shine in the firmament, is in perpetual danger of flying into its sun or of rushing into space; and man, who lives on this flying ball played upon by two apparently antagonistic forces, must lose his life in order to save it, deny himself in order to be happy, and give all that he possesses in order to be permanently rich. If he hoards, he wastes; if he guards himself against sorrow by keeping his affections at home, he impoverishes himself; if he strives to escape the dangers of life by keeping out of the path of the tragic experiences, he invites inevitable disaster. At maturity he is told, if he longs to serve God, that he must be born again; in old age he is taught, if he longs to know God, that he must become as a little child. The structure of his own nature seems to affirm that the highest wisdom is the exclusive possession of those whose minds have had the most complete training, and in whose memory knowledge has found the amplest home; and yet it is written that out of the mouths of babes God has ordained wisdom, and in the hearts of the poor and humble there is a light above the light of knowledge. When the Infinite took on the conditions of mortality and became a man, his place of birth was obscure, his parentage humble, his education slight, his divinity veiled by the lowliest aspects of humanity. The greatest of the apparent contradictions of life is the fact that God has led a human life; and Christ himself was a greater paradox than any of the paradoxes he uttered.

In whatever field a man walks, he finds himself confronted and surrounded by these strange and confusing contradictions. He has a deep instinct for order, and yet he is born into a society full of the elements of disorder; he has a love of beauty, but he is encircled by ugliness in a thousand forms; he has a passion for freedom, but if he follows his own desires and surrenders to his own impulses, chains of habit are fastened upon him which are like bands of iron; and he does not need to study long in the school of life to discover that the only road to liberty is through obedience, and that he who would be a master must first be a servant. And this is only the beginning of that education which seems to reverse all the first impressions of the normal order of things. For the man learns not only that the earth turns toward the sun instead of the sun rising upon the earth, but that the small things are great, and the great things small; that the sublimest duties are often the humblest in appearance, the noblest opportunities often the most insignificant at the first glance, and the loftiest natures the most unassuming. If he would be great, he must first become simple; if he would lead his generation, he must be its foremost servant; if he would uncover the beauty of the world, he must find the shining of that beauty close at hand and in the most familiar objects; if he would discern the significance of life, he must invest the commonest persons and the most obscure conditions with the dignity of divine purpose and love.

Is life, then, as some men have told us, an unintelligible paradox, a vast and fathomless irony? Is it true that, as Omar Khayyám has said,

> We are no other than a moving row
> Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go
> Round with this Sun-illumin'd Lantern held
> In Midnight by the Master of the Show?

The paradoxes of life have their root in our ignorance; they are the result of our half-knowledge dealing with half-truths. The moment a man comes to understand the order of the solar system, the sun no longer seems to revolve around the earth; and the moment a man discerns that this earthly experience is part of an endless life, that he is open to heavenly as well as earthly influences, that behind the apparent order there is another and a spiritual order, mystery remains, but confusion and contradiction vanish. There is no more irrationality in teaching a man a spiritual lesson through a sorrow, a loss, or a sacrifice, than in teaching a child a fact or truth which is still beyond the range of its full comprehension. All real education is in advance of the mind's power of entire appropriation at the moment. The mature man no less than the child is always learning things which he does not perfectly understand at the moment, but which he will understand when experience has widened or deepened or ripened his nature. If by self-surrender one can secure pure and lasting freedom, there is no paradox in the giving up of the lesser for the greater good; if by losing his life a man can save that which is of more value than life, there is no jugglery with his intelligence in the process. The moment one discerns the spiritual order behind the apparent disorder, there are no longer any paradoxes; the apparent contradictions resolve themselves into harmonious adjustment as soon as one overlooks the entire field. There is no real antagonism between the force which impels the earth towards the sun and that which impels it towards the abysses of space; they are different manifestations of the same force. In a shop one sees often two belts running in opposite directions, but he has only to climb a pair of stairs to discover that a single belt is running over the drum! The earth is not solitary; it is part of a system, and can be understood only when it is so regarded. Man is not perishable, but immortal; the things which surround him are material means to spiritual ends, material symbols of spiritual truths; life is not identical with its forms and appearances and conditions; it is divine and it is eternal.

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Relaxation

The ability to relax the tension of work is as important as the power of concentration; for the two processes combine in the doing of the highest kind of work. There are, it is true, great differences between men in capacity for sustained toil. Some men are able to put forth their energy at the highest point of efficiency for a short time only, while the endurance of others seems to be almost without limit. In manual or mechanical work it is mainly a question of physical or nervous resources; in creative work, however, relaxation is not a matter of choice; it is a matter of necessity, because it affects the quality of the product. In the alertness of attention, the full activity of every faculty, the glow of the imagination, which accompany the putting forth of the creative power, the whole force of the worker is concentrated and his whole nature is under the highest tension. Everything he holds of knowledge, skill, experience, emotion, flows to one point; as waters which have gathered from the surface of a great stretch of country sometimes run together and sweep, in deep, swift current, through a narrow pass. In such moments there is a concentration of thought, imagination, and spiritual energy which fuses all the forces of the worker into one force and directs that force to a single point.

In such a moment there is obviously a closing in of a man's nature from outward influences. The very momentum with which the absorbed worker is urged on in the accomplishment of his design shuts him from those approaches of truth and knowledge which are made only when the mind is at ease. One sees a hundred things in the woods as he saunters through their depths which are invisible as he rushes through on a flying train; and one is conscious of a vast world of sights, sounds, and odors, when he sits out-of-doors at ease, of which he is oblivious when he is absorbed in any kind of task. Now, in order to give work the individuality and freshness of the creative spirit, one must be, at certain times, as open to these manifold influences from without as one must be, at other times, closed against them; the tension of the whole being which is necessary for the highest achievement must be intermitted. In the lower forms of work relaxation is necessary for health; in the higher forms of work it is essential for creativeness.

It is a very superficial view of the nature of man which limits growth to periods of self-conscious activity; a view so superficial that it not only betrays ignorance of the real nature of man's relation to his world, but also of the real nature of work. Activity is not necessarily work; it is often motion without direction, progress, or productiveness—mere waste of energy. In every field of life—religious, intellectual, material—there is an immense amount of activity which is a sheer waste of power. Work is energy intelligently put forth; and intelligence in work depends largely upon keeping the whole nature in close and constant relation with all the sources of power. To be always doing something is to be as useless for the higher purposes of growth and influence as to be always idle; one can do nothing with a great show of energy, and one can do much with very little apparent effort. In no field of work is the difference between barren and fruitful activity more evident than in teaching. Every one who has acquaintance with teachers knows the two types: the man who is never at rest, but who pushes through the school day, watch in hand, with gongs sounding, monitors marking, classes marching, recitations beginning and ending with military precision, sharply defined sections in each text-book arbitrarily covered in each period—a mechanic of tireless activity, who never by any chance touches the heart of the subject, opens the mind of the pupil, enriches his imagination, or liberates his personality; and the other type, the real teacher, who is concerned, not to sustain a mechanical industry, but to create a dynamic energy; who cares more for truth than for facts, for ability than for dexterity, for skill of the soul than for cunning of the brain; who aims to put his pupil in heart with nature as well as in touch with her phenomena; to disclose the formative spirit in history as well as to convey accurate information; to uncover the depths of human life in literature as well as to set periods of literary development in external order. Such a man may use few methods, and attach small importance to them; the railroad atmosphere of the schedule may be hateful to him in the school-room; but he is the real worker, for he achieves that which his noisier and more bustling colleague misses—the education of his pupils. He is not content to impart knowledge; he must also impart culture; for without culture knowledge is the barren possession of the intellectual artisan.

Now, culture involves repose, openness of mind, that spiritual hospitality which is possible only when the nature is relaxed and lies fallow like the fields which are set aside in order that they may regain fertility. The higher the worker the deeper the need of relaxation in the large sense. A man must be nourished before he can feed others; must be enriched in his own nature before he can make others rich; must be inspired before he can reveal, prophesy, or create in any field. If he makes himself wholly a working power, he isolates himself from the refreshment and re-creative power of the living universe in which he toils; in that isolation he may do many things with feverish haste, but he can do nothing with commanding ability. He narrows his energy to a rivulet by cutting himself off from the hills on which the feeding springs rise and the clouds pour down their richness. The rivulet may be swift, but it can never have depth, volume, or force. The great streams in which the stars shine and on which the sails of commerce whiten and fade are fed by half a continent.

To the man who is bent upon the highest personal efficiency through the most complete self-development a large part of life must be set aside for that relaxation which, by relief from tension and from concentration, puts the worker into relation with the influences and forces that nourish and inspire the spirit. The more one can gain in his passive moods, the more will he have to give in his active moods; for the greater the range of one's thought, the truer one's insight, and the deeper one's force of imagination, the more will one's skill express and convey. A man's life ought to be immensely in excess of his expression, and a man's life has its springs far below the plane of his work. Emerson's work reveals the man, because it contains the man, but the man was fashioned before the work began. The work played no small part in the unfolding of the man's nature, but that which gave the work individuality and authority antedated both poems and essays. These primal qualities had their source in the personality of the thinker and poet, and were developed and refined by long intimacy with nature, by that fruitful quietness and solitude which open the soul to the approach of the deepest truths and most liberating experiences. Emerson knew how to relax, to surrender to the hour and the place, to invite the higher powers by throwing all the doors open; and these receptive hours, when he gave himself into the keeping of the spirit, were the most fertile periods of his life; they enriched and inspired him for the hours of work.

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The British Trades-Union Congress

The British workingman has been asked by the Trades-Union Congress recently held at Bristol to adopt a radical change in the method of contending for his asserted rights. In point of attendance and discussion the Congress was the most remarkable of recent years, and the presence of delegates from the United States, Japan, and New Zealand gave something of an international interest to its proceedings. The address of the President, Mr. J. O'Grady, outlined a new and distinctively political attitude for the workingmen represented at the Congress, and, as his views were typical of the majority, it would seem that the present methods of trades-unionism are looked upon as obsolete. The most important position taken in the address, and afterwards affirmed by resolution, was: That trades-unions are no longer sufficient to meet the power of capital, and that a complete reorganization of all trades, skilled and unskilled, into a Federation of Labor should supersede the limited functions of the present organizations. Not only so, but the proposed Federation is to be an independent political party, adopting the principles of Socialism. It should be noted that the discussion of the socialistic resolution showed a large minority in opposition to it, and throughout the Congress there were proofs of strong dissent from some of the radical changes recommended.

Though the principle of this Federation as a new political party was adopted, no working plan was agreed upon, and the elaboration of one was postponed for consideration at a special congress to be called next January. Among other resolutions passed were those demanding an extension of the Factory and Compensation Acts to meet new cases arising; favoring compulsory arbitration in trade disputes; demanding an eight-hour working day; advocating the taking over of railways by the Government; legalizing payment of Members of Parliament; and minor resolutions providing for the protection of the physical condition of workers in certain trades. The socialistic resolution recommended the trades-unions to give their support to the working-class Socialist parties on the ground that the labor problem will never be solved until the land and the means of production, distribution, and exchange are held as common property.

Unquestionably the failure of the trades-unions to gain their point during the engineers' and Welsh coal strikes, emphasized by the hopelessness of further action on the old lines, largely caused the radical changes favored by the Congress. A compact Socialist party resembling the German propaganda, well equipped financially, and specially organized for electoral contests, was set forth as the only remedy for grievances which former efforts had failed to redress. While the Congress was willing to accept a Workmen's Compensation Act from a Conservative Administration, this was considered only the first in a series of legislative changes, one to be followed by complemental measures legalizing old-age pensions and the abolition of contracting out. After the organization of the new party is completed, its first legislative aims are to be an eight-hour day and a minimum wage; then there will be efforts in furtherance of taxation reform and the nationalization of industry.

This is the most ambitious attempt yet made to commit the working classes of Great Britain to a programme of collectivism. In the contests with the mine-owners and the employers of engineers, capital borrowed from the experience of the trades-unions and became more compactly organized; the latter now seek greater strength by a closer and more comprehensive organization than that of their opponents. In the proposed reconstruction provision is to be made for the largest possible support by the admission of unskilled trades, and each trade is to have all its workers enrolled as adherents of the new party. This will give some idea of the difficulties of organization to be grappled with, for it will take a long time to make British workingmen politically of the same mind. In the attempt to form in Great Britain a new political party devoted to the interests of labor and animated by the collectivist principle, either of two courses may be chosen: independent or co-operative party action, the latter alternative finding its realization naturally in connection with the Liberals. It cannot be denied that the history of British politics gives scant encouragement to the prospect of any political organization outside of the two great parties. The present Labor party has only an insignificant representation in the House of Commons, nor has it exercised a noteworthy influence in electoral contests, except where it was willing to merge its vote and be content with a partial advantage. The so-called parties outside of the Liberals and Conservatives are little more than phases of sectional opinion which have no solid place in the esteem of the nation. The settled habit of the electorate is not tolerant of them as separate organizations aiming at political control.

But the new party foreshadowed at the Bristol Congress would have, it seems to us, a still more remote chance of success, whether as an independent or as an allied organization. If a section of the Liberals should adopt some of the more radical tenets of collectivism, it would be read out of the party as alien to the traditions and the temperament of British party politics. The tenets would point ominously to an elaborate untried system—a concept repugnant to the British voter, who does not want a system, but a practical fighting issue. The intrusion of doctrinaire propositions as a medium of popular appeal would be bluntly resented as subversive of an established order. In this respect the English Socialist differs widely from the German. The former, with that Anglo-Saxon inconsistency which illustrates the union of free theorizing with practical action utterly dissevered from it, may believe as firmly in collectivism as the latter, but he intuitively perceives its uselessness as a party weapon. He will at best hope that gradually, point by point and under the disguise of names which hide revolutionary meanings, isolated articles of his creed may find their way into the contentions of party politics. He may profess the most radical theories, but as a voter he is steadied by the conservatism which allots votes and theories to widely different uses.

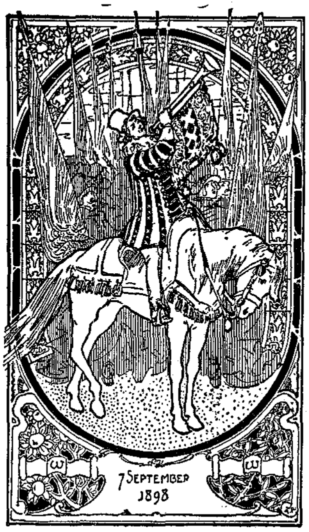
The Best Books of the Year

The Outlook's annual Book Number—put forth as it is at the height of the book-publishing season and at the time when readers are beginning to select those best of holiday gifts, good new books—may lay claim to be called a well-established institution. It was, we believe, the first in the field of such illustrated book numbers, and the next issue (which, as usual, will form the December Magazine Number of The Outlook) will be the tenth to appear. In addition to the general survey of the freshly published literature of the autumn and the usual extensive announcements of publishers, our readers have always found in this number a group of timely articles relating to literary topics. This year a novel group of such articles with ample illustration will form the chief special feature. In another part of this week's issue of The Outlook will be found an announcement about this subject to which we call attention.

Briefly stated, it is proposed to ask our readers to hold immediately a sort of *plébiscite* as to the best ten books of the year just closed with the end of September. A blank is provided in each copy of this issue which each reader is requested to fill out and return to us at once. The ten books thus selected by vote, their authors, and the circumstances under which they were written, will form the general subject of a group of articles by writers and critics of standing, which can hardly fail to be distinctly and positively readable. The articles will be fully and originally illustrated. Apart from the interest in thus learning what the popular feeling is about the comparative merits of recent books, this method of choosing the particular subjects for treatment will give our readers a pleasant personal participation in this special number. Books voted for must have been published in the United States during the year ending September 30, but need not be by American authors. New editions and technical works are excluded. To the reader who first sends in the list which the tabulation shows to be that determined on by the general verdict, the works thus named will be presented by The Outlook; and when we consider the excellence of the notable publications of the year, it may fairly be said that the fortunate reader will have in the ten works chosen no contemptible nucleus for a home library.

Queen Wilhelmina and Her Realm

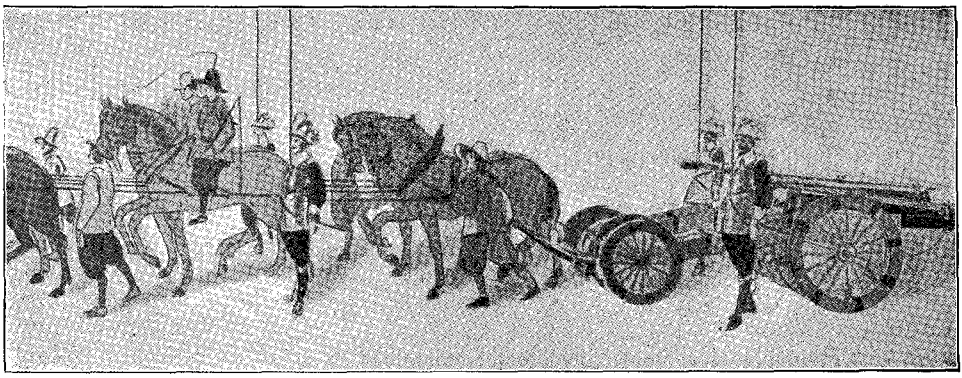
By William Elliot Griffis



"It is dark at the base of the lantern." This Japanese proverb has been well illustrated in this month of the birthday of two Queens in Holland. The very nearness in language, inheritance, ideas, and manners of the Dutch to the English-speaking peoples serves to exaggerate into caricature outward differences, and to "make darkness visible." I could easily compile enough blunders, perpetrated by pens, pictures, and types in American and British journals, concerning recent Dutch events and persons, to show what a comparatively unknown land Holland still is. To represent Queen Wilhelmina as "crowned" in a Roman Catholic cathedral or a Lutheran church edifice, or to talk of "the compact entered into by William the Silent in 1813" (!), or to draw close analogies with the coronation ceremonies of absolute monarchs like the Czar, is to turn Dutch history into something like opera bouffe. The truth is quite different. In telling my story I shall speak of what I know and have seen. The white star which I wore made every policeman my guide, protector, and friend in densest crowds. The "red *carnet*" furnished me, potentially some months ago, through Dr. Abraham Kuyper, President of the Netherlands Circle of Journalists, and actually placed in my hands August 30, signed and stamped by the Dutch Minister of Foreign Affairs, and containing not only signatures but my own photograph, for recognition, was a veritable "open sesame" to many doors. It placed me on the very best places for observation and hearing, and in the Nieuwe Kerk, directly in front of the Queen, when she read her brief address, which is *already a classic*—I do not hesitate to call it this—and when she took solemn oath to her people to maintain their rights, and uttered her prayer:

"Zoo waarlijk helpe mij God almachtig!" (So help me truly, almighty God.)

There was no coronation proper. To say that Nederland is a democratic monarchy is not contradiction; it is a statement of balance and harmony. The Queen did not even wear a crown, but only a tiara. The whole programme was planned for the people's enjoyment, and not for a favored few of "the court." There was no "religious" ceremony—that is, no ecclesiastical formula or monopoly; but, as befits this land of long toleration and the leader among nations in freedom of conscience, Jew and Christian, Protestant and



OLD DUTCH ARTILLERY

From the Historico-Allegorical Procession at Amsterdam, September 7, 1898.

Roman Catholic, Mennonite, Lutheran, and Reformed, took oath and made invocation to the Deity in his own way. Brief, impressive, thrilling, was this inauguration of a constitutional ruler over a free people. In spirit and in form the ceremony of September 6 was the renewal of the ancient covenant of affection and loyalty between the house of Orange and the Dutch people, in mutual obedience to that fundamental law of the land which governs both ruler and ruled. Never, till the hand of death closes the doors of hearing and memory, will the thrill imparted by that clear, strong, sweet voice be forgotten, as she spoke:

" I count myself happy to rule the Dutch people, small in number, but great in courage, great in nature and in character.

" The words of my ever-to-be-remembered father I make wholly my own: 'The house of Orange can never, no never, do enough for the Netherlands.'"

Thus is the spirit of William the Silent, lover of the people, maintainer of right and law, servant of servants, incarnated in this fair maiden of eighteen, strong in will, gracious in manner, lovely in person.

Let my readers pardon apparent presumption of knowledge, but from one of the playmates of the Queen, from another lady closely intimate with the Queen-mother and the maids of honor at court, and from a province-governor, and from one of the ministers of the Royal Cabinet, I have learned most of the personal facts I state. Among others is this, that Wilhelmina's proclamation to her people and the inaugural address in the church were her own compositions, scarcely touched by her mother and gladly approved in both Chambers of the States-General; and the same wonderful voice that filled and thrilled all understanding hearers in the church, surprised and touched by its marvelous sweetness and power the guests at the State banquet in the palace.

In the south transept of the "New Church," built before America was discovered, one may now see the splendid window, just unveiled, of stained glass and colossal proportions, the gift of the people to the Queen, which shows, by historic figures and in allegory, the union of the House of Orange and the Netherlands. With richest colors, sheathed in light, it pictures William, Maurice, Frederick Henry, and the other four Williams, all stadholders of the Republic, with their illustrious consorts, Louise de Coligny, Amalia van Solms, Marie Stuart; and (after "the Dutch took Holland" from their French "deliverers" in 1813) the three kings, William I., II., III., and Queen Emma—the tender, wise, beloved mother of Netherlands' happy Queen. Beneath this double row of worthies, republican and regal, are two allegorical pictures that begin and bring to date the nation's modern history. In one, William of Orange makes a covenant of love and service with the seven States federated by the Union of Utrecht in 1579. In the other, Wilhelmina, holding the Bible, receives as a heavenly gift the Grondwet (constitution), and thus the ancient covenant of a family rich in nature's noblemen with a free nation is sealed again.

Grand and appropriate is this picture wrought in material through which heaven's light may ever stream; for, from palace to hut in the Low Countries, from Axel to Finsterwolde, and from Koeworden to the Hoek of Holland, the Bible is read, loved, and honored as from God—the foundation of home and State. Yet, here, in this land rescued from the very ocean, on which the Dutch "found bread and a sword," ever since William (Catholic and Lutheran by birth and education and Calvinist by conviction) protected the Anabaptists—true spiritual ancestors of a majority of English-speaking Christians—conscience has been free. Perfect liberty was not, is not, found anywhere on earth, but it has been ever strong and deep and wide in Holland. On the day of the inauguration the clouds broke with impressive timeliness, and the jeweled maiden in white, majestic in person and glorious in all her environment, yet also most winsome in character, stood radiant in the sun's tempered light, the charm of all eyes.

This was the central event in that honeymoon of festivities which began on Wilhelmina's birthday, August 31, and ends—unless even the young Queen's abundant energies flag—on September 17, by which time she will need a long nap at Soestdijk. Nineteen years ago, a pretty, rosy, plump bride, herself descended from William the Silent and the princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont, Emma, wedded "the old King" William III. The baby born the next year redeemed the monarch's waning popularity and gave joy to the nation. This year, on the eve of her daughter's majority, in a tender address to the people, she resigned her station as Queen-regent. Wilhelmina's strong and beautiful proclama-

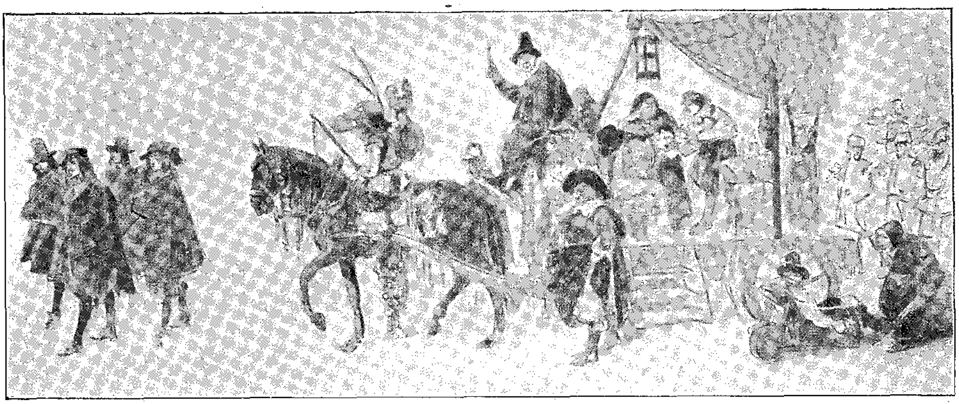
QUEEN WILHELMINA

tion came next day, and was read in the churches in which the people of all forms of worship met by myriads. After this—for the Dutch are devout first—began the fun and play. The covetous and severe groaned, and some of the shopkeepers of Amsterdam fell into grief, wishing "the whole thing soon over," for absolutely no business could be done during four days, and the joyful arrangements for the many brought derangement to the few during a week or more.

To attempt description of the decorations and illuminations and of the crowds—singing, dancing, overflowing with fun and good humor, tickling each other with "American fun-makers" (peacock-feathers), and making Laocoön groups of each other by miles of colored paper rolls and strips, or to tell of the music and art, the costumes and architecture, would be useless and tedious. Yet I must note some of the more intellectual and æsthetic ways of the inauguration, as well as those which pleased the eye and the palate.

This is woman's century, and perhaps the next will even more be hers. In the Hague the national exhibition of woman's work in all lines of endeavor was a most suggestive and impressive display, showing, in light and shadow, astonishing needs, but great progress. But, although every town and village proves how good a helpmeet for the man the Dutch woman is, there is no Wellesley or Vassar College here yet. In the Congress of Diplomatic History one could see how often the Dutch Republic had served as neutral ground for the meeting of the peace envoys of many nations. In Amsterdam the imposing collections of Rembrandt's portraits and pictures showed, with fresh emphasis, the power of this king of shadows, master of light that reveals not its source, matchless portrayer of

THE PROCESSION IN THE SQUARE BEFORE THE PALACE



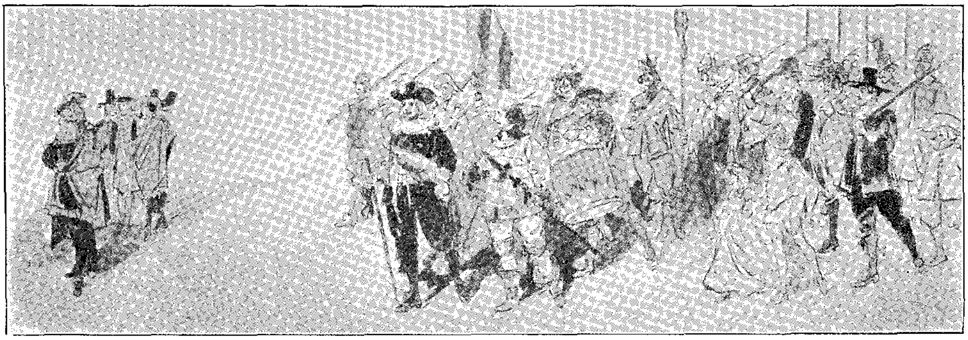
JAN STEEN, CUYP, AND OTHER PAINTERS. THE FLOAT FOLLOWING REPRESENTS STEEN'S PICTURE "THE QUACK DOCTOR"

From the Historico-Allegorical Procession at Amsterdam, September 7, 1898.

the human face, painter of Puritanism, realistic interpreter of truth in all forms, lover of golden-browns. Then, in the same building, to which the journalistic white star and red *carnet* gave instant admission, were the exhibitions of modern art, the gallery of historical paintings, showing Netherlandish history from Civilis to Thorbecke, the museum of relics of the House of Orange, and of the hundred or more varieties of national costumes.

At the House of the Press on Saturday evening, where the representative of The Outlook found one hundred ladies and gentlemen from many lands, and at the mansion of the Burgomaster, where jewels flashed and orders and decorations gleamed, we had our first taste of Amsterdam's hospitality. The happy season had been ushered in by a royal shower of decorations as rich as that which fell in the lap of Danae of mythology. I recognized the names of several Dutch friends, men of letters, thus adorned.

On Monday of the Kronings Feest, seventy thousand trained children sang in the public schools of Amsterdam, and received as many silvered commemorative medals. Soon after sunrise people began to mass in the thoroughfares leading to the Dam. Most Dutch cities began on a terp or artificial mound to which the prehistoric amphibious folk rushed for refuge when floods rolled in. By and by the terp became the dorp, or village, when the ground had been faced with timber and a dam built to hold the land fast. Gradually, by dams and canals, which helped to drain the spongy land, the cellarless houses were built, and the streets, named usually after the trades and occupations, the churches, the cloisters, the saints, or the heroes, were laid out. So grew up the dam on the Amstel, or Amsterdam, which the herrings first made rich, and over which Gijsbert, the feudal lord, ruled. In the fifteenth century the Great Church was built—its most interesting corner being at Moses-and-Aaron Street and Dam—strange combination to English ears. Not until Spanish tyranny



REMBRANDT'S "THE NIGHT WATCH"

From the Historico-Allegorical Procession at Amsterdam, September 7, 1898.

was forever quelled for Dutchmen, in 1648, after eighty years' struggle, was the superb City Hall, now the Palace, reared. "Called the eighth wonder of the world," it stands on over 13,000 piles.

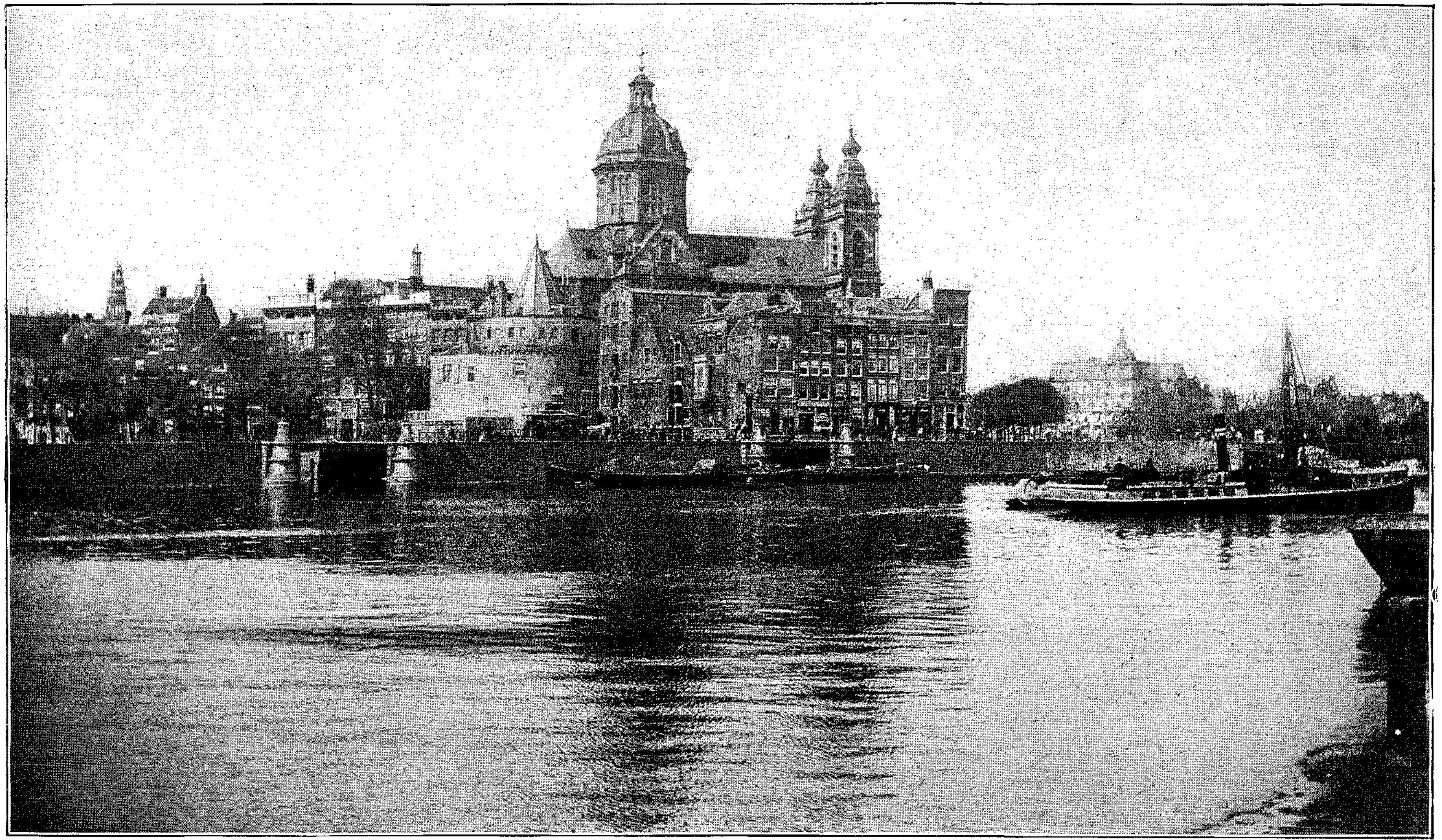
The Hague is the residence of the Queen, but Amsterdam is the city where sovereign and people exchange vows of mutual loyalty. After hours spent in seeing the guard drill and in studying the crowd while waiting on our tribune, or platform, directly opposite the veranda on which Wilhelmina was to stand, the joyful boom of the cannon announced her coming. The military, sailors, infantry, and cavalry first moved in and filled the square. Then, in a carriage drawn by eight horses with postiliors, appeared two ladies; one young and fair, in white; the other substantial in years and figure, dressed in silk of a heliotrope shade. Bowing right and left, waving her little pocket-handkerchief, Wilhelmina seemed not only overflowing with happiness herself, but she put the clouds of spectators on the houses and the people below into a state of unmeasured delight. She rode around the square, disappeared for a few moments in the one doorway made different from the others only by a velvet canopy—for the Palace has no one imposing entrance—and then reappeared on the veranda. Then all banners dipped, swords gleamed, and muskets were held to a "present." Yet this was not all, for the Queen herself had arranged to meet her own people at even closer range. So the military were dismissed, and then, with order and deliberation, the long-held-back masses in the streets leading to the Dam moved into the space, and eighty thousand throats uttered welcome to the sweet lady in white who appeared on the balcony. "Leve de Koningin!" was the cry.

On Tuesday the elect of Netherlands and the guests from many countries gathered in the Nieuwe Kerk. My own seat was directly over the middle aisle and in front of the throne chair on the great platform. Embroidered coats, orders, and decorations on the breasts of men of achievement, all the pomp and splendor of the heroes of army and navy, all the gorgeousness of richly gowned and jeweled ladies, were there. The purple and black of the Roman Catholic Bishops, the Lutheran and Reformed pastors in caps and robes, the Jewish rabbis, the consuls, the gold-collared members of the States-General, made enough variety in color; but the Chinese envoys, the diplomatic corps, the vassal princes of East India, were dazzling in bullion, color, feathers, swords, or medals. It must not be forgotten that Queen Wilhelmina rules, besides her six million Dutch subjects, about thirty-five millions of the Malay race in the East Indian archipelago. Holland is the greatest colonizing nation after Great Britain. The Sultan of Siak—I should need two lines to write his full name and titles—and the deputed envoys of other Malay sultans, and the large delegation from the Far East, with their odd head-gear and golden garments, have made a striking feature in all the spectacles of this week. By eleven o'clock the red-covered platform was filled with grandees, and the Queen-mother, who rode from the Palace, was in her seat next on the left to the chair soon to be filled. Wilhelmina, with her usual democratic determination, had willed to walk from the Palace to the chair occupied before her by her father and grandfather. So, after a storm of popular cheering heard outside, we saw the lovely maiden in white and diamonds, wearing over her breast an orange scarf with a glittering star, and the velvet and ermine robe of royalty sweeping from her shoulders.

THE QUEEN MOTHER

QUEEN WILHELMINA

From a photograph taken in the coronation robe.



AMSTERDAM HARBOR. THE Y RIVER

From this spot Henry Hudson sailed for America

Its train was held up and then duly spread after she had taken her seat. About her stood her cabinet, ministers, and flag-bearers; in front sat her legislators. Between both, on the red-velvet-covered table, were, indeed, the crown and sphere, emblems of royalty, but in the center and supreme was the Grondwet, the written constitution of the nation.

Almost as simple as an American inauguration was this of the Dutch Queen, in a kingdom that secures even more liberty than was known in the republic of 1579–1792. It consisted mainly of a wonderfully clear and strong address, by a young girl who in person and carriage looked every inch a queen, and the mutual exchange of oaths of obedience to the constitution by her and the members of her States-General. The whole ceremony lasted less than an hour. There was some music. Then all flags dipped, and, in a storm of cheers, the waving of hats, cries of "Live the Queen," the auditors slowly separated, delighted with the dignity, sweetness, and power to win hearts shown by the maid who so nobly incarnates the spirit and virtues of a noble house. The blending of girlish simplicity, womanly dignity, and a true wisdom and insight, shown in her speeches, carriage, and acts, augurs happily for the Netherlands. Especially careful has she been to please the people, the sailors, country-folk, fishermen and women, and the islanders who have come to see the sights, and the sight of all—the first lady of the Vaderland. Both in the afternoon and in the evening, mother and daughter rode through decorated Amsterdam, when the sky was almost hid from view by flags, festoons, arches, and mid-air fantasies, in which, with the red, white, and blue, was everywhere seen the orange. At night the double glory of reality and reflection along the canals and the white spangles and blazing frontlets of fire made a scene indescribable.

Even the Dutch Puritans never parted with their organs, music, and art. On Wednesday morning, arrayed in light green, Wilhelmina, on the palace veranda, listened to the old national airs and the new anthems, one or two of which are by the venerable Nicholas Beets, author of "Camera Obscura," and living, at the age of eighty-six, in Utrecht. After morning music a great Volksfeest was held in the vast arena back of the Rijks Museum, where, before her Majesty, the gymnastic societies from all over the country marched, dipped banners, and exhibited skill and prowess in muscle. None of Diedrich Knickerbocker's men of the beer-barrel model, or of Irving's caricatures, could be seen here, but only clean-limbed, handsome manhood. One beautiful sight was the flight of fifteen hundred homing pigeons.

Then followed a striking costume procession, in which the makers of Dutch history moved in charming counterfeit before our eyes. Warriors and statesmen, stadholders and kings, painters, explorers, printers, living pictures, that had apparently just left the canvas and frames of Rembrandt and Jan Steen, marched by in the exact dress of the various periods. How we did pity them as they weltered in the blazing sun, under wig and helmet and lofty hat! The Arctic discoverers had the worst of it, in their polar-bear skin and seal coats; but the fellows in shining brass and glued or wired-on mustachios also compelled pity. Next day, behind the scenes, Prince Frederick Henry of the twenty-four hours previous, now a plain mynheer in every-day clothes, confessed to me how nearly he came to suffocation, and how early he went to bed, missing even the river-illumination and fireworks—at which so many aliens took vile colds. I question whether any water-fête was ever finer on earth than that seen on the Y river, September 7, from 8 to 11 P.M. Gondolas, junks, galleons, yachts, steamers, every shape and size of boat, hung with lights numbering from one to twenty thousand, moved over the water, while royalty, the populace, and foreign guests rapturously enjoyed the scene.

The next day, after her Majesty had inspected the heirlooms of her ancestors in the Orange-Nassau Exposition, I saw her again in the magnificent Concert Gebouw. She was dressed in figured white satin, with pink flowers in her hat corresponding to those wrought in her skirt. The King's widow, as Emma is now styled, was in her favorite dress of lavender or heliotrope shade, richly embroidered with light-tinted flowers. Both, as usual, held bouquets of flowers. On the immense stage, backed by an organ which is one of the finest in Europe, and played by a master, sat seven hundred singers and players on instruments. The cantata in praise of the Queen, the touching soprano solos by Mrs. Reddingius, the sublime Twenty-third Psalm by half a hundred virgins in white, the songs by Holland's ablest tenor, and the Hallelujah chorus were rendered with amazing spirit and excellence of technique.

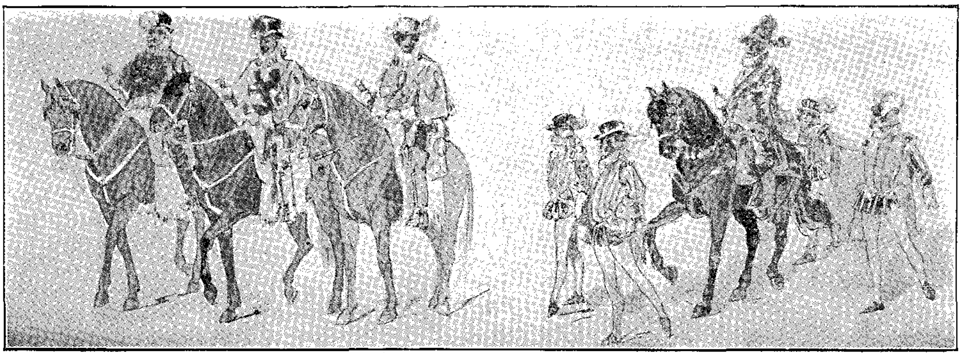
In a round of pleasurable functions like a crown of brilliants in memory, Wilhelmina's presence and speech at the inauguration gleams first; but next, in personal enjoyment, was my sight of the Queen at the dramatic representation of "Orange in Netherlands," on Thursday evening. I do not know to whom I was indebted for the honor, but I sat near enough to royalty to note the dimples in her elbows and the play of rose and white in her cheeks. Certainly in evening dress, amid the flashing lights, she could not look more handsome, and every movement seemed grace itself. In the audience sat the Javanese princes, members of the Cabinet, the royal governors of the provinces, the great burgomasters, and most of the leading men of the Government, with their wives and daughters. The hour's tableaux and dialogues showed the scene of July 9, 1672, when it seemed as if, before the dangers from the invading hosts of the French and Louis XIV., and the quarrels of Tromp (which Britons, with traditional and almost sacred inaccuracy, write with a *Van*) and De Ruyter, Holland was to be crushed out of existence and the House of Orange come to desinence through disaster. William III., his gayly attired admirals, the regents of Holland's grandest city, the Scheveningen fish-vrouw, Holland's *matroos* (sailor), and the village folk, were all finely represented with spirit and art. The acting was superb. While in his grief and dejection, the genius of the House of Orange, a white-robed woman on the seashore, consoles the stadholder, and prophesies that he will wear the crown of England, and that, despite storm and stress, both Holland and the House of Orange will live on in glory through the ages. Then, after marvelous mechanical effects and the soft, sweet music of the Wilhelmus Lied, there bursts into glowing light a panorama of history and a gallery of Orange leaders, with the portrait-figure of Wilhelmina. At this all rose with the cry, "Leve de Koningin!" Amid the storm of homage, the graceful maiden stood with dignity, and then, bowing sweetly with smiles, made exit.

To-day, Friday, the pageant and festivities are transferred to the Hague, and among other features is a solemn religious service in the Great Church, in which Wilhelmina was baptized, and where, in centuries gone (despite the very ornamental modern iron spire, like fashion's notion of yesterday on a centenarian's head), William I., Maurice, Barneveldt, Frederick Henry, and her other ancestors worshiped. Illumination by night and all sorts of festivities by day will run into next week. A banquet and fireworks at Scheveningen, receptions, honors, and enjoyments of various sorts, including a lunch with Mesdag, the painter, with a round of excursions, await the gentlemen and ladies of the press.

On Sunday, September 11, in the English church in the Beguijn Hof, where, since Amsterdam declared for the Reformation, speakers of our tongue, including not a few of the founders of New England, have worshiped, a commemorative service is to be held; one of the addresses is to be on Divine Providence in the History of the Netherlands and the United States, and the relations between the two peoples.

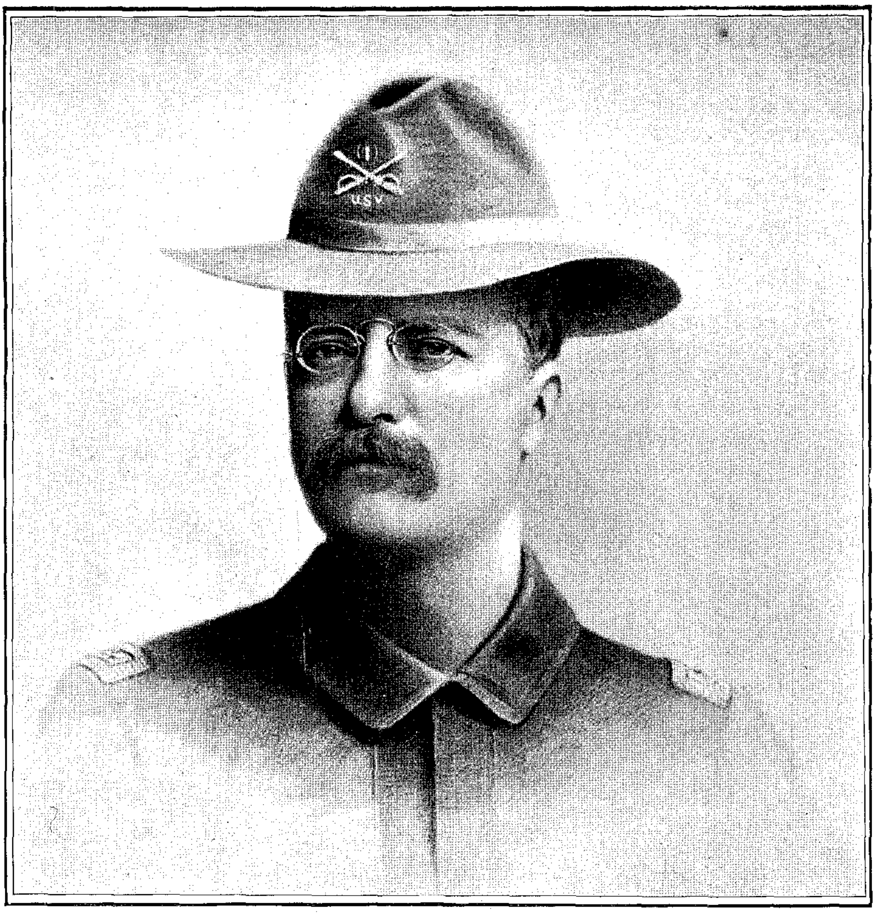
"Klein maar Dapper" was the motto of a band of boys whom I saw parading on the Dam square. Such is Holland—Little, but brave. Certainly God has used this small nation to accomplish great purposes. May Holland's future be even greater than her past!

The Hague, September 9, 1898.



WILLIAM I. AND HIS NOBLES

From the Historico-Allegorical Procession at Amsterdam, September 7, 1898.



COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Photograph from a crayon drawing. Copyright, Rockwood, New York.

Roosevelt and His Men

By Jacob A. Riis

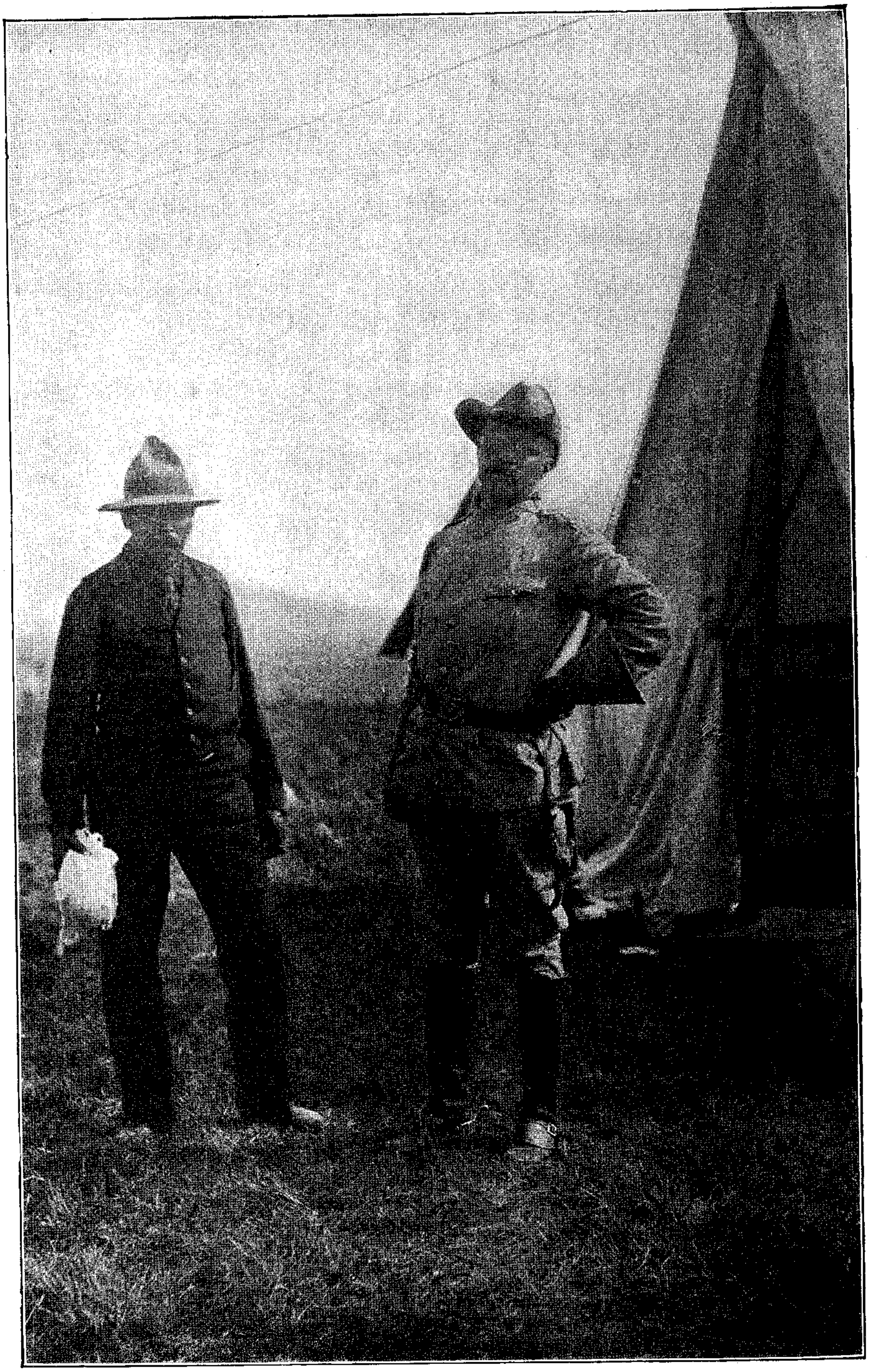
THERE was a thunder of hoofs on the road that descends the slope from Camp Wikoff to the Life Saving Station, and a squad of horsemen swarmed over the hill. A stocky, strongly built man on a big horse was in the lead. In his worn uniform and gray army hat he suggested irresistibly, as he swept by, Sheridan on his wild ride to "Winchester, twenty miles away." They were gone like the wind, leaping the muddy ford at the foot of the hill and galloping madly across the sands. My horse, that had been jogging along sedately enough till then, caught the spirit of the rush and made after them, hard as he could go. On the beach we caught up with them, riding in and out of the surf with shouts of delight, like so many centaurs at play. The salt spray dashed over them in showers of shining white, but they yelled back defiance at the ocean. Their leader watched them from his horse, and laughed loudly at their sport.

They were Roosevelt and his men. "Roosevelt's Rough Riders" belong to history now with the war in which they held such a picturesque place. Even as I write, the first steps are being taken toward mustering them out, and likely before this meets the eye of the reader the famous regiment will have been disbanded, and its members—those who survived the campaign before Santiago—will have stepped back with their chief into the ranks of a people intent upon the arts of peace whence they came at the call of their country almost in a single day. I had seen them go, full of youthful spirits, spoiling for a fight, and it was my privilege to hear the last speech their Colonel made to them on the night when the news of the disbandment came. He had ridden up from the Commanding General's quarters with the message, and, calling his men about him in the broad street facing the officers' tents, told them of the coming parting.

"I know what you were in the field," he said. "You were brave and strong. I ask now of you that every man shall go back and serve his country as well in peace as he did in war. I can trust you to do it."

They tried to cheer, some of them, but they had no heart in it. The men went quietly to their tents with sober faces, and I saw in them that which warranted the trust their Colonel put in them.

The Rough Riders were not, as many have supposed, a product of the war with Spain. On the contrary, the mounted riflemen were the historic arm of the United States from the earliest days of the Nation. In the War of the Revolution they came out of the West and killed or captured the whole of the British forces at King's Mountain. A descendant of two of the three Colonels who commanded them then fought with Roosevelt at Las Guasimas and on the St. Juan hill. They furnished the backbone of Andrew Jackson's forces in the war of 1812. As the Texas Rangers they became famous in the troubles with Mexico. They conquered the French towns on the Illinois, and won the West from the Indians in a hundred bloody fights. In the Civil War they lost, to a great extent, their identity, but not their place in the van and the thick of the fight. Theodore Roosevelt as a historian knew their record and value; as a hunter and a plainsman he knew where to find the material with which to fill up the long-broken ranks. It came at his summons from the plains and the cattle-ranges of the great West, from the mines of the Rocky Mountains, the hunting-trail of the wilderness, and from the counting-rooms and colleges of the East, wherever the spirit of adventure had sent young men out with the rifle to hunt big game or to engage in the outdoor sports that train mind and body to endure uncomplainingly the hardships of campaigning. The Rough Riders were the most composite lot that ever gathered under a regimental standard, but they were at the same time singularly typical of the spirit that conquered a continent in three generations, eminently American. Probably such another will never be got together again; in no other country on earth could it have been mustered to-day. The cowboy, the Indian trailer, the Indian himself, the packer and the hunter who had sought and killed the grizzly in single combat in his mountain fastness, touched elbows with the New York policeman who, for love of adventure, had followed his once chief to the war, with the college athlete, the football-player and the oarsman, the dare-devil mountaineer of Georgia, fresh from hunting moonshiners as a revenue officer, and with the society man, the child of luxury and wealth from the East, bent upon proving that a life of ease had dulled neither his manhood nor his sense of our common citizenship. They did it in a way that was a revelation to some who under other circumstances and in a different environment would have called them "dudes." In the fight they were the coolest and in the camp frequently the handiest of the lot. One whose name is synonymous with exclusiveness in New York's "smart set," and who for bravery in the face of the enemy rose to command of his troop, achieved among his brother officers the reputation of being handiest at "washing up" after "grub," when they had any. And it happened more than once on the long marches through the Cuban jungle, when "Roosevelt's Rough Riders," compelled to campaign on foot, in humorous desperation had taken the more fitting title of "Wood's Weary Walkers" to themselves, that some Eastern-bred man with normal manners of languid elegance was able to relieve his hardier Western neighbor who had never walked five miles on foot in his life. When at the end of the march the college chap came trudging up cheerfully carrying two packs beside his own and ready for the chores of camp that his tired comrade might rest, a gap was closed then and there in our national life that had yawned wider than it had any right to. More than all political arguments, more than all the preachments of well-meaning sociologists, did this brief summer's campaign contribute to fill out the gap between East and West, between North and South, between "the classes and the masses," unless I greatly mistake. It was not in the contract, but it



COLONEL ROOSEVELT AT MONTAUK POINT

came out so when once they got a fair look at each other and saw that in truth they were brothers.

There were clergymen in the ranks. I am not referring now to Chaplain Brown, whose stout defense of his Western men—he was from Prescott, Arizona—when he thought I was attacking them, I remember with mingled amusement and pleasure. He was an Episcopalian of no special affiliation with high church or low church tendencies within his fold. "You see, I don't go much on the fringes of religion," he said simply. He was after the genuine article, and he found it in his cowboy friends—real reverence, and such singing! He was holding forth to me upon this theme as we lay in the long grass, when I ventured to remark that I had heard that his people were given to violence, shooting-matches, and such. He denied it hotly. They were the quietest, nicest fellows; only once in a while, when a fellow was caught cheating at cards, then—

"But," argued the Chaplain, rising on his elbow and earnestly pointing a spear of grass he had been chewing at me, "when a man cheats at cards, he ought to be shot, oughtn't he? Well, then, that is all."

I confess to a certain enjoyment in the thought of Chaplain Brown's theology on a background of the Rough Riders' singing at "meetin'" in the woods. The combination suggests that first funeral on the ridge at Guantanamo, with the marines growling out the responses to the Chaplain's prayer between pot-shots at the enemy, flat on their stomachs under the sudden attack; and, indeed, Colonel Roosevelt himself gave testimony that he had seen Chaplain Brown bring in wounded men from the field under circumstances that were distinctly stirring. But for all that the Chaplain is a digression. The clergymen I was thinking of wore no shoulder-straps. They carried guns. One of them came up to bid his Colonel good-by when I was sitting with him. He was tall and straight, and of few words.

"That man," said Mr. Roosevelt, as he went across the field back to the camp, "represents probably the very best type of our people. He is a Methodist preacher, of the old circuit-rider's stock, strong, fearless, self-reliant. His people had been in all our wars before him, and he came as a matter of course. You should have seen him one morning sitting in the bomb-proof with his head just below the traverse where the shrapnel kept cracking over his hat. They couldn't touch him, as he knew, and he sat there as unconcerned as if there were no such thing as guns and battles, breaking the beans for his coffee with the butt of his revolver. He wasn't going into the fight without his coffee. He was a game preacher."

An hour later, when, after a visit to the two mascots of the regiment—Josie, the mountain lion, and the eagle, Jack—I was chatting with Lieutenant Ferguson, a young Englishman who won signal distinction in battle, the flap of the tent was raised and a tall trooper darkened the entrance. He came to make a report, and stood silently at attention while the officer examined it. His questions he answered in monosyllables. "That was Polluck," said his superior when he was gone. "He is a full-blooded Pawnee. He has never anything to say, but you should see him in a fight. I shall never forget the ungodly war-whoop he let out when we went up the San Juan hill. I mistrust that it scared the Spaniards almost as much as our charge did. I know that it almost took my breath away."

Such was the material of which the regiment was made. Ninety-five per cent. had herded cattle on horseback, on the great plains, at some time or other. A majority had been under fire. The rifle was their natural weapon. They were not to be stampeded, and they knew how readily to find the range of the enemy's sharpshooters, a fact that rendered them far more effective in a fight than the average volunteer, who had hardly a speaking acquaintance with his gun. Ninety per cent. of the Rough Riders were Americans born and bred. Perhaps a hundred were of foreign birth—German, Norwegian, English. There were Catholics and Protestants, and they joined with equal fervor in the singing that edified Chaplain Brown. They stood all on the same footing. The old American plan ruled: every one on his merits. In the last batch recommended for promotion by Colonel Roosevelt for gallantry in the field was a Jew. The result of it all was a corps that excited the admiration of the regulars who fought side by side with them.

Of their gameness innumerable stories have been told. The Indian Isabel was shot four times in the fight at Las Guasimas, but stayed in the firing-line to the end. Private Sievers, shot through the body, demanded to be propped up against a tree and given his rifle and canteen. So fitted out, he fought on until his comrades charged forward and he could no longer shoot without danger of hitting them. The ambulance men found him and took him to the hospital in the rear, deeming his wound mortal. In the camp he was supposed to be dead until, a week later, he came limping out on foot. He had got tired of the hospital and started for the front where "something was going on." So with the carpenter Powland from Santa Fé, who was shot through the side, and sent back by Colonel Roosevelt, who saw the blood dripping from the wound. He went obediently until he was out of sight, and then sneaked back into the ranks. After it was over they seized him and took him back to the hospital, where the surgeons told him he would have to be shipped north. That night he escaped and crawled back to the front as best he could. He fought beside his Colonel all through the Santiago fight.

It was predicted that, with their antecedents, they could not be disciplined so as to become effective in the field; but exactly the opposite happened. They showed the world the new spectacle of a body of men who could think and yet be soldiers; who obeyed, not because they had to, but because it was right they should, and they liked to. They might not have been perfect in what the Chaplain would have called the fringes of soldiering. The pipe-clay and the regulations, and all that, they knew nothing about. But they kept order in their camp, and they knew the command Forward, when it was given. In their brief campaign they had no opportunity to learn any other. Their soldiers' manual was brief. It forbade grumbling, and there was none. Three days they camped out in the sun and rain on the San Juan hills, fighting by day and digging burrows by night, with little to eat and only the ditches to sleep in, but not a complaint was heard. When the enemy attacked, suddenly and in full force, at three o'clock in the morning, they were there to meet him, and, hungry and shivering, drenched through and through by the rains and by the heavy dews, they drove him back.

"That is the test," said their commander, speaking of it afterward: "to wake up men at three o'clock in the morning who have had nothing to eat, perhaps for days, and nothing to cover them; to wake them up suddenly to a big fight, and have them all run the right way; that is the test. There wasn't a man who went to the rear."

The Rough Riders were natural "scrappers," from the Colonel down. The science of war as they took it from him and practiced it summed itself up in the simple formula to "strike hard, strike quick, and when in doubt go forward." It was so Napoleon won his victories. But the Spaniards complained bitterly. The Americans did not fight according to the rules of war, they wailed. "They go forward when fired upon instead of falling back." Accordingly they, the Spaniards, were compelled to run, which they did, denouncing the irregularity of the proceeding. It was irregular. It was one of the several things in this extraordinary war that did violence to all the traditions, and tangled up military precedent and red tape in the field in a hopeless snarl. However, enough remained over in camp, after the fighting was over, to more than make up for it.

The regiment was before the people almost continuously for three months. Raised, organized, equipped, and carried to Cuba within a month by the same splendid energy and executive force that fitted out the navy for its victorious fights in the East and West, it took the field at once and kept it till the army rested upon its arms under the walls of Santiago. All the way up it had been the vanguard. Colonel Roosevelt had resigned his office as Assistant Secretary of the Navy just in time to lead his boys to Cuba as next in command. The commander at the start was his friend, Colonel Leonard Wood, an old army man, who is just such another as he and has made a unique record for hard common sense and ability as Military Governor of Santiago. From that time on the dispatches from the front dealt daily with the Rough Riders' exploits. When, at Las Guasimas with General Young's corps, they drove before them four times their number of Spaniards, frightened at their impetuous rush in the face of a withering fire from the shelter of an impenetrable jungle, the croakers said that they were ambushed, and, as in the old days when Roosevelt led the police phalanx, the cry was raised at home that he should be put on trial, court-martialed. The fact was that the Rough Riders were fighting a most carefully planned battle. It was the way they won that frightened the cravens at home, as it did the Spaniards. The victory cost some precious lives, but it is at such cost that victories are won, and the moral effect of the attack was very great. Beyond a doubt it saved worse bloodshed later on. It has been Theodore Roosevelt's lot often to be charged with rashness, with what his critics in the rear are pleased to call his "lack of tact." It is the tribute paid by timidity to unquestioning courage. Roosevelt is very far from being rash. His practice is, on the contrary, to study a situation most carefully in all its bearings before he takes action, and until he has got a perfect grasp of it. But, having made up his mind where the right of the thing lies, he is as swift to action as he was deliberate in council. There is then no longer another side to the case with him. The campaign having been carefully planned, and General Wheeler having issued his orders to attack the enemy, the thing left to do was to charge. And they charged. The number of the enemy had nothing to do with it, nor the fact that he was intrenched, invisible, whereas they were exposed, in full sight. He was to be driven out; and he was driven out. That was war on the American plan, as understood by the Rough Riders.

Ten days of marching and fighting in the bush culminated in the storming of the San Juan hills, with Colonel Roosevelt in full command, Colonel Wood having been deservedly promoted after Las Guasimas. The story of the famous charge up the barren slope, of Colonel Roosevelt's summons to his men as they halted under a perfect hail-storm of bullets to pull themselves together, of the splendid bravery of the colored cavalry regiment that had been lying out with the Rough Riders in the trenches and now came to the support of their chums with a rush, and of the victory wrested from the Spaniards when all depended upon the success of the attack, will be told in years to come at every American fireside. How much of the quick success of the campaign is really due to the Roosevelt Rough Riders, what fates hung in the balance when their impetuous rush saved the day, when retreat had been counseled and in effect decided, we shall understand better as time completes the disclosures concerning the real state of the invading army on the night of June 30. Let it be enough now to say that it did save the day. Others fought as valiantly, but the honor of breaking the Spanish lines belongs to the Rough Riders, as the honor and credit of standing firmly for an immediate advance upon the enemy's works belongs to their Colonel and his bold comrades in the council of the chiefs in that fateful night.

It was one of the unexpected things in this campaign that seems destined to set so many things right, that out of it should come the appreciation of the colored soldier as man and brother by those even who so lately fought to keep him a chattel. It fell to the lot of General "Joe" Wheeler, the old Confederate warrior, to command the two regiments of colored troops, the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry, and no one will bear readier testimony than he to the splendid record they made. Of their patience under the manifold hardships of roughing it in the tropics, their helpfulness in the camp and their prowess in battle, their uncomplaining suffering when lying wounded and helpless, stories enough are told to win for them fairly the real brotherhood with their white-skinned fellows which they crave. The most touching of the many I heard was that of a negro trooper who, struck by a bullet that had cut an artery in his neck, was lying helpless, in danger of bleeding to death, when a Rough Rider came to his assistance. There was only one thing to be done: to stop the bleeding till a surgeon came. A tourniquet could not be applied where the wound was. The Rough Rider put his thumb on the artery and held it there while he waited. The fighting drifted away over the hill. He followed his comrades with longing eyes till the last was lost to sight. His place was there; but if he abandoned the wounded cavalryman, it was to let him die. He dropped his gun and stayed. Not until the battle was won did the surgeon come that way; but the trooper's life was saved. He told of it in the hospital with tears in his voice: "He done that to me, he did; stayed by me an hour and a half, and me only a nigger!"

The colored soldiers had taken a great liking to their gallant side-partners. They believed them invincible, and in the belief became nearly so themselves. The Rough Riders became their mascot. They would have gone through fire for them, and in sober fact they did. So fighting and burrowing together, holding every foot they gained from the enemy, they came at last to the gates of the beleaguered city, and there were stayed by the white flag of truce. Two weeks they lay in the trenches ready to attack when the word was given, and then came the surrender. Up to that point the Rough Riders had borne up splendidly. Poor rations had no terrors for them. If "cold hog" was the sole item on the bill of fare, it went down with a toast to better days. Starvation they bore without grumbling while fighting for their lives and their country. The sleepless night, the rain-storms in the trenches, the creeping things that disgust Northern men, the tarantulas and the horrible crabs, they took as they came. It was not until they were fairly back home, in Camp Wikoff, that they rebelled against tainted food sent up from the ship and demanded something decent to eat. But before that they had their dark day, when the fever came and laid low those whom the enemy's bullets had spared.

It was then, when the fighting was over but a worse enemy threatened than the one they had beaten in his breastworks—an ally on whose aid the Spaniards had openly counted, and, but for the way in which they were rushed from the first, would not have counted in vain—that the Rough Riders were able to render their greatest service to their country, through their gallant chief. Until Colonel Roosevelt's round robin, signed by all the general officers of the army in Cuba, startled the American people and caused measures of instant relief to be set on foot, the fearful truth that the army was perishing from privation and fever was not known. The cry it sent up was: "Take us home! We will fight for the flag to the last man, if need be. But now our fighting is done, we will not be left here to die." It was significant that the duty of making the unwelcome disclosure fell to the Colonel of the Rough Riders. Of all the officers who signed it he was probably the youngest; but from no one could the warning have come with greater force.

The Colonel of the Rough Riders at the head of his men on San Juan hill, much as I like the picture, is not half so heroic a figure to me as Roosevelt in this hour of danger and doubt, shouldering the blame for the step he knew to be right. Perhaps it is because I know him better and love him so. Here was this man who had left an office of dignity and great importance in the Administration to go to the war he had championed as just and right; who had left a family of little children to expose his life daily and hourly in the very forefront of battle; whose every friend in political life had blamed him hotly, warning him that he was wrecking a promising career in a quixotic enterprise—apparently justifying their predictions at a critical moment by deliberately shouldering the odium of practically censuring the Administration of which he was so recently a member. For that was what his letter amounted to; neither did the Administration long let him remain in doubt that it had so accepted it. Verily, it is not strange if there were those who would have shrunk from the duty, and called him "rash" for doing what he did. They did not know the man. It was enough for him that it *was* duty, that it was right. He never had other standard than that.

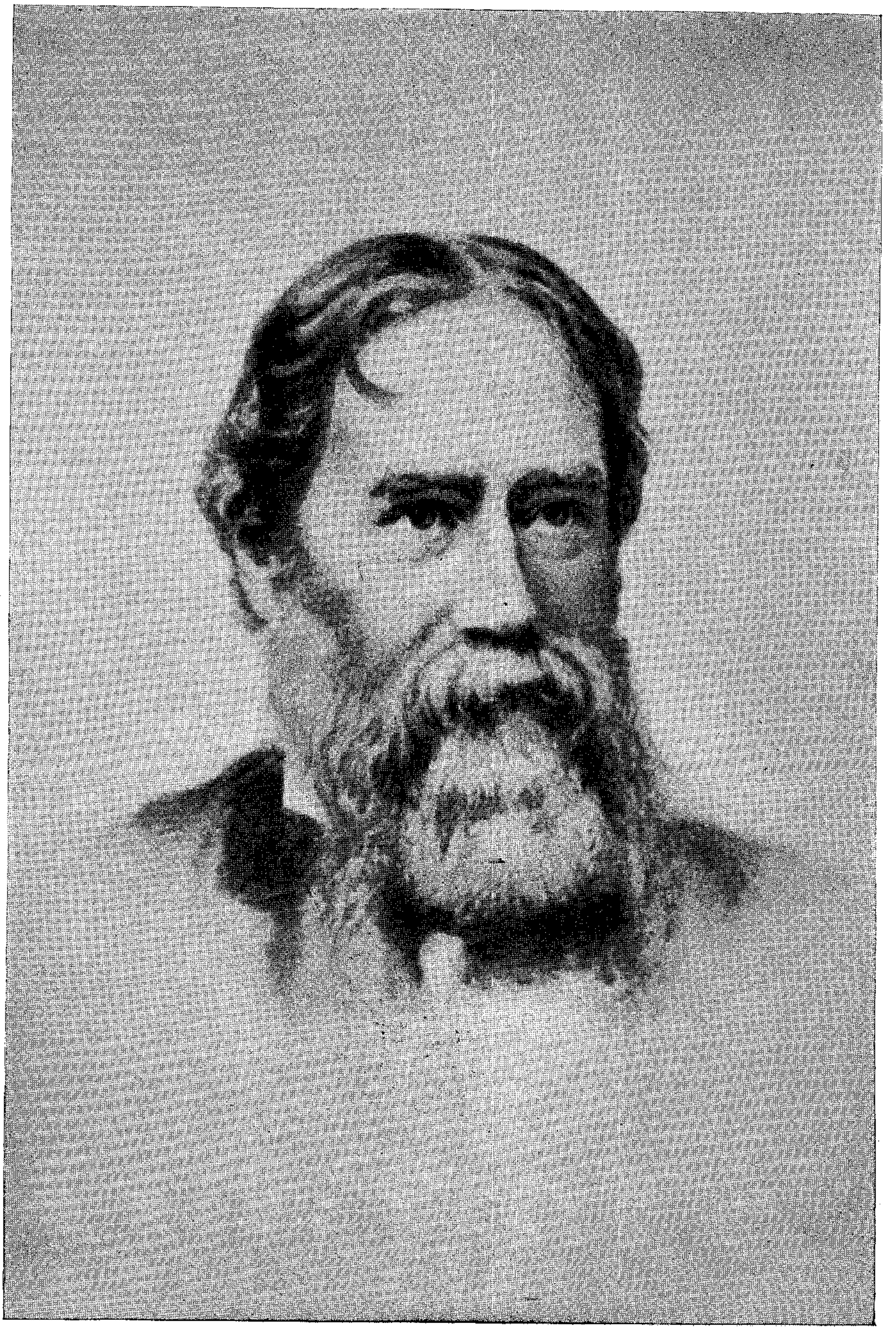
So the army came home, his Rough Riders with it, ragged, sore, famished, enfeebled, with yawning gaps in its ranks, but saved, they to tell of his courage and unwearying patience; how in the fight he was always where the bullets flew thickest, until he seemed to them to have a charmed life; how, when it was over, as they lay out in the jungle and in the trenches at night, they found him always there, never tiring of looking after his men, of seeing that the wounded were cared for and the well were fed; ready to follow him through thick and thin wherever he led, but unwilling to loaf in camp or to do police duty when the country was no longer in need of them to fight. Once more the right had prevailed, and the counsel of expediency been shamed. Roosevelt's Rough Riders had written their name in history.

"They were the finest fellows, and they were dead game. It was the privilege of a lifetime to have commanded such a regiment. It was a hard campaign, but they were beautiful days—and we won."

We were lying in the grass at his tent, under the starry August sky. Taps had been sounded long since. The Colonel's eye wandered thoughtfully down the long line of white tents in which the lights were dying out one by one. From a darker line in front, where a thousand horses were tethered, quietly munching their supper, came an occasional low whinnying. That and the washing of the surf on the distant beach were the only sounds that broke the stillness of the night. A bright meteor shot athwart the sky, leaving a shining trail, and fell far out beyond the lighthouse. We watched it in silence. I know what my thoughts were. He knew his own.

"Oh, well!" he said, with a half-sigh, and arose, "so all things pass away. But they were beautiful days."

I knocked the ashes from my cigar, and we went in.



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

From a crayon portrait by Mr. Akers, after a photograph by Mr. F. M. Sutcliffe, of Whitby, England, owned by Mr. Moorfield Story, of Boston.

James Russell Lowell and His Friends[1]

By Edward Everett Hale

XIII.—MR. LOWELL IN SPAIN

WHEN, a year ago last spring, I began the collection of materials for this series of papers, I certainly did not think that this chapter would have to include any study of our political relations with Spain through the century of our national existence. Yet now that in June of 1898, with an army landing in Porto Rico, I weave together the materials for this chapter, I do not turn far from "Lowell's Friends" if I speak of Spanish politics.

The reader ought to understand that while the Spanish mission has always been spoken of by uninformed people as a somewhat lazy corner in that somewhat old-fashioned salon which takes the name of "Diplomacy," the United States Minister in Spain has always been walking amidst hot coals, or explosive friction matches. Some drowsy people, whose principal business in life has been to cut off the coupons from securities which other people had earned for them, waked up the other day with surprise to learn that this country had at last taken up the gauntlet of war. The United States meant to finish the job which Drake and Burleigh and Howard and Elizabeth left unfinished three centuries ago. But other people were not surprised. If they have cared about the history of the hundred years which have made the United States a nation—and which have seen ten or twelve changes either of constitution or of dynasty in Spain—men have known that open questions, some of them of great seriousness, have all the time entangled the diplomatic web which was woven between the two nations.

Into the heritage of these complications Lowell came when—in a pacific time—he presented his credentials at Madrid. The sovereign then on the throne was Alfonso XII., and one of Lowell's earliest dispatches describes the ceremonies attending his marriage with Mercedes, the young Princess. The Minister of Foreign Affairs was Don Fernando Calderon Collantes. The short-lived republic which began in 1873, on the abdication of Amadeus of Savoy, had, in its time, given way, and the old Bourbon family had returned in the person of Alfonso XII.

In the short period of the republic I happened to be editing a monthly magazine in Boston. Like most intelligent Americans, I hoped to see republican government extend itself in Europe.

I wanted, at all events, that my readers should know the truth about it. I struck high, as an editor always should do. So I waited on Charles Francis Adams, the same who had carried through our negotiations with England in the Civil War with such masterly success. If there ever were a republican and democrat, it was he; if there ever were a person confident in the strength of America, it was he; and I certainly expected his sympathy in the cause of the new-born Spanish republic.

I asked him to write our article on Spain and the new republic. He listened to me with all his perfect courtesy; and then he advised me—I might say he bade me—take no stock in the enterprise. I pressed him; I said, "Surely, we want to extend republican institutions in Europe?" And he smiled, sadly enough, and said, "Do not expect anything of Spain, Mr. Hale. The truth is not in them."

In this old Bible axiom of Covenanters and of Puritans is the secret of all the difficulties between England and Spain in Drake's time, between this country and Spain in Jefferson's day, and in each of the crises of negotiation since. Spain and her statesmen really think that a lie well stuck to is as good as the truth. Our representatives do not think so. The difference makes a jar when the neophyte in diplomacy discovers it.

In the Pickering correspondence are some curious memoranda which show what Jefferson thought and planned. Jefferson had seen the real Philip Nolan killed, and twelve American companions of his kept in imprisonment in Mexico because the Spanish Government violated its own passports. This all began as early as 1801. In 1825 Mr. Alexander Everett, our Minister in Spain, offered the Spanish Government one hundred millions for Cuba. Under Mr. Polk's government, twenty years after, the offer was renewed. Mr. Soulé, our Minister in Madrid between 1853 and 1855, complicated matters by his personal quarrels. He fought a duel with Turgot, the French Minister, and incurred the dislike, naturally enough, of the French Government. At a conference of three American foreign Ministers at Ostend in 1854, Buchanan, Mason, and himself, Soulé pressed the importance of the annexation of Cuba to the United States, and carried with him both of his coadjutors.

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But it is not at all necessary that we should enter into the details of these complications. The history of all this diplomacy has been admirably written by Professor Hart and is published in "Harper's Magazine" of June, 1898. We should probably have gone to war with Spain at Mr. Soulé's suggestion, but that at that moment, in 1854 and 1855, the weak government of that weakest of men, Franklin Pierce, was in very hot water at home. The Administration had offended the whole North by its operations in Kansas, and it was no time to ask for a war which seemed likely to end in the annexation of another slave State to the Union. Mr. Soulé was recalled, and some sort of *modus vivendi* was patched up which carried us through the Civil War. Mr. Lincoln appointed Mr. Koerner as our Minister in Spain, who was succeeded by Mr. John P. Hale.

One is glad to say that at this time the drift of the somewhat wayward movements of Spanish administration was in our favor. A curious little anecdote, which I think has never been printed, illustrates this; and as it has an indirect bearing on after diplomacy I will repeat it here. After our Civil War had ground along for nearly three years, Louis Napoleon, as will be remembered, took a hand in it. He formed the ingenious plan of uniting other nations in a change of the international law governing blockades. The admiralty law of the world at present extends the jurisdiction of any nation for one marine league from its shores. If, therefore, a blockade-runner could get within three miles of Jamaica, Cuba, or Porto Rico, he was safe from any interference from our blockading fleet. Napoleon ingeniously proposed that, instead of one league, this limit of local sovereignty should be extended to three leagues from shore. He knew well enough that England would never consent to this change; but he had that audacity which enabled him to persuade the Spanish Ministry to come into his plan.

Maps of the West Indies now are plenty, and any reader who will look at the positions of Cuba, Porto Rico, and the little French islands in the West Indies will see how seriously such an extension of a neutral limit would have hindered the operations of our blockading fleets. All this negotiation was conducted with great secrecy, and orders were sent from Spain to the West Indies, instructing the local authorities there to extend threefold the range of their dominion over the sea. These orders had already gone when Mr. Horatio Perry, our Secretary of Legation at that time, got wind of this treachery of our ally.

What Mr. Perry did in this issue was wise. He told his wife. She went immediately and told the Duchess of Montpensier, who had none too great love of Louis Napoleon, the nephew of his uncle, and the occupant of Louis Philippe's throne. She told her sister, the Queen. The Queen sent at once for Mr. Perry.

He told her what the Emperor had done, and what her own Ministers had done. I suppose he said, "You are injuring your best friends—at the solicitation of this intriguer, whom you hate, and who is your worst enemy." The Queen said this was the first she had heard of the matter, and she would send for her Prime Minister.

So she did. And he came. And she asked him if this thing had been done. And he confessed that it had; her Majesty had signed the order on such or such a day.

"But no one told me what it meant," said poor Isabella. "No one told me that this was a heavy blow to my American allies."

No. No one had told her. The Minister explained that as well as he could. If her Majesty disliked it, he was sorry, but it was too late to help it. Why too late? the Queen asked. Because a steamer had gone to the West Indian fleet with the orders which changed one league to three leagues.

Then Queen Isabella spoke the words which, as I count it, were the best words of her life:

"It is not too late for me to accept your resignations."

And when it came to that, it proved that the Señor Don did not want to resign, and the other Señores Dons did not want to resign, and they found up a fast steamer to take out orders rescinding the other orders. And so the Emperor Napoleon got a slap in his face, and so the blockade was maintained for the next year.

And so Spain scored one on her private account with the Washington Government, and Isabella II. found one decent thing on the credit side when she stood at the bar of St. Peter or history.

Whoever will refer to the published state papers will find no reference to this interesting incident. It is the sort of thing they leave out in printing. But you can see that it must have taken place in the autumn of 1863, if you will read between the lines.

As I have said, the intelligent reader of these lines has read Professor Hart's admirable review of the diplomacy of the United States and Spain regarding Cuba for a hundred years; or, if he has not read it, he had better read it as soon as he can find the "Harper's" for last June. He will learn that in that century there were but two cases of direct interference with the destinies of Cuba, one by President John Quincy Adams in 1826, and one by President Grant in 1875. At the same time he will find that there were filibusters in 1849, 1851, again in the years 1868–78, again in 1884–85, when the American Administration gave these filibusters neither aid nor comfort. In 1854 and 1873 there came reasons for war, and they were not regarded. Simply, these references to events of the utmost importance will show the reader what were the traditions of our Legation in Madrid when Mr. Lowell arrived there, in August of 1877.

PASCUAL DE GAYANGOS

ALFONSO XII. OF SPAIN

I must have talked with him about the Spanish politics of his time, for I saw him often in London, just before I visited Spain in 1882, and I traveled there with the benefit of his instructions. But I kept no notes of what he said, and I dare not refer any of my own impressions directly to him. For myself in Spain I had only the poor chance which a traveler of forty days has to learn from the daily newspapers, from table-d'hôte talk, and from interviews, too short, with intelligent men of all parties and professions.

I conceived a very high respect for the rank and file of the Spanish people. Ignorant? Yes, if reading and writing are the tests of ignorance. For only one-fifth of the population can read their own language. But the people themselves, the average people, as I saw them, seemed to me a very civil, friendly, self-respecting, thoughtful, and industrious people. They were ready to oblige a stranger, and they did not expect a penny or a shilling, as an Englishman or Irishman does when he has obliged a stranger.

I see that careful students of the position now say that the class of people in administration in Spain, the people who make and

JUAN F. RIAÑO

unmake ministries and dynasties, are more absolutely separate from what I call the rank and file than anywhere else in the world. I had a suspicion of this when I was in Spain.

At the same time, I observed that the circulation of the daily newspapers in Madrid was as large as that in Boston, the two cities being of about the same size. They were bitter and violent in their satire and in their attacks on each other. I think there were three bright and well-illustrated comic dailies, each with a large colored cartoon. Here, I think, was the tribute to the people who could not read. I suppose that the proportion of people who can read is much larger in Madrid than in the nation at large.

Sagasta was at the helm in 1882, as he is now. I find that I wrote of him then, "If you trusted the newspapers, you would say that there is only one man in Spain, or possibly two, who wanted Sagasta to stay in—that this one was Sagasta himself—that the other was possibly his confidential private secretary. You would say that everybody else was wild to have such an absurd pretender pushed from his throne, and every morning you would be sure that he would fall before the next day, and would be at once forgotten."

But at the same time I wrote, "As it seems to me, Sagasta is one of the ablest men in Europe, and I think the King has as high an opinion of Sagasta as any of us can form. . . . And I think the King is a remarkable young man, and that if he can hold on for five years longer, as he has for the last eight, he will be counted, not only as one of the wisest sovereigns in Europe, but as one of the wisest of the nineteenth century."

This, so far as the young King goes, is very strong; it now seems absurd. But one hopes so much from young kings! and this fine fellow—that he was at least—died when he was not thirty-one. The first story any one told you of him, when I was in Spain, was this: that when he was asked to take the crown, after the Republic of Castelar had broken down, he said, "Yes, I will come if you wish. Only, when you want me to go, tell me so, and I will go. Remember, all along, that I am the first Republican in Europe."

Of the young King, Lowell himself gives his opinion in this anecdote:

"On Saturday, the 26th [of October, 1878], the King received the felicitations of the diplomatic body. Among other things, he said to me, 'I almost wish he had hit me, I am so tired.' Indeed, his position is a trying one, and I feel sure that if he were allowed more freely to follow his own impulses and to break through the hedge of etiquette which the conservative wing of the restoration have planted between him and his people, his natural qualities of character and temperament would make him popular."

To us in America it is interesting to remember that the governess of this young king, who made so favorable an impression in his short reign of eleven years, was one whom we may call an American lady. That is to say, Madam Calderon, to whom the important charge of the education of this prince was intrusted, was the wife and afterward the widow of Calderon de la Barca, a distinguished Spanish diplomatist. She was Miss Fanny Inglis, born in Scotland, the granddaughter of Colonel Gardner, of Preston Pans. In her youth she removed to Boston with her sister, Mrs. McLeod, and there was a teacher in her sister's school. She was a very brilliant, conscientious, and agreeable person, and as the wife of Calderon de la Barca when he was Spanish Minister to the United States, and afterwards in Mexico, made, as she deserved, a wide circle of friends. She had the charge of this prince as soon as he needed a governess, and of his sisters. The Spanish Government showed its appreciation of her services by presenting to her a beautiful home, above the Alhambra, in Granada, where many of her old American friends subsequently visited her. She died in the Royal Palace at Madrid, in the winter of 1881–1882.

Of Lowell's own life of nearly three years in Madrid, he says himself, in a private note, that the Secretary of Legation whom he found there says that it is the hardest-worked Legation in Europe.

I have myself known personally five or six gentlemen who have held the position, and all of them have given me the same impression. I remember one of these gentlemen told me that he was still at work on a claim which one of our captains had against the Spanish Government for interference with his vessel ten years before. The *mañana* policy had dragged the thing along so far. So that in that Legation one had to keep in mind the history of half a dozen Spanish dynasties.

At this moment, writing when we are in war with Spain and the plaza of Santiago de Cuba is again historical, it is impossible not to go back a quarter of a century. At that time the Governor of Santiago shot, without trial, in that plaza, fifty-four men, most of them American citizens. They had been captured in the Virginius, a filibustering steamer; but according to any law of any nation which pretended to any civilization, they deserved and should have received trial. It was then that Mr. Fish sent to Mr. Sickles, our Minister in Spain, the dispatch to which I have referred, "If Spain cannot redress these outrages, the United States will."

Why was Spain let off then? It seems such a pity now. A short shrift then would have saved two or three hundred thousand lives which have been lost in the barbarism of Spanish administration since. Whoever will read the complicated correspondence of that year will see that General Grant exercised the utmost forbearance. Spain was at that moment a republic: what American wanted to crush a poor little European republic which could hardly hold its head above water? The gentlemen in authority in Madrid descended to the most pathetic petitions that they might be excused—if only this time we would let them off from what they deserved, no such barbarism should ever be tolerated again. The Minister of Foreign Affairs would come over himself to the American Legation to plead a postponement of justice. At the end Spain promised to pension the families of the people her viceroy had murdered. So General Grant gave way, and when, four years after, Mr. Lowell arrived, it was his duty to show that we had forgiven, and were trying to forget.

Of the foreign dispatches from our Ministers, our Government means to print only that which is wholly harmless in future diplomacy.

THE PALACE OF MADRID

There is, therefore, but little of Lowell's in print which bears upon the questions most interesting now. But once and again he says that, when the Spanish Government had paid something which it owed, the Foreign Minister would beg that notice might be taken of it, as showing their friendly wish to do their duty when they could.

Here is a little scrap, unimportant enough in itself, but fairly pathetic now in its open confession by a Spanish Minister of the power for reserve or deception which such a Minister has—or thinks he has.

In inclosing it Lowell says:

(April 2, 1878.) "The interpellation of General Salamanca may either indicate that there is some doubt in the mind of the party to which he belongs as to the complete pacification of Cuba, or that he thought it a good topic about which to ask a question that might be embarrassing to the Ministry. The answer of Señor Canovas admits, as you will see, that armed resistance still exists, and seems to imply even more than it admits. I am not sure that it would be safe to draw any inference from this, as Señor Canovas has, from the first, shown great discretion and reserve with regard to the recent events and Cuba." . . .

(Inclosure) "Señor Canovas. . . . For the rest, the Government, in fact, knows concerning the internal condition of Cuba, concerning the preliminaries of capitulation, and concerning other points, more than it has hitherto had occasion to lay before the members of this body. But this is not what I said before; I did not say that the Government had not more information on this than it had communicated to Congress, for if that were the case I should not have had occasion to suggest what I have suggested. . . . Concerning what preceded the capitulation, concerning the capitulation itself, concerning what the Government expects after the capitulation, concerning what it believes will result from the capitulation, concerning the possible length of the war, concerning the reasons the Government has for hoping what it may hope and fearing what it may fear—the Government has its own knowledge and thinks it inopportune, at present, to enter into discussion. But concerning the fact of the forces which have submitted, concerning what remains to be done in the way of pacification, the Government has no kind of secret."

KING AMADEUS

Señor Canovas was the Minister who was murdered last year.

With such cares, and in such difficult surroundings, Lowell spent the close of 1877 and the years 1879 and 1880. He was then summoned, very unexpectedly, to transfer his residence to London as United States Minister to England.

In the meantime, with his astonishing power of work, he not only attended curiously well to the work of the Legation, but had devoted himself sedulously to the study of the Spanish language and literature. His private letters have the most amusing and interesting references to such studies. When he was presented to the King, he made his speech in English, the King answered him in Spanish, then came forward and exchanged a few compliments in French. But very soon it appears that he was determined not to be dependent on any interpreter, or on the accomplishment of any of the foreign officers with whom he had to do. "I am turned school-boy again, and have a master over me once more—a most agreeable man, Don Herminegildo Giner de los Rios, who comes to me every morning at nine o'clock for an hour. We talk Spanish together (he doesn't understand a word of English), and I work hard at translation and the like." And again: "This morning I wrote a note to one of the papers here, in which my teacher found only one word to change.

THE PALACE AT MADRID

Wasn't that pretty well for a boy of my standing?"

This he writes to his daughter and to Miss Norton: "I like the Spaniards, and find much that is only too congenial in their genius for to-morrow. I am working now at Spanish as I used to work at Old French—that is, all the time, and with all my might. I mean to know it better than they do themselves, which is not saying much. . . . This is the course of my day: get up at eight; from nine, sometimes till eleven, my Spanish professor; at eleven breakfast, at twelve to the Legation, at three home again and a cup of chocolate, then read the paper and write Spanish till a quarter to seven, at seven dinner, and at eight drive in an open carriage in the Prado till ten, to bed twelve to one."

He writes to a friend in 1878 that he found that the Minister of State for Foreign Affairs sometimes smoked a pipe in the secrecy of home "I was sure he must be blistering his tongue with Spanish mundungus, and sent him a package of mine. He writes to say, 'It is the best I ever smoked in my life; I had no idea there was anything so good.' So I sent him yesterday ten more packages, and have promised to keep his pipe full for so long as I am here."

Of his own work in his vocation as diplomatist he says: "I am beginning to feel handier in my new trade, but I had a hard row to hoe at first. All alone, without a human being I had ever seen before in my life, and with unaccustomed duties, feeling as if I were beset with snares on every hand, obliged to carry on the greater part of my business in a strange tongue, it was rather trying for a man with so sympathetic and sensitive a temperament as mine, and I don't much wonder the gout came upon me like an armed man. Three attacks in five months! But now I begin to take things more easily. Still, I don't like the business much, and feel that I am wasting my time. Nearly all I have to do neither enlists my sympathies much nor makes any call on my better faculties. I feel, however, as if I were learning something, and I dare say I shall find I have when I get back to my own chimney-corner again. I like the Spaniards, with whom I find many natural sympathies in my own nature, and who have had a vast deal of injustice done them by this commercial generation. They are still Orientals to a degree one has to live among them to believe. But I think they are getting on. The difficulty is that they don't care about many things that we are fools enough to care about, and the balance in the ledger is not so entirely satisfactory to them as a standard of morality as to some more advanced nations. They employ inferior races (as the Romans did) to do their intellectual drudgery for them, their political economy, scholarship, history, and the like. But they are advancing even on these lines, and one of these days—but I won't prophesy. Suffice it that they have plenty of brains, if ever they should condescend so far from their *hidalguia* as to turn them to advantage. They get a good deal out of life at a cheap rate, and are not far from wisdom, if the old Greek philosophers who used to be held up to us as an example knew anything about the matter."

It must have been a joy to Mr. Evarts, in the Department of State at home, to read Lowell's dispatches when they came. It is reserved for those who have the inner keys to the inner bureau of the Department to read them all; but here are some passages which have been printed in the Government reports—because harmless—which make one understand why he was sent to England when there was a vacancy there:

(February 6, 1878.) "In these days of newspaper enterprise, when everything that happens, ought to happen, or might have happened is reported by telegraph to all quarters of the world, the slow-going dispatch-bag can hardly be expected to bring anything very fresh or interesting in regard to a public ceremonial which, though intended for political effect, had little political significance. The next morning, frames of fireworks are not inspiring, unless to the moralist; and Madrid is already quarreling over the cost and mismanagement of a show for the tickets to which it was quarreling a week ago."

. . . "Whoever has seen the breasts of the peasantry fringed with charms older than Carthage and relics as old as Rome, and those of the upper classes plastered with decorations, will not expect Spain to become conscious of the nineteenth century and ready to welcome it in a day."

. . . "A nation which has had too much glory and too little good housekeeping." . . .

Here is the pathetic account of the young Queen's death. She was the first wife of Alfonso XII. The present Queen Regent (the Austrian) is the second:

(July 3, 1878.) "Groups gathered and talked in undertone. About the palace there was a silent crowd day and night, and there could be no question that the sorrow was universal and profound. On the last day I was at the palace just when the poor girl was dying. As I crossed the great interior courtyard, which was perfectly empty, I was startled by a dull roar not unlike that of vehicles in a great city. It was reverberated and multiplied by the huge cavern of the palace court. At first I could see nothing that accounted for it, but presently found that the arched corridors all around the square were filled, both on the ground floor and the first story, with an anxious crowd, whose eager questions and answers, though subdued to the utmost, produced the strange thunder I had heard. It almost seemed for a moment as if the palace itself had become vocal.

. . . "The match was certainly not popular, nor did the bride call forth any marks of public sympathy. The position of the young Queen was difficult and delicate, demanding more than common tact and discretion to make it even tenable, much more influential. On the day of her death the difference was immense. Sorrow and sympathy were in every heart and on every face. By her good temper, good sense, and womanly virtues, the girl of seventeen had not only endeared herself to those immediately about her, but had become an important factor in the destiny of Spain. I know very well what divinity doth hedge royal personages, and how truly legendary they become even during their lives, but it is no exaggeration to say that she had made herself an element of the public welfare, and that her death is a national calamity. Had she lived she would have given stability to the throne of her husband, over whom her influence was wholly for good. She was not beautiful, but the cordial simplicity of her manner, the grace of her bearing, her fine eyes, and the youth and purity of her face, gave her a charm that mere beauty never attains."

We may call this dispatch the first version of his sonnet:

DEATH OF QUEEN MERCEDES

Hers all that Earth could promise or bestow,
Youth, Beauty, Love, a crown, the beckoning years,
Lids never wet, unless with joyous tears,
A life remote from every sordid woe,
And by a nation's swelled to lordlier flow.
What lurking-place, thought we, for doubts or fears
When, the day's swan, she swam along the cheers
Of the Alcalá, five happy months ago?

The guns were shouting Io Hymen then
That, on her birthday, now denounce her doom;
The same white steeds that tossed their scorn
of men
To-day as proudly drag her to the tomb.
Grim jest of fate! Yet who dare call it blind,
Knowing what life is, what our humankind?

Early in 1880 Lowell received unexpectedly a request, from the Department of State, that he would represent the Nation in England. He writes to his daughter the following interesting account of his transfer:

> Day before yesterday I was startled with a cipher telegram. My first thought was, "Row in Cuba! I shall have no end of bother!" It turned out to be this: "President has nominated you to England [this President was Hayes]. He regards it as essential to the public service that you should accept and make your personal arrangements to repair to London as early as may be. Your friends whom I have conferred with concur in this view."

MERCEDES, QUEEN OF SPAIN

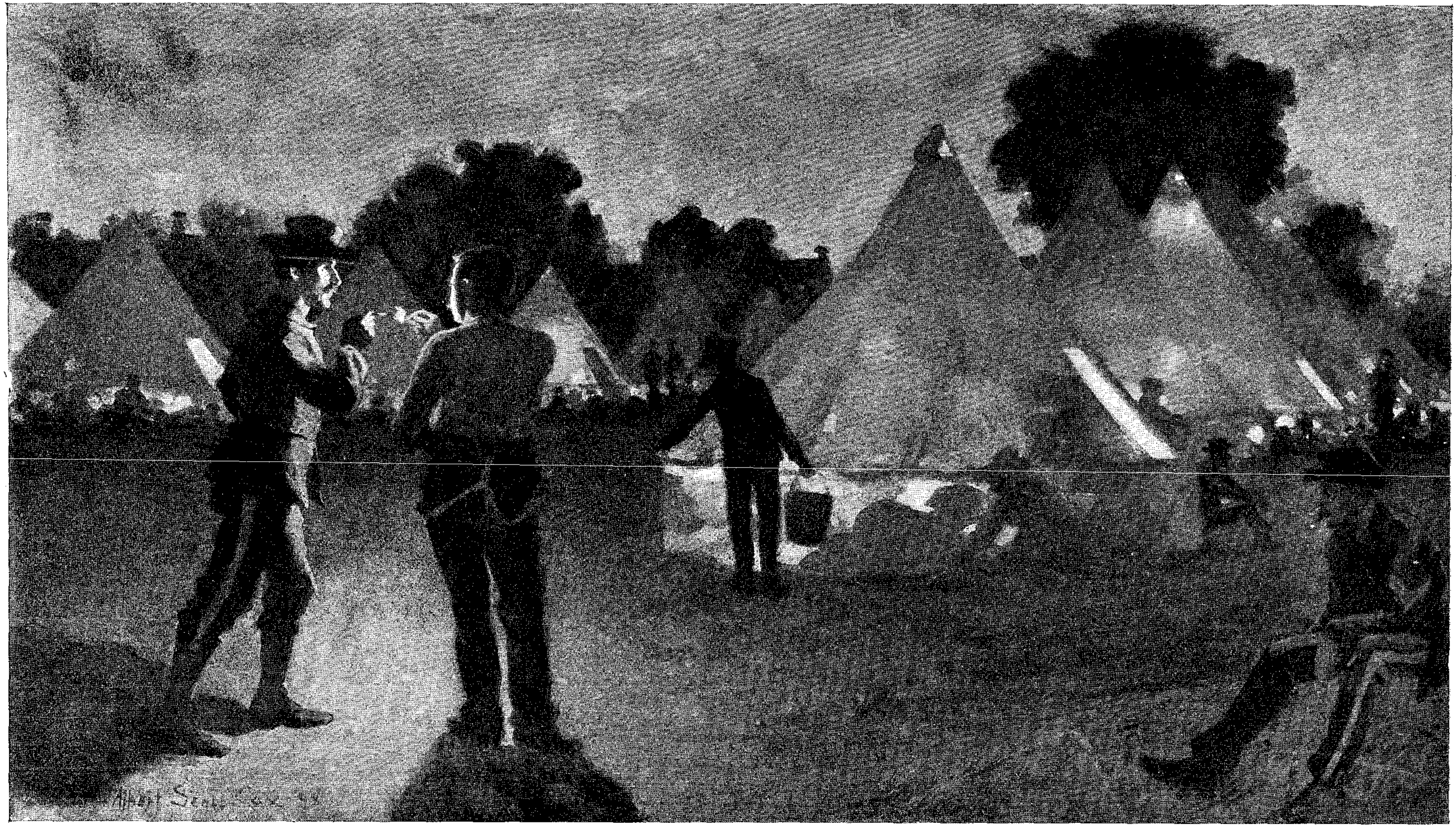
Then Mr. Lowell says that he was afraid of its effect on Mrs. Lowell, who was recovering from a long and desperate illness; but she was pleased, and began to contrive how he might accept. He goes on, "I answered, 'Feel highly honored by President's confidence. Could accept if allowed two months' delay. Impossible to move or leave my wife sooner.'"

When I was in Madrid they told this story, which I think was true. The two months' delay did not prove necessary. Just at this juncture poor Mrs. Lowell was confined to her bed, and had been for some time. It happened that a candle set fire to the curtains. The attendants fell on their knees to implore the assistance of the Holy Mother, but Mrs. Lowell sprang up and herself took the direction of the best methods for extinguishing the flames. So soon as nurses and others could be brought into shape, it proved that the adventure had not been an injury to their mistress, but rather an advantage. The doctor was summoned at once, and within a very short time was able to say that Mrs. Lowell could be removed to Lisbon and so by steamer to England. Mr. Lowell was said to have telegraphed at once to Washington that he could transfer his residence immediately, as he was asked to do. Accordingly, by a well-contrived and convenient arrangement, the invalid was taken by rail to Lisbon or Oporto, thence by steamer to England, and arrived there, with her husband, with no unfavorable results to her health.

In this sketch of Mr. Lowell's life in Madrid I have not attempted, and indeed have not been able, to introduce even the names of the friends in whose society Mr. Lowell took pleasure while in Spain. But American scholars, and indeed the scholars of the world, have been so much indebted to Señor Don Pascual de Gayangos, whose recent death has been so widely regretted, that I ought not to close this chapter without referring to him.

This gentleman is another of the distinguished men born in 1809. In early life he studied in France. He visited England and married an English lady. When he was but twenty-two years of age he held a subordinate place in the administration at Madrid. He returned to England while yet a young man, and resided there. Articles of his will be found in the "Edinburgh Review" at that time. After the Oriental Society published a translation by him of "Almakkari's History," he was appointed Professor of Arabic in Madrid. He had studied Arabic under De Sacy. Every American student in Spain for the last half-century has been indebted to his courtesy, and, I may say, to his authority in Spain.

[To be continued in the November Magazine Number.]



EVENING AT CAMP

Life at Willett's Point

By Albert Scott Cox

Company G, Twenty-second Regiment, U. S. V.

THE blue cloud-lid of morning slowly rises, and the yellow-eyed day peeps over the horizon. What does it see? Nothing alive but the tired-footed sentinel. Barracks are sleeping, tents are sleeping—sleeping laboriously, grunting, roaring, wheezing like tired brutes. Suddenly the bugle-call breaks the snoring chorus, and twenty mouths in every conical tent swear at the interruption. Four hundred toes that all night long have been trying to occupy the same place at the same time squirm reluctantly around the center tent-pole, and at last, with a sudden rush, carry their disgruntled owners into line, with shoe-strings trailing, while the bugle seems to repeat those tormenting words: "Can't get 'em up, can't get 'em up, can't get 'em up in the morning." Morning is out of time, the soldiers declare, as they dress while running to answer "Here;" but the limping sentinel thought that night had settled forever.

The bugle-call at Willett's Point brings artillerymen and engineers of the regulars and the separated companies of the New York Twenty-second into line, and over the water comes the call that arouses those of the Twenty-second at Forts Slocum and Schuyler.

The tents have replaced the water-soaked straw of Camp Black with wooden floors, which furnish an unenviable bed. With the men in the barracks, Company G, commanded by Captain Dayton, and those detailed for service with the engineers, it is different. They are fairly reveling in comforts, and rise from their little cots and mattresses, and from between sheets, with a cheerful yawn, and go to their bath-tubs for hot or cold water, and sit in their new mess-hall with all its modern conveniences, and nod and wink at their neighbor, and say, "Hey, Bill, ain't it a snap?"

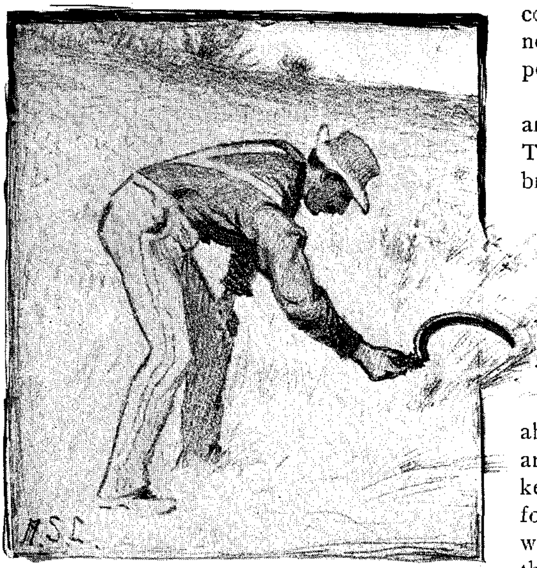
It is in this hall that the magic pitcher pours forth its varied drinks. In civil life the waiter is known as Mr. T. Wetherby Brummell, but this week, detailed for the kitchen, in his working trousers and undershirt, he is only Bill. He is extremely gracious and servile, when he doesn't forget himself and scale a plate of beans the length of the table. He comes and goes, doubling like a jackknife. The mellow tone of his voice suggests how greatly concerned he is for the comfort of all, but those gray and greasy cups tell us that Bill is a monstrous hypocrite. He lavishly offers to pour from the magic pitcher chocolate, tea, or coffee, ice-cool lemonade or claret punch; and so the thirsty soldier orders what he likes to please his fancy, but drinks the same old "boot-leg."

When the malicious Bill has finished rubbing his palms and talking of salmon and green peas, roast lamb and mint sauce, turkey capon, and fricasseed humming-birds' wings, he adds bacon to the list, and the discreet soldier faces a piece of oozing fat with greater effort than he would a Spaniard.

The great horror of the soldier here is police and special detail. The man who came from sedentary life, burning with martial ardor, finds himself cooling when detailed to drive the ice-cart from door to door, washing and delivering his load to soldiers' cottages, officers' homes, to camps and kitchen barracks. It may be he whiles away the time scrubbing floors or greasy pans, or assists the post carpenter, or does chores for the baker, or sweeps the streets, or mows the lawn, or guards prisoners at work with fixed bayonet and gun loaded. Before a private has recovered from his surprise at finding himself a stevedore, he is in the coal business, driving his little cart over the post at a rate that permits of meditation.

There are the pontoon boats to be loaded on carts for service in distant lands, and old army wagons, with honorable bullet-wounds of the Civil War, to be again moved out for the service of their country. Now and then one finds a lad who thinks his fate worse than that of any special detail. He could not stand steadily in the ranks, and again he marches in the awkward squad of recruits, until he would not turn his head to see "the greatest show on earth." There's Jack, who drilled an hour by himself and did not like it. He pulled the trigger at the command "Recover," disgraced the volley-firing, and paid the penalty.

The occasional return of troops from the

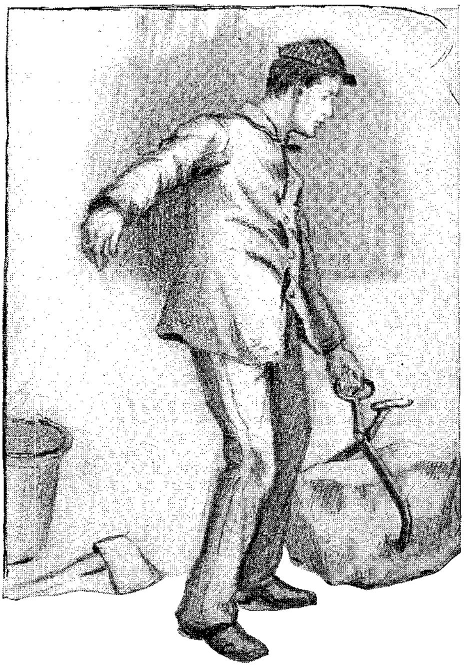


SOME FIELD WORK

South or from the front, withered veterans, some with a ghastly yellow pallor on their sunken cheeks, brings vividly to mind the frightful ravages of war. The spirit of the drum-major is irresistible; he is filled with delight as he leads these wasted, tottering men as heroes through the gate. The well-groomed guard drawn up in line come to present arms, and the rifles of the dusty, tired travelers fall to a port as they salute. From all spectators a shrill cry greets the returning company—seemingly a small reward for battered frames and ruined health. Some have another reward. It is a ride from the station; but they take it in an ambulance.

A sick man is cured for a moment when passing the guard-house. He recognizes an old friend, and up comes his weather-beaten, fever-stricken face. A proud smile, that the neglected beard cannot hide, replaces the dull look of exhaustion. Half gayly, he exclaims, "What do you think of her, Bob? How does *she* strike your eye?" The "she" referred to is led a captive in the rear. She was born in Spain, but now follows the column meekly enough into Willett's Point. "She" is silent and sullen now, but she spoke in anger near Santiago, and threw nails and broken shells at the Cuban invaders. Her fit of temper caused the loss of five men of the Thirty-third Michigan Regiment and the wounds of many others. Veterans and recruits gather eagerly around her and look down her bronze throat that will probably never roar again. What a toy she is, though, compared with the monstrous modern cannon that look out to sea over these parapets!

The greatest pleasure offered on an army post is the privilege of absence. The proximity of the city permits of a brief relief now and then from the monotony of the life. It is an unwritten law that the man who returns from these visits shall not mention in the dormitory or tent the delicious dishes he has eaten; for a violation of this law he will be beaten silent with pillows or stormed with shoes. One who wears a uniform on leave of absence knows that the American people are fond of their soldiers. He feels the keen interest all have in them when he for the first time walks through the street with his uniform. Nearly every one reads the device upon his hat and surveys him from head to foot as though eager to know to what branch of the service he belongs. In America a soldier is a novelty. For more than a generation he has been an unfamiliar object. The public are curious to know the details of his life, and shower questions upon him. Children beg for a button from his coat, grandmother inquires tenderly for the welfare of her grandson whom she says has gone to war; yet it may be these soldiers



AN AMATEUR ICEMAN

have never met. Sometimes brass buttons will win a smile that would have been lost in civilian's dress. Many a loafer and many a toper warms to the soldier, gives his hand, and offers a drink. Now and then a soldier's money is refused.

There are many little offerings from humble sources that show the regard in which the service is held. When an Italian fruit-vender looks at the uniform and from his little store gives twenty for a dozen, it is a touching tribute.

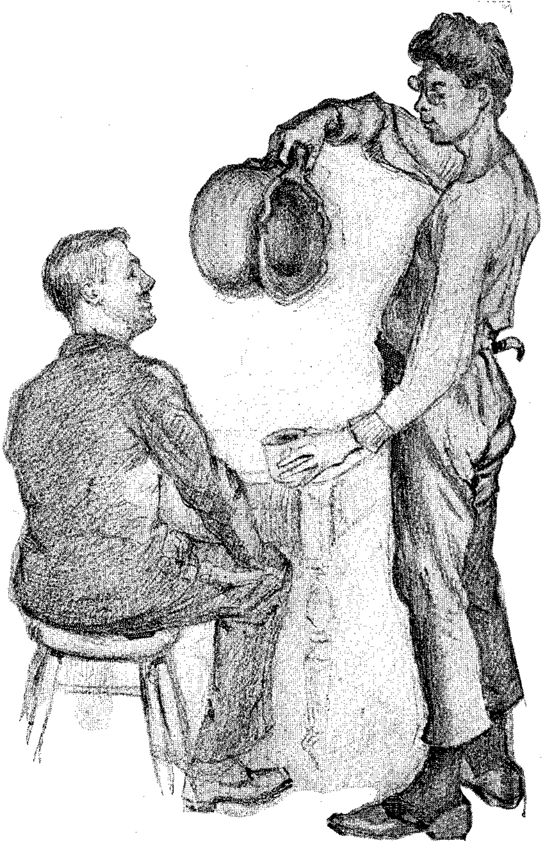
A camp is an incubator for rumors. When rumor 341,123 came gliding over the garrison, one man regretted to hear that we were at once to leave our comfortable barracks; but the next fellow, who could never be coaxed or driven to work, and who carries his back like an interrogation point, told some lady visitors, in his most affected and *blasé* tone, that this lazy life was killing him.

So the day goes by with work, drill, and idleness, and the boys toe the line at dress parade again, looking their best, boots and buttons shining. Officers are a credit to their commands in their becoming uniforms. A conspicuous figure in the field is the drum-major.

Down the line he comes with feet that seem to scorn the earth, stepping with an air of magical magnificence possible only for a drum-major. At the firing of the cannon down goes the flag. Companies spring to attention, and for a moment the dull routine and drudgery of the daily life is forgotten. With a thrill the thought passes along the line that it is all for the service of the Stars and Stripes. The sacrifice is great to many an officer and many a private, though not a gun is fired. Each night at this hour from the field music comes "The Star-Spangled Banner," which recalls the soldier's pledge. Spectators with uncovered heads join in the spirit of the moment. Now night comes stealing over the garrison, men find their way into the canteen to wet their throats after the double-quick that surprised them at dress parade, and they try to prove with many words that all made errors at drill except themselves, and why the line was bad. Some wander outside the gate to sit on the hotel veranda, mingling with the civilians and fancying, perhaps, that they are at a summer resort, which Willett's Point resembles, with its pleasant nooks and groves. Sometimes soldiers drink this hotel by the water dry, but these adventures are near pay-day. Wait awhile, and you will see whole companies of thirsty men, and tents full of them planning a dinner and torturing their appetites with their imagination.

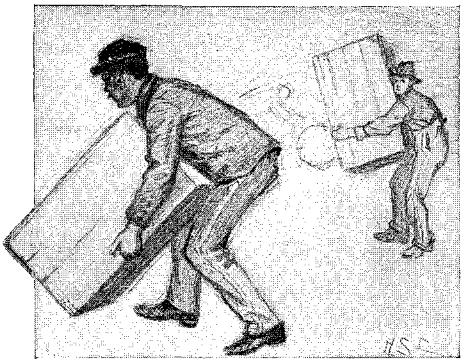
Who are these men who have offered themselves as targets for foreign bullets and to endure conditions that are privations to the meanest of them? The volunteer represents all grades of life: clerk, student, stevedore, and professor are there. They are but a handful of humanity, picked at random from the world, often linked only by one sentiment—the desire to support the authority of our country.

There are individuals who do not represent a class, who came into the service because they had nowhere else to go, and, when not standing rigidly at the command attention, they will beg for a loan of a quarter or a chew of tobacco from reveille to taps. It matters not in the least from what class of society the volunteer comes, if the foundation of his character is sturdy manhood, good



THE MAGIC PITCHER

fellowship is maintained with all; but there is trouble in store for the pretender. The continual and enforced contact permits of careful analysis of individuals—they are sifted one by the other until their true worth is found.


HEAVY WORK

There is doubtless a pleasant social life at the comfortable homes of the officers, looking over the green parade-ground on one side and the ocean on the other, but there is no novelty in it. You know the workings of a well-ordered conventional community; so I dwell on the daily life of the privates. Bankers and butchers building pontoon bridges, and teachers and horse-jockeys taking them down the next day for drill, is unusual; and so is it unusual to see a plumber working for $15.60 per month. I know, however, a patriotic one who is doing it; but it took the Government of the United States, with over two hundred thousand men in the field, to get these prices. Spain and plumbers' prices fall before Uncle Sam. All privates with a trade or a trick are at his service for $15.60 per month.

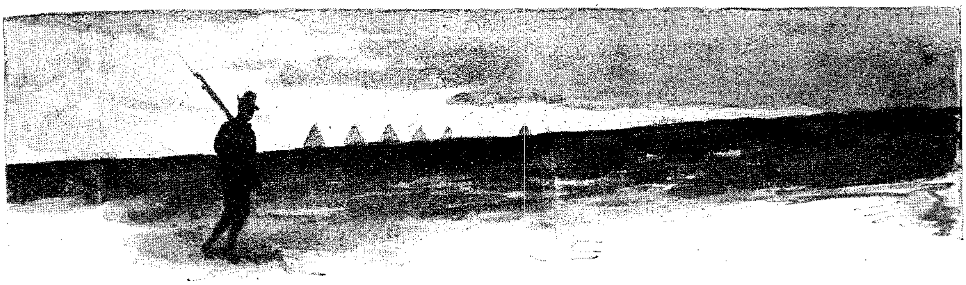
The volunteer generally has a home that needs him, and interests that are sacrificed by his absence. The regular makes the army his home. There are those, however, who have lived at this post through the entire term of their service. A hovering uncertainty, however, always flutters around the soldier's future—an unrest that wears upon the mind and makes it catch eagerly at all reports that may bring the truth as to the next move.

The non-commissioned officers and privates who have made this garrison their home for years are worthy citizens, competent soldiers, and alive to patriotic impulses. They received the volunteer regiment quartered upon them in a friendly manner that was appreciated. I am glad to testify to their courtesy.

Willett's Point has been fortunate in having Major Knight for its commander. Volunteer officers and men have realized this. Regulars long in the service feel that he is their friend, and that justice will be given them, whether it is a pleasant reward or punishment that is due. Confronted as the commander is with many problems and endless details, the private has seen that the Major does not forget the comfort of his orderly.

The prettiest hour of the day in camp life is when night first settles over the canvas village, and the lights dimly burning within fall on groups of card-players and story-tellers, who cast huge and absurd shadows. Pipes and cigarettes are spattered over the tent like fireflies. One match starts the spark for endless numbers of smokers. Matches are scarce, like everything else, at the camp, that costs anything; but talk—no one pays for that. Lights go out when Tattoo sounds, but still the stream of talk, chat, chat, chat. There are rumors, numerous as mosquitoes, always rumors, till the last faint note of Taps sends its drowsy echo over camp.

It is a sensitive point with this snoring chorus of the volunteer force that the public still think of them as "tin soldiers," when it is through no fault of theirs that they have never seen the front. They have had their day and night dreams of that hour when they might gladly pay the greatest price for their honor, and of the glory of hard-fought battles.



A Canal-Boat Voyage on the Hudson

By Clifton Johnson

With Illustrations by the Author

THE vacation I like best is one that gives me fresh insight into the way people live. If the environment is unusual, so much the better. It is not ease and rest, nor is it mountain scenery or the smell of salt water, that gives me most pleasure, but the chance to live for a time amid new surroundings with those who gain their livelihood by working with their hands. The hand-workers, as contrasted with the brain-workers, possess a peculiar attraction, partly because they are the largest class and make the bone and sinew of every nation, partly because they are comparatively unartificial and have a never-failing smack of picturesqueness that grows naturally out of their habits and surroundings.

Ever since I have known the Hudson as a real live river and not simply as a crooked streak on the map, I have had the wish for a closer acquaintance with the life on the canal-boats, whose long, lazy tows are one of the stream's notable features. Each evening, in the warm-weather months, a tow of these deep-laden craft just out from the Erie Canal leaves Albany for New York. The Hudson in its journey to the sea makes barely eight miles a day. It is too slow even for the canal-boats, and they always make the trip back and forth in the wake of a steam vessel. As you look from the shores you see people on the boats, you see little cabins at the sterns with stove-pipes sticking out of the roofs, and you see many lines of washing flying. The tows, indeed, are floating villages, and there is a touch of romance about them that stirs the gypsy blood in one at once.

At any rate, with me, the impulse to go was very strong. Here was the chance to see a novel phase of life, and that amid the famous scenery of the Hudson. If the canal-boat folk would take me, I would make one trip down the river, at least.

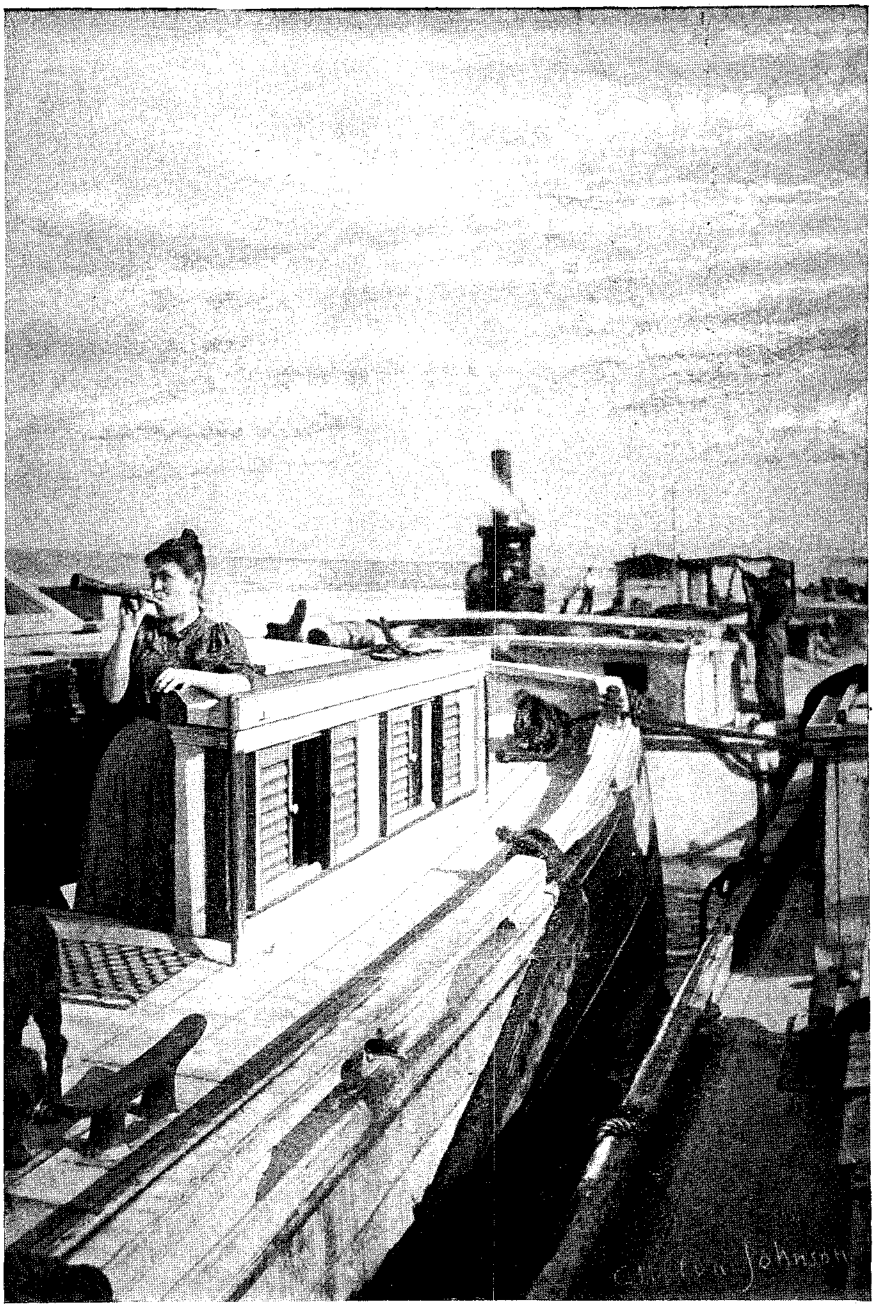
It was late in the afternoon, and I was in Albany wandering along the wharves. The day was dull, and, to a stranger, the high, rusty warehouses and breweries flanking the river were depressing. A number of canal-boats were moored along shore, some low and snug, some loaded high with an unwieldy bulk of lumber or hay. There was not much going on aboard them—just two or three men in sight doing odd jobs about the decks, and a woman in a pink waist standing at a cabin door and looking out on the river. The only attention I got was from a lad dozing on a cabin roof, who, at sight of my valise, roused up and asked what I was peddling. Things were equally quiet on the wharves. A few boys and men were loitering about, but there was no stir, no activity, not even in the vicinity of the frequent corner saloons.

I was half wishing to give up the trip, when three canal-boats arrived from up the river, and the tug in charge pushed them in to the wharf near where I stood. I spoke with a man who jumped on shore with a rope, and he pointed out one of the rough, sunburned workingmen on the boats and said that was the "captain"—he was the man who owned the three boats, and if I wanted to go to New York he was the one to talk with.

The captain, who in dress and looks was no different from his fellows, proved friendly, and was perfectly willing I should go down the Hudson on his vessels. I offered to pay my fare, but he said "No" emphatically, and added: "I don't want any money. It's no trouble. Most of my crew left when we got to the end of the canal, and there's room enough. But you'll have to take things as they are. I can't answer for what your bed ll be. Like enough it isn't fit for you, and then again it may be all right. It's just as the men left it, and they're sometimes pretty dirty fellows."

But I could go. That was a relief, for the uncertainty of ways and means when one is starting out on such an expedition always keeps one's spirits at a low ebb. I did not worry much over possible hardships.

"I don't know how you'll manage about your meals," the captain continued. "Usually I have my wife and children along, but this time I've got a housekeeper. My wife took sick last month and she stayed at home this trip; so I had to get Mrs. Libbey to cook and tend to the other work, and I don't know



DINNER!

how she'll feel about taking a boarder. Perhaps she'll think she has enough to do now. You'll have to fix that with her. The best way is to speak to her yourself when you find her out on deck. If she don't want the job, why, you can get all you want to eat to-morrow from the bumboats."

With this the captain turned to his work. I did not want to run the risk of going hungry till to-morrow and leave the chance of getting something then to the "bumboats," whatever those might be. So I went on shore and visited a meager little grocery not far away, where I bought a supply of cookies and a can of salmon. With these I thought I could hold body and soul together the entire trip if necessary.

The weather was threatening, and evening came early. Lanterns were lit on the boats, and lights twinkled out one by one all about the river and along the shores. Presently a horn blew, and the captain and the two men, "Duncan" and "Hugh," who made up the river crew, strolled down into Mrs. Libbey's cabin on the best boat to have supper. I was on the point of going after my can of salmon and bag of cookies when the captain reappeared and invited me to come in and eat with the others. He said he had fixed things with Mrs. Libbey, and I could pay her for my board whatever I saw fit when we reached New York.

I preferred to be one of the family, and I followed the captain's lead and crooked myself down into the cabin. The ceiling barely missed one's head, the walls were honeycombed with cupboards and drawers, and there was a folding bed in one corner and a cook-stove in another. The floor was covered with oilcloth, and the whole place was neat and orderly. The table filled the middle of the room. Most of the chairs were nothing but backless campstools that could be closed up and tucked away when not in use. The table was not so large but that everything on it could be reached without much stretching, and I was invited to draw up and help myself. We had beans, meat, potato, bread and butter, crackers, and tea. The fare right through the voyage was plain and coarse, but not unwholesome. The canal-boat people were inclined to neglect their forks as conveyances for food, and each reached his own knife to the butter-plate from time to time. However, these things are not peculiar to canal-boats. We four men left little spare room at the table, and Mrs. Libbey sat back near the stove and chatted, and saw that our cups were kept filled with tea.

By the time I returned to the deck preparations were being made to start. Dusky figures were moving about here and there on the boats and on the wharves. A short, slouch-hatted man, with much swearing and violence of manner, was making up the tow. There were many lights on the river—yellow, red, and green. Tugs were moving here and there whistling and puffing, and in the hazy air of the half-clouded evening the scene seemed full of movement, mystery, and strange noises.

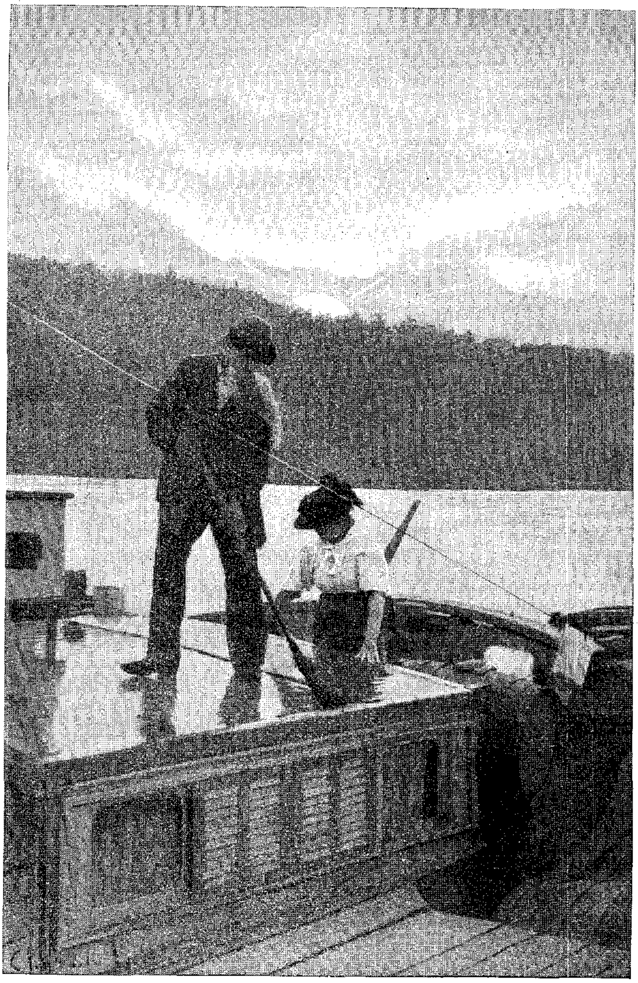
At eight a great steamer just starting for New York left its pier a quarter of a mile above, and its mountain of lights drifted down past us. Except for the tall smokestacks towering above the pile, its size and its wealth of glow and glitter made it seem, as seen from the humble canal-boats, a veritable "floating palace." On an upper deck was a search-light peering about with its one eye, flashing its bit of vivid illumination now on this side the river, now on the other, bringing out the color and form of all it touched with astonishing clearness amid the surrounding night. As soon as the steamer reached the open river its engines began to pant, and it soon vanished on its swift course southward.

Shortly afterwards the shore-lines of our tow of canal-boats were cast loose, and we too were on our way down the river. But ours was not the easy flight of the brilliant passenger-boat that preceded us. Our long, clumsy tow was being dragged through the gray evening gloom by a single stout steamer, and the blunt, deep-laden canal-boats plowed their way through the dun waters very heavily. In our rear the sparkle of the city lights slowly faded, and the glows in home windows on the wooded shores grew fewer and farther between. Responsibility for the night was now past, and it was not long before everybody turned in.

Our tow included between thirty and forty boats, made up in tiers of four abreast. The boats in each tier were snug together, and though they sometimes swung apart a foot or two, there was never much difficulty in stepping from one to the other. The captain I had adopted owned three of the boats in our tier, and the odd one was in charge of an elderly Frenchman, his wife, two dogs, and a cat.

I had a bunk in a little cabin at the rear of the middle one of our three boats. This cabin was a kind of storeroom—a catch-all for every sort of rubbish. Here were pieces of harness, cast-off clothing, rags, tools, bolts, kerosene cans, a tub of paint, etc. It had various odors, and these were not improved when Duncan, my fellow-roomer, lit a stout tin lamp and turned it low to burn all night. The apartment was mostly below decks, and as for ventilation, one could about as well have slept in a dry-goods box with the cover on.

My bunk looked short, but there proved to be a recess in the farther wall where I could stow away my feet. It was a bed without linen, and the coarse blankets and bed-ticking pillow looked so uninviting that I concluded to sleep on top in the clothes I had on. A



SWABBING

Right after breakfast Mrs. Libbey had cleared everything out of her cabin that could be cleared out, set up her washtub, and gone to washing. I suppose every other woman on the tow did likewise. The first day on the Hudson is always washing day, for on the second day the boats are in salt water, which sets back a hundred miles up the river. In the brighter spells between showers, clothes-lines had been set up on the decks and a few garments swung on them; but with the first streak of sunshine after the thunder-storm, tubs were brought up to the open air, the clothes-lines filled, and surplus garments were spread all about. The boats with all this bunting had quite a gala air.

The first work of the day for the men was to feed and care for the horses, which were in low stable-cabins at the bow of the boats. The trip back and forth on the Hudson and the stay in New York are vacation for the horses. In spite of the narrowness of their quarters, they seemed contented enough, yet it moved one's pity to see their galled shoulders. The horses would cringe and plunge when the men touched their sores to wash them or rub on oil. Our fleet carried seven horses. On the canal they worked in two relays, three horses in one and four in the other. The boats kept going night and day, and it was steady work for the horses—six hours on and six hours off for all the week and a half it took to go through the canal. Their shoulders are very tender, and Duncan said, "Some of the horses, after they have had their rest and start in to work again, will rear and kick, and it's all you can do to make 'em buckle down to pull—they're just that mean in disposition. Still, you can't blame 'em. They're just like folks, and a man with a sore toe would act worse 'n they do. You see, their collars are bearing on their shoulders all the time for six hours, and the chafing makes so much heat that, with the sweat, it

calico curtain was strung on a wire along the front of the bunk. This I drew, and, with the dim light of the lamp shining through it, and with the swash of the water around the stern of the boat in my ears, I went to sleep. On the whole, things were very quiet, and, though the boat rolled a little and now and then softly bumped against its neighbor, the motion was so slight and we slipped along so smoothly that it was hardly different from being on land.

When I clambered out on deck a little before six the next day, the weather was still dubious, and during the morning we had frequent scuds of rain. Toward noon a thunder-storm came rumbling down on us from the Catskills, but after that the sky showed signs of clearing, and the head wind which had been tossing the waves into white-caps grew quieter.

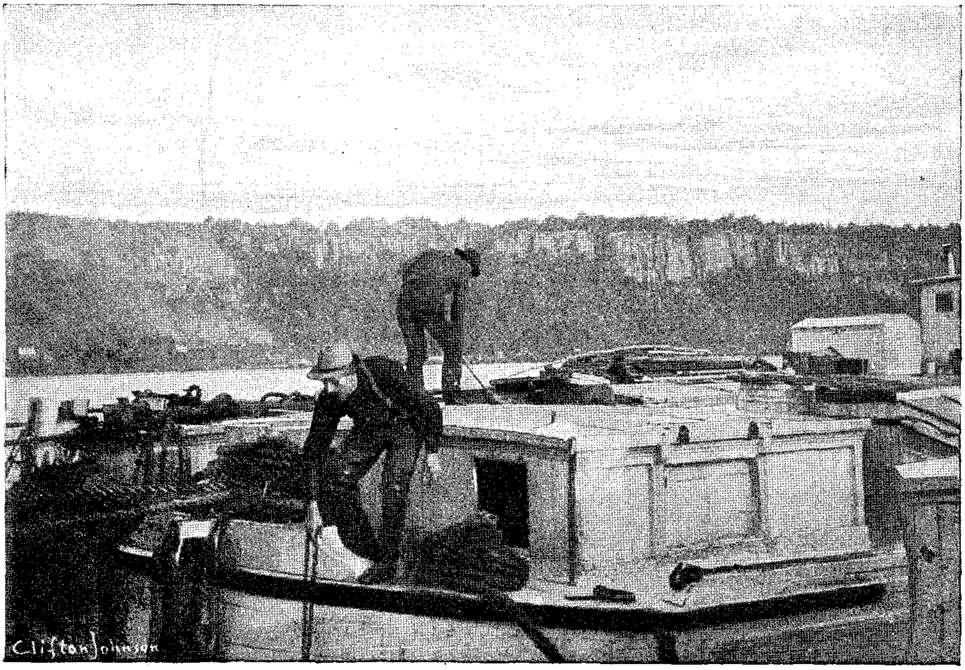
scalds them. If they could only stop once in a while and have the collars lifted up, so's to let the air under, they'd be all right."

The horses undoubtedly have a hard time on the tow-path, and it is the destiny of very many of them to be drowned by being dragged into the water by a fouled tow-line. When boats are passing each other, and the line gets caught, unless it is unsnapped at once, in go the horses. Sometimes the owners go in after the horses and try to cut them loose, but it is dangerous business.

After the men finished caring for the horses, they turned their attention to cleaning the decks. They dipped up great quantities of water and dashed it all about the premises, and then scoured off everything with their brooms. This is a before-breakfast task of daily recurrence. The plentifulness of the water supply seems to give the canal-boat folk the same mania for scrubbing that the Dutch have in Holland. They used it copiously for everything. When a man washed his face he dipped up a brimming pail for the purpose; and I suppose he would have used another pailful to brush his teeth in, only that is an attention to the toilet generally dispensed with on the canal craft.

The general work of the day consisted in doing odd jobs of tinkering, putting things in order, pumping the water out of boats that leaked, mending harness, etc. But there was plenty of leisure, and there was a great deal of lounging and visiting. Hugh and Duncan found time to attend to various affairs of their own, and to read several chapters in some ragged paper novels. Hugh, just before he settled down to reading, invited me to call on him. He had slicked up the cabin where he slept and had given its atmosphere an individuality of its own by fumigating it with sulphur for the benefit of the cockroaches. Besides, he had scoured or mopped it out after some fashion, and it was so damp and chilly that he now concluded he would start a fire. He had tried to improve the appearance of his rust-coated stove by going over it with kerosene, and when he kindled the fire its oil-soaked surface began to smoke. In the depressions of the covers intended for the insertion of the stove-handle the kerosene had gathered in little pools, and from these slim tongues of flame leaped up. It was a curious-looking stove, and it sent out a curious-smelling smudge, but Hugh took it calmly. He was a great, stout, hardy fellow, not to be disturbed by trifles. He said he was going to the Klondike in the spring, and already could see himself in his mind's eye picking up the gold "nudgets" there.

About ten o'clock in the morning I had a chance to find out what a bumboat was. It



PASSING THE PALISADES

came from some town on the distant shore—a rusty little steamer, not much larger than a good-sized rowboat, peddling vegetables, fruits, butter, milk, and, in the season, ice-cream and bottled drinks. It crept up to us with a slender piping of its infantile whistle, fastened to the front tier of boats, did what trading it could, then cast loose, and, with another announcement of attenuated toots, dropped back to the next tier. Our tow was a little world in itself. These bumboats constituted our only connection with the rest of mankind, and the excitements of the voyage are so few that their visits were always welcome. The bumboats make the tows their chief source of income, but they also do trading along the wharves of their home towns and of villages neighboring.

Each tier of the tow is separated from that in front and behind by six or eight feet of water. The space is spanned by a few strands of rope, but this makes so slight a connection that sociability with neighbors who precede or follow is to a large extent cut off. A man, if he chooses, can put one leg over a rope and hitch himself across the vacancy, but not many attempt this. Our captain was the only one I saw do it. I don't suppose there was any special danger, but I would prefer to have something else below me than that turmoil of water if I were to follow his example. He had put on a dress coat right after dinner, and crossed the rope, and spent half the afternoon roosted on a cabin roof talking with Captain Jones, who owned two boats in the tier ahead of us.

Our social intercourse was mostly with the old Frenchman and his wife, who owned the rusty ice-boat in our tier. Our folks visited with them back and forth by the hour. His strong point was politeness, and hers talkativeness. They did a great deal of scrubbing during the day, and in the afternoon, when there was danger of running short of material to exercise their scrubbing energy on, the wife brought out a rug of Brussels carpeting and laid it on the cabin roof. The husband looked at her doubtfully out of the corner of his eye when she poured a pail of water over it. Then she rubbed on soap and scoured it in with a brush, and next squeezed the water out with a bit of wood. After that she began at the beginning again, with the pouring on of water, and so she continued, as if bent on wearing the rug out. The man saw his roof getting dirty, and mounted it with his broom, and swept it almost as assiduously as his wife scoured the carpet. Now and then he would pause and look at her speculatively, as if it was beyond his ken what his wife's real intentions were with regard to that carpet. Once he inquired, mildly, if it wouldn't get dirty again, and she said yes, it would be just as bad as ever in a week. At this the man looked a shade downcast, but he did not venture to question the wisdom of the labor. His wife scolded him well from time to time for his clumsiness. He was rather stiff, but he meant well, and I thought she had an exaggerated idea of his incapacity. He had a placating tone and a placating manner, but it was apparently all lost on the woman.

It is not simply men who live on the tows, but whole families, from babies up to grandmothers; and it seemed to me that, being always on the water, they were subject to peculiar dangers. I asked Duncan about this. It was in one of the morning showers, and he had got a pailful of suds from Mrs. Libbey, and brought it over to our cabin to do some washing. He fixed up a seat, put his dirty garments in the pail, and, after expressing a longing for a washboard, scrubbed the clothes out on his knuckles. He said Mrs. Libbey was willing enough to wash for him, but he didn't want to be beholden to her. "If she did favors for me, I'd have to do 'em for her, and if I shouldn't, why, she'd chin about it somewhere."

In reply to my question, he told how, two years before, two girls lost their lives. "They danced overboard," he said. "There was a fiddle playin' on the tier ahead, and they caught hold of each other for a little waltz, and one of them stepped over the side and clung to the other, and they both went in and were drowned."

When he finished this story, Duncan got up and put his head out of the hatchway. "Come here a minute," said he.

"You see that long, rocky island we're comin' to with the woods on it? Well, it was right about opposite to that I had a child of mine drownded. I owned a boat in those days, and my wife and three children were on board. There was a bumboat come up alongside the outer boat, and I went along ahead with one of the children, and my driver took my little girl, and we were goin' to buy the children some candy; and when the man was steppin' across from one boat to another it must 'a' been the boats pulled apart and he didn't calculate right, and in they went.

Clifton Johnson

HARD AND FAST

I never see it happen, and then I heard some one cry out there was a man overboard. We got the man out, but the girl never rose. She must 'a' went in under the boats.

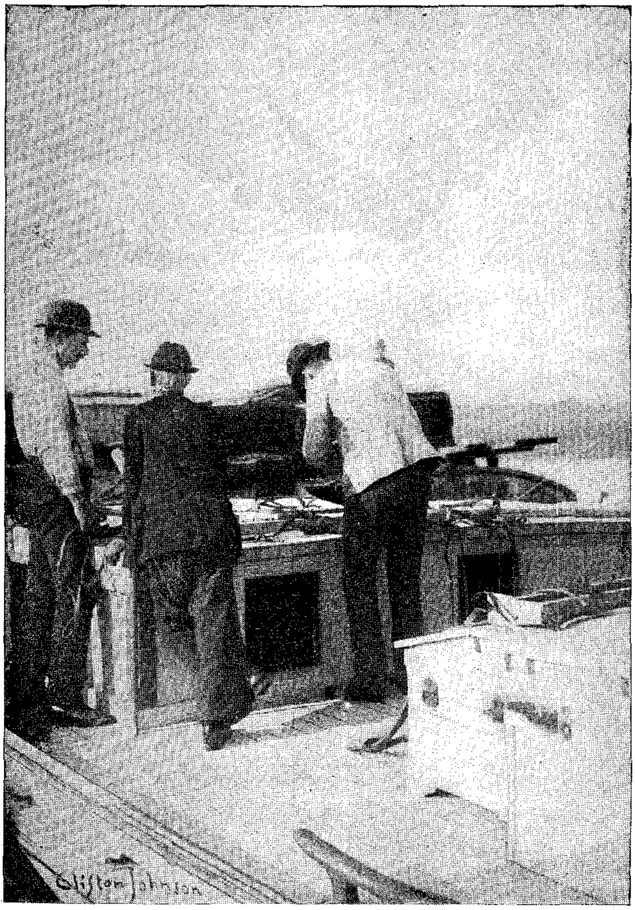
"You couldn't stop the tow, and I got off on the bumboat and stayed behind. It was eight days before we found the body. She'd be seventeen years old now, if she'd lived. That sickened my wife of boating. She was always afraid we'd be losing our other two children; so I sold out and bought a little ten-acre farm. I got six children now, and my wife thinks we better give 'em some education more'n they could get on the canal, and I earn money summers boating, and she runs the farm with the children, and I guess we'll give 'em some schoolin'. I didn't get much myself. I went on the canal when I was ten, and after I got boatin' you couldn't dog me off it. Well, I tell you, I get thirty-five dollars a month and board, and it's a steady job. There ain't many things you could do better in."

With this he wrung out the pair of trousers he had been at work on and carried them outside and hung them on the swaying rudder-handle.

There was no pause in our voyage. Night and day alike we continued to toil steadily southward. The steamer dragging us by three sagging tow-ropes was so far on ahead that no sound came to us from it save when it whistled, but we could see the measured sway of its walking-beam, and the water breaking into foam beneath its paddles, and the smoke drifting away from its tall chimneys.

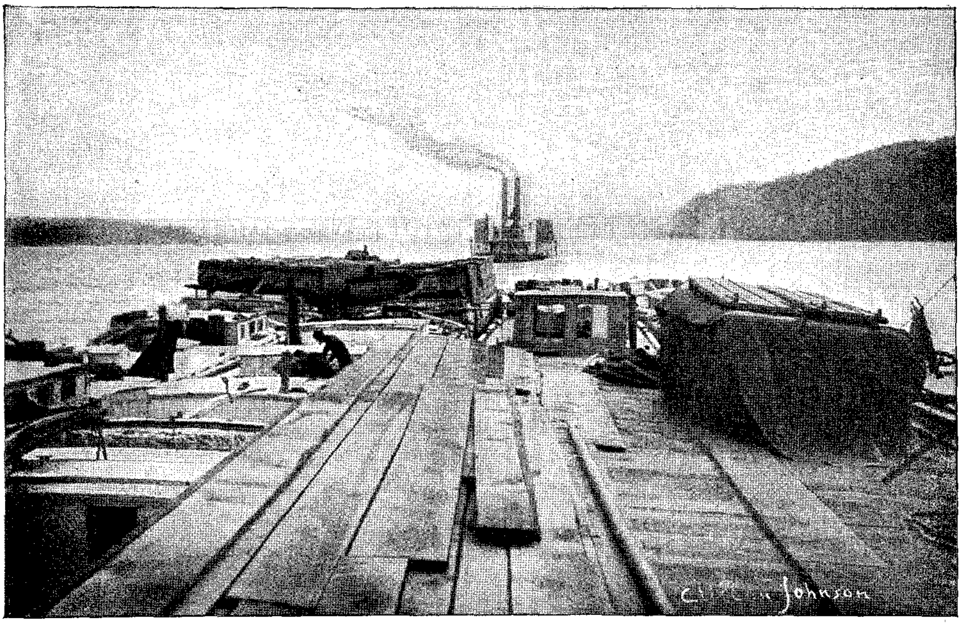
On the morning of the third day, when I looked out soon after sunrise, I found New York in sight, dim in the hazy south. We were passing the last of the Palisades, and I regretted to think that during the night we had gone by much of the river's finest scenery. The most impressive view of the trip was one I had had at Storm King the evening before, and I doubt if the whole length of the river affords anything finer. We had passed Newburg, with its multitude of lights, and I had gone below to while away the evening, when the captain called to me. I had not thought the Highlands so near, and the sight from the deck was a surprise. The river had narrowed, and a rugged mountain shouldered up into the sky on either hand. The full moon sailed among the clouds, and the great cliffs frowning down on our gloomy line of canal-boats were very striking and powerful.

Through the early voyage the shores were monotonous, and, lower down, where we should have seen the blue ranges of the Catskills, the mists shrouded the distance completely. Frequent residences looked out on us from the wooded banks, and now and then we passed a town. Often a great ice-house would loom up at the water's edge, and on both sides of the river were lines of railroad tracks where the trains at close intervals were speeding along, sending out to us the faint rumble of their wheels and the sharp notes of their whistles. These were the chief land features, while the river itself was so vast that until we neared New York the craft on it were so few and far between that it seemed lonely.


REPAIRING THE HARNESS

(A scene on deck.)

We had New York in sight at dawn, but the tide was against us, and it took all the morning to reach our destination at the lower end of the city. The sun shone clear and hot, and the glare of the white paint, added to the heat, made the exposed deck rather uncomfortable. Still, there was a fascination about the approach to the city that made it impossible to stay long in the cabins. The multitude of buildings, the shipping that crowded the miles of wharves and filled



LOOKING UP THE HUDSON

the wide river with the coming and going of vessels of all sorts and sizes, roused us and kept our interest on tiptoe.

One member of our boat's company I had seen little of heretofore, but to-day he was much in evidence. This was a young man who was a passenger like myself, only he was wholly penniless and slept under a manger among the horses. He was a seedy, shiftless-looking fellow, and he had dozed away most of the voyage under the manger. Hugh said the man was "working" his way to New York, but that must have been metaphor, for I never saw him do anything that looked like labor. The day before I had learned that he had had nothing to eat since we left Albany, and that moved me to crawl down into his stable-cabin and offer my cookies and can of salmon. He accepted hungrily, and began to eat at once just where he was, under the manger. This last day he showed more spirit, and was out on deck in the sun watching the city with considerable interest. He talked with the crew freely, and spoke of himself as a "prodigal son." He said his father was a New York broker and a man of wealth. He could imagine him with his arms open to receive him and ready to put a ring on his finger and kill the fatted calf. "It's more likely, though," he added, "that I'm the fatted calf that'll get killed. Still, I haven't bothered the old gent for over a year now, and he ought to be thankful for that."

There was a general effort on the part of the inhabitants of the tow to make a good appearance in our approach to the metropolis. Clothes-lines were taken in; the rough, every-day working garments were changed for better, and most of the men took pains to shave. When you saw them at their best, they were by no means unattractive.

On the whole, I got an agreeable impression of the canal-boat folk. There was a home air about them that was unexpected. They were hard-working and thrifty, and the drinking habit was the exception rather than the rule. It is true the men swore a good deal in their ordinary conversation, but they did it with no air of profanity. It was just an oil to the flow of their remarks. In their feeling it apparently made what they said clearer, and themselves more companionable. The women, too, made free with slang and even rougher expressions, yet they were not without a certain refinement.

Our captain was probably a fair example of the successful canal-boatman. He was an Irish Catholic; had started on the canal as a driver when ten years old Now, at the age of thirty-five, he owned three boats that were worth on an average $2,000 each, and a fifteen-acre farm. The farm produces hay enough to winter his horses and twenty others, and he values it at $5,000.

There is a rougher element on the canal. These are the "trippers"—men hired as drivers just for the passage through the canal. They are often hard characters with no more clothes than they wear on their backs, and, as soon as they are paid off, take a vacation and spend all their gains in a spree before they go to work again. But it is only the sober men who ever work up to the ownership of boats.

Most captains pay no attention to Sundays, yet there are those who tie up on the Sabbath and go to church. They will even lose three or four hours of Saturday rather than be where there is no church. But wages go on Sunday the same as week-days, and the average man sees a clear loss of five or six dollars in tying up, and he thinks he can't afford it.

Some of the families winter on their boats lying at the wharves in New York City, and they say they do it very comfortably. Mrs. Libbey told of a friend who tried living in a tenement instead. The family paid eighteen dollars a month rent, and it was a crowded, stifling little place, not nearly so good as a canal-boat.

The freighting season lasts from May to December, and in the cold weather the majority of the boat-folk are at their home villages in central New York. They don't work very hard in winter, they said, but just dress well and have a good time. The women, in particular, enjoy the winter. "The summer," said Hugh, "is all rain for them, but the winter is all sunshine."

The men mostly marry girls brought up on the canal, and when they do pick out a city girl they are apt to regret it, for she isn't usually fitted for the life and "can't get to like it."

Noon came, and we were opposite the picturesque jumble of lofty buildings at the lower end of the city. A little later we were making fast to a pier down near the Battery, and I prepared to leave. Personally, I had received only kindness and hospitality on the trip, and the voyage had held so much that was novel and interesting that it was with real regret that I left the canal-boats and became an ordinary landsman once more.

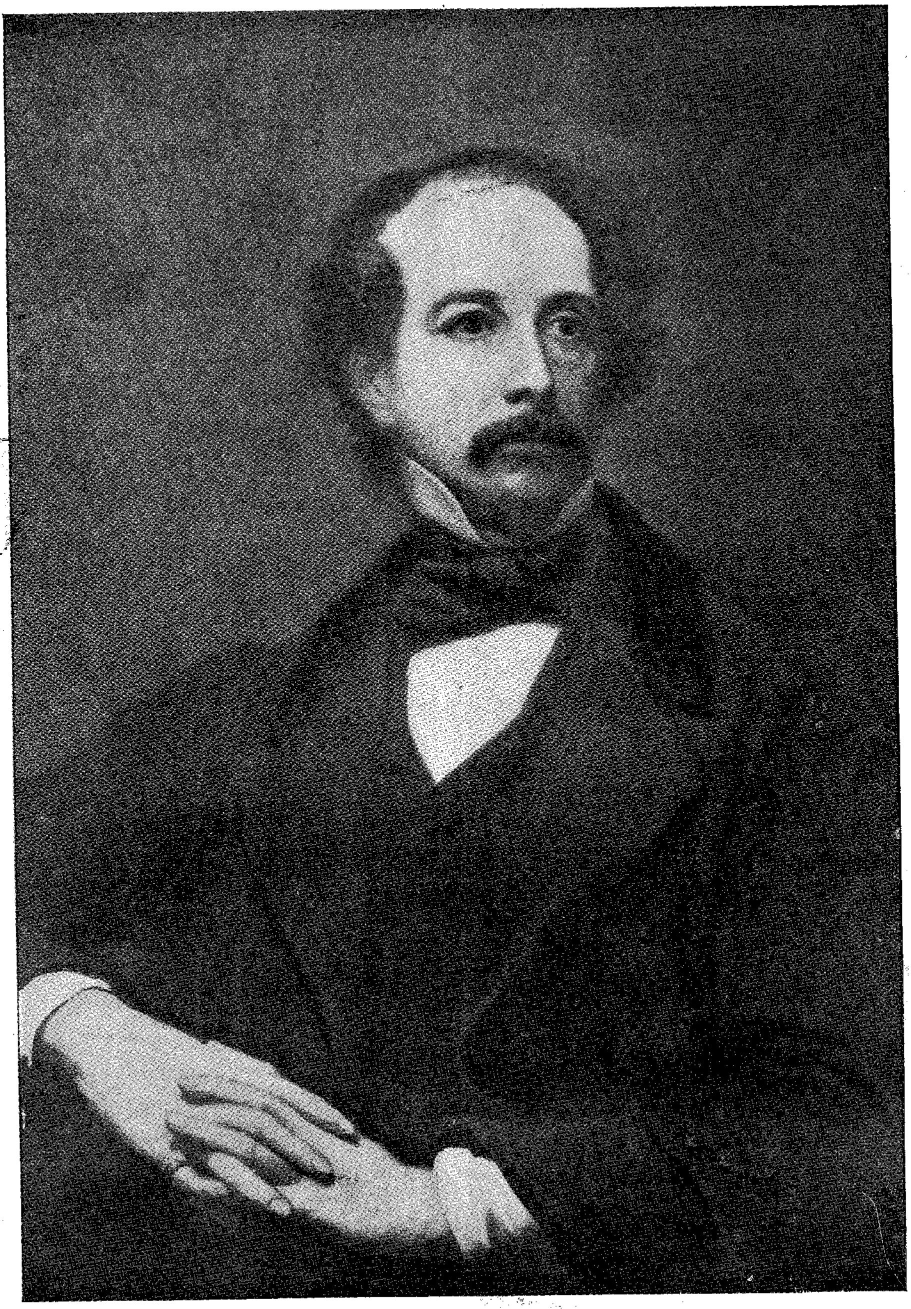
Charles Dickens

By Laurence Hutton

THERE is in existence, somewhere, a copy of "The Christmas Carol" with the following inscription in its author's handwriting: "To W. M. Thackeray, from Charles Dickens, whom he made very happy once, a long way from home."

One who has been made very happy, very many times, at home and abroad, by Dickens, and by Thackeray too, hardly knows, in the limited space at his command here, how to say how happy Dickens has made him, or how much the works of Dickens have influenced his life. "David Copperfield" was the first book he ever read; and nothing in its way, in his estimation, has ever surpassed it. The second book he read was "Pendennis"—they appeared almost simultaneously, when he was a very immature reader indeed—and the young Arthur nearly rivaled the young Trotwood in his affections. Divided in later years between his allegiance to the creator of Agnes and his allegiance to the creator of Laura, as the master of his own guild, he felt for a long time that Thackeray, somehow, in a purely personal way, was the finer character and the nobler man; perhaps because Thackeray once patted him on his little red head, long before he had the good fortune to behold Dickens in the flesh; perhaps because Thackeray had had no John Forster to do him injustice with the best of intentions. But when, in 1891–2, he edited the letters of Dickens to Wilkie Collins, through his reading and re-reading of those familiar notes and epistles, in manuscript, in galley-proof, in page-proof, for magazine and for book form, he became more and more impressed with their charm and their great interest as literature, as well as with the personal charm and even with the personal worth of their writer; and he learned to like the man Dickens better, as he knew him better; and he began to realize that the world itself is better for knowing the better side of a well-known man.

Although Dickens was emphatically an all-round man, he does not seem to have made, as a poet, a lasting impression upon the critics. Mr. Stedman, in his "Victorian Poets," says, "Could Dickens have written verse—an art in which his experiments were, for the most part, utter failures—it would



CHARLES DICKENS

From the portrait by Ary Scheffer in the National Gallery, London.

have been marked by wit and pathos, like Hood's, and by graphic Doresque effects, that have grown to be called melodramatic, and that give a weird strength to 'The Dream of Eugene Aram,' 'The Haunted House,' etc."

Some experiments of Dickens in the way of verse-making which have not been failures altogether are here presented. The first, and the best known, of his rhymes has found a place in Mr. Stedman's "Victorian Anthology." It was written in 1836 or 1837, and it appeared originally in the twelfth chapter of "Pickwick:"

THE IVY GREEN

Oh, a dainty plant is the Ivy Green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim;
And the moldering dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green!

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a stanch old heart has he.
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings,
To his friend the huge Oak Tree!
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
As he joyously hugs and crawleth round
The rich mold of dead men's graves.
Creeping where grim death has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green!

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been;
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten upon the past:
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the Ivy's food at last.
Creeping on, where time has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green!

The second poem was written in the Album of Lady Blessington, in July, 1843. Mr. Forster, who reproduces it, in a foot-note says that "the lines are quite worth preserving."

A WORD IN SEASON

They have a superstition in the East
That Allah, written on a piece of paper,
Is better unction than can come of priest,
Of rolling incense, and of lighted taper:
Holding that any scrap which bears that name
In any characters its front impress'd on,
Shall help the finder thro' the surging flame,
And give his toasted feet a place to rest on.

Accordingly, they make a mighty fuss
With every wretched tract and fierce oration,
And hoard the leaves—for they are not, like us,
A highly civilized and thinking nation;
And, always stooping in the miry ways
To look for matter of this earthly leaven,
They seldom, in their dust-exploring days,
Have any leisure to look up to Heaven.

So have I known a country on the earth
Where darkness sat upon the living waters,
And brutal ignorance, and toil, and dearth
Were the hard portion of its sons and daughters;
And yet, where they who should have oped the door
Of charity and light, for all men's finding,
Squabbled for words upon the altar-floor,
And rent the Book in struggles for the binding.

The gentlest man among those pious Turks
God's living image ruthlessly defaces;
Their best High-Churchman, with no faith in works,
Bowstrings the virtues in the market-places.
The Christian Pariah, whom both sects curse
(They curse all other men, and curse each other),
Walks thro' the world, not very much the worse,
Does all the good he can, and loves his brother.

The third experiment is not to be found in Forster's Biography. It was printed in the London "Daily News," with which journal Dickens was then connected, on the 14th of February, 1846:

THE HYMN OF THE WILTSHIRE LABORERS

"Don't you all think that we have a great need to cry to our God, to put it in the heart of our greaseous Queen and the Members of Parliament, to grant us free bread?"
—*Lucy Simpkins at Breen Hill.*

O God, who by Thy Prophet's hand
Did smite the rocky brake,
Whose water came at thy command,
Thy people's thirst to slake;
Strike now upon this granite wall,
Stern, obdurate, and high,
And let some drops of pity fall
For us who starve and die!

The God who took a little child
And set him in the midst,
And promised him His mercy mild,
As, by Thy Son, Thou didst,
Look down upon our children dear,
So gaunt, so cold, so spare,
And let their images appear
Where Lords and Gentry are!

O God, teach them to feel how we,
When our poor infants droop,
Are weakened in our trust in Thee,
And how our spirits stoop:
For in Thy rest, so bright and fair,
All tears and sorrows sleep;
And their young looks, so full of care,
Would make Thine angels weep.

The God who with His finger drew
The judgment coming on,
Write for these men, what must ensue,
Ere many years be gone!
O God, whose bow is in the sky,
Let them not brave and dare
Until they look (too late) on high
And see an arrow there!

O God, remind them! In the bread
They break upon the knee,
These sacred words may yet be read,
"In memory of Me!"
O God, remind them of His sweet
Compassion for the poor,
And how He gave them bread to eat,
And went from door to door.

The question, "Will Dickens last?" has been asked a hundred times in print since Dickens died; and many times, and in various ways, has the question been answered. All men admit that Sir Charles Grandison has become a bore, where he is known at all; that G. P. R. James's solitary horseman has ridden on, entirely out of the sight of the present-day reader; that Cooper's Indians and backwoodsmen no longer scalp the imagination of the boy of the period; that Marryat's midshipmen have been left alone and neglected at the mastheads to which he was so fond of sending them; that no one but the antiquary in literature cares now for Waverley or Rob Roy. But it is too soon yet to say how long it will be before Bleak House will become an uninhabitable ruin, or when the firm of Dombey and Son will go out of business altogether. Don Quixote is as vigorous as he was three centuries ago. Robinson Crusoe, born in 1719, still retains all the freshness of youth; who can prophesy how Mr. Samuel Pickwick, the Don Quixote of 1839, will be regarded in 1998? or how Mr. Samuel Weller, his man Friday, will be looked upon by the readers of a hundred years from to-day?

Dickens certainly wrote for his own time, and generally *of* his own time. And during his own time he achieved a popularity without parallel in the history of fiction. But the fashions of all times change; and although Dickens has been in fashion longer than most of his contemporaries, and is still the fashion among old-fashioned folk, there are acute critics who say that his day is over. The booksellers and the officials of circulating libraries tell a different story, however; and when little children, who never heard the name of Dickens, who knew nothing of his great reputation, turn from "Alice in Wonderland" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy" to the "Cricket on the Hearth," loving the old as much as they love the new, it would seem as if the sun had not yet set upon Dickens; and that the night which is to leave him in total darkness is still far off.

A strong argument in favor of what may be called the "staying qualities" of Dickens is the fact that his characters, even in a mutilated, unsatisfactory form, have held the stage for half a century or more, and still have power to attract and move great audiences, wherever is spoken the language in which he wrote. The dramatization of the novel is universally and justly regarded as the most ephemeral and worthless of dramatic productions; and the novels of Dickens, on account of their length, of the great number of figures he introduces, of the variety and occasional exaggeration of his dialogues and his situations, have been peculiarly difficult of adaptation to theatrical purposes. Nevertheless, the world laughed and cried over Micawber, Captain Cuttle, Dan'l Peggotty, and Caleb Plummer, behind the footlights, years after Dolly Spanker, Aminadab Sleek, Timothy Toodles, Alfred Evelyn, and Geoffrey Dale, their contemporaries in the standard and legitimate drama, created solely and particularly for dramatic representation, were absolutely forgotten. And Sir Henry Irving, sixty years after the production of "Pickwick," drew great crowds to see his Alfred Jingle, while that picturesque and ingenious swindler, Robert Macaire, Jingle's once famous and familiar confrère in plausible rascality, was never seen on the boards except as he was burlesqued and caricatured in comic opera.

It is pretty safe to say—and not in a Pickwickian sense—that Pecksniff will live almost as long as hypocrisy lasts; that Heep will not be forgotten while mock humility exists; that Mr. Dick will go down to posterity arm in arm with Charles the First, whom he could not avoid in his memorial; that Barkis will be quoted until men cease to be willin'. And so long as cheap, rough coats cover faith, charity, and honest hearts, the world will remember that Captain Cuttle and the Peggottys were so clad.

Dickens has been accused of being an irreligious man, and of exhibiting a lack of reverence for sacred and serious things. His Chadband and his Stiggins have been cited as gross libels upon the clergymen of England, by men who forget his Frank Milvey, in "Our Mutual Friend,' and who pay no heed to the fact that he rated severely whatever was bad and reprehensible in the members of every profession. Stiggins and Chadband are no worse than Gradgrind, who was in the hardware line; than Pecksniff, who was an architect; than Ralph Nickleby, who was a money-broker; or than Tackleton, who was a maker of toys.

Dickens was not a church member, or what is called an Orthodox Christian; but he preached many a good sermon for all that; and his text was the Golden Rule, in all its various readings. In many wholesome, reverent ways does the Bible figure throughout his pages. One of the earliest recollections of David Copperfield was the story of the raising of Lazarus, as it was read to him and Peggotty by his mother one Sunday evening. Little Nell used to take her Bible with her to read in the quiet, lovely retreat of the old church. "I ain't much of a hand at reading 'writing-hand,'" said Betty Higden, "though I can read my Bible and most print;" Oliver Twist read the Bible to Mrs. Maylie and Rose Fleming; Pip read the Bible to and prayed with the convict under sentence of death; Scrooge heard Tiny Tim say, "And He called a little child to Him, and set him in the midst;" and when Jo was on his death-bed, Allen Woodcourt asked him:

"'Did you ever know a prayer, Jo?'

"'Never knowed nothink, sir.'

"'Not so much as one short prayer?'

"'No, sir, nothink at all.'

"'Jo, can you say what I say?'

"'I'll say anythink as you say, sir, for I know it's good.'

"'OUR FATHER'—

"'Our father!—yes, that's werry good, sir.'

"'WHICH ART IN HEAVEN'—

"'Art in Heaven—is the light a-coming, sir?'

"'It is close at hand. HALLOWED BE THY NAME!'

"'Hallowed be—thy—'

"The light is come upon the dark, benighted way! Dead! . . . And dying thus around us every day."

Upon the morning of the day on which the mortal part of Dickens was laid to rest in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey, June 14, 1870, the New York "Tribune" published the following Monody, in Dickens's own words, compiled and arranged by the writer of the present article:

CHARLES DICKENS

"Dead, your Majesty. Dead, my lords and gentlemen. Dead, Right Reverends and Wrong Reverends, of every order. Dead, men and women, born with heavenly compassion in your hearts. And dying thus around us every day."—*Bleak House, Chap. 67.*

"The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion, the fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last, unchanged, until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death! Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of immortality. And look upon us, angels of young children, with regard not quite estranged, when the Swift River bears us to the Ocean."—*Dombey, Chap. 17.*

"The spirit of the child, returning, innocent and radiant, touched the old man with its hand, and beckoned him away."—*Chimes, Second Quarter.*

"The Star had shown him the way to find the God of the poor; and through humility and sorrow and forgiveness he had gone to his Redeemer's rest."—*Hard Times, Book III., Chap. 6.*

"I felt for my old self, as the dead may feel, if they ever revisit these scenes; I was glad to be tenderly remembered, to be greatly pitied, not to be quite forgotten."—*Bleak House, Chap. 45.*

"From these garish lights I vanish now forever more; with a heartful, grateful, respectful, affectionate farewell—and I pray God to bless us every one."—*Last Reading, London, March 6, 1870.*

"When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always."—*Old Curiosity Shop, Chap. 71.*

"Lord, keep my Memory Green."—*Haunted Man, Chap. 3.*

"'Now,' he murmured, 'I am happy.' He fell into a light slumber, and, waking, smiled as before, then spoke of beautiful gardens, which, he said, stretched out before him, and were filled with figures of men, women, and many children, all with light upon their faces, then whispered that it was Eden—and so died."—*Nickleby, Chap. 58.*

". . . died like a child that had gone to sleep."—*Copperfield, Chap. 9.*

". . . and began the world—not this world, oh, not this world. The world that sets this right."—*Bleak House, Chap. 65.*

". . . gone before the Father; far beyond the twilight judgments of this world, high above its mists and obscurities."—*Dorrit, Book II., Chap. 19.*

". . . And lay at rest. The solemn stillness was no marvel now."—*Curiosity Shop, Chap. 71.*

"It being high water, he went out with the tide."—*Copperfield, Chap. 30.*

A RED ARMY OF THE CROSS

A Quarter-Century with the Sioux

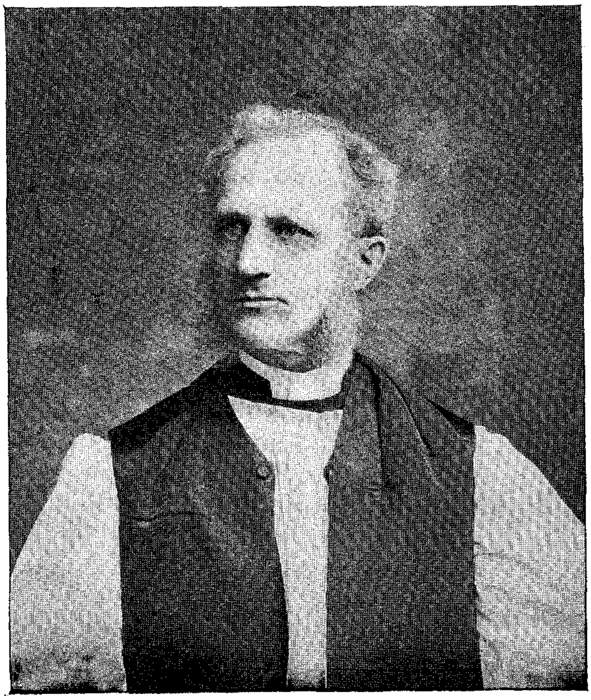
By Herbert Sherman Houston

AT the battle of the Little Big Horn, where Custer was killed, one of Sitting Bull's chiefs was Gall, the giant of the Sioux. He was brave as a mountain lion and strong as a steer. Of every trait and tradition of the savage he was an embodiment, and of Indian paganism the very incarnation.

One day a white man attacked Gall with a weapon he was not used to. It was a prayer-book, and the man's face shone with a gentleness that surprised Gall quite as much as did the weapon. The Goliath of the plains grunted opposition, and long remained as flinty as an arrow-head, but Bishop Hare—for the man with the prayer-book was none other than the great apostle to the Sioux—laid quiet and kindly siege, winning first Gall's wife and daughter to the Church, and at last the great chief himself.

So it came that when Sitting Bull's brave chieftain came to a peaceful end, not long ago, it was as a confirmed member of the Church, one of the six thousand red soldiers of the Cross that are the fruits of Bishop Hare's labors for a quarter of a century.

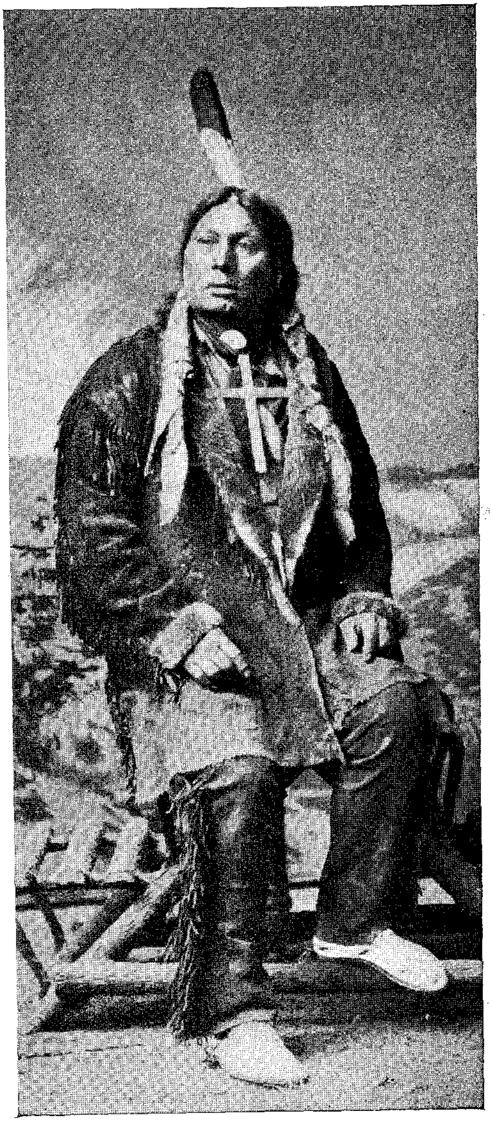
It was with the spirit of a true soldier that Bishop Hare had gone out to his great work. In a sermon a few Sundays ago at Calvary Church in New York the good Bishop said that when traveling over the trans-Missouri country years ago the thought had come to him as to what could ever induce him, with all his ties of kinship and association binding him to the East, to go out and live in the West. It was the call of duty, which has ever been to him *vox dei*, that did it eventually, and held him there for many years. Among the Western Sioux he saw great need of the Church's ministry, just as among the Eastern Oneidas, long years before, his grandfather—the famous Bishop Hobart, of New York—had seen a similar need, and had answered it. In 1873, when he was consecrated missionary bishop of Niobrara, he was but thirty-four years of age.



BISHOP HARE

Before him was the bright promise of high honors in the Church.

A brilliant preacher, cultured, of a family in which the episcopate seemed hereditary, as with the Potters and Doanes, William Hobart Hare, already the Secretary of the great missionary society of the Church, listened to no whisper of ambition when he went to the wilderness. It was as young Gregory longing to leave Rome for the Angles that he left the East for the Sioux. In the words of one of the most eminent Protestant Episcopal clergymen in America, in conversation with the writer, "There has been no finer type of genuine self-sacrifice than that of Bishop Hare, in turning from every association he held dear, and giving himself up to his Indians. He is a nineteenth-century saint."



CHIEF GALL

But if there has been any self-sacrifice in it all, no hint of it has ever come from Bishop Hare. He has been blithe as a lark through all the years. Among the warlike Sioux he has come and gone with the gentleness of Anselm among the Saxons. By degrees the savagery has softened, giving way to a dawning civilization. Tepees have changed to houses, medicine-lodges to chapels, and in many other ways the red man has been slowly lifted toward the plane of the white. As this lifting has gone on under his watchful care the Bishop has doubtless found his reward. He has seen reared in the Indian wilderness forty-eight neat churches and chapels, thirty-four small but comfortable mission residences, and four large boarding-schools, and in the sheepfold of his missionary jurisdiction over seventy congregations have been gathered, and out of them his clergy, twelve of whom are Indians, have presented nearly five thousand for confirmation.

The simple trust these red children of the plains have in him is seen in these lines in an appeal from an Indian clergyman and his people for the rebuilding of St. Elizabeth's School at Standing Rock Agency, after it was burned down a year ago:

> *Dear Bishop:*
>
> We who undersign here are sorry to see our great lost—that is, that our school is burned down, and our people here are all very sorry and cries for our school, and our whole people here who were belonging to our church are ready to do all in their power to help if you are willing to put up the school, because we know that our *grown-up* people here will be benefited by the services in the church. Dear Bishop, we pray you and God that we have our school again, and we the people be calm down and work for the school. We have no words to express our deep sorry with dear Bishop. We trust you will let us know you will try to put up the school again. We shake your hands.

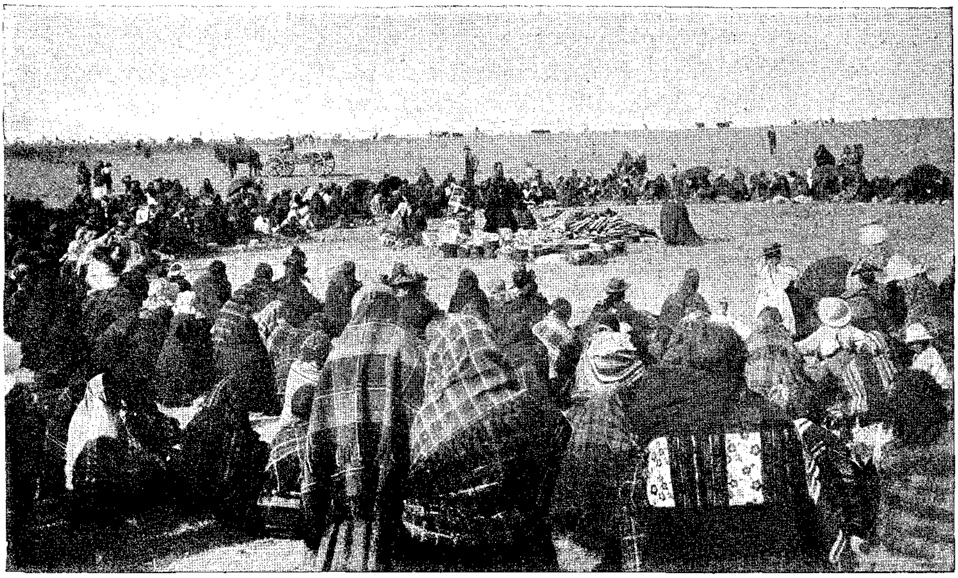
The Indians themselves raised $400, and this, with the insurance money and aid from the East, has made it possible to have their wish realized, and St. Elizabeth's is rebuilt.

Every year Bishop Hare's Indians assemble in a great convocation. In all America there is no religious gathering more impressive or more interesting. And as for picturesqueness, there has been nothing to approach it since Peter the Hermit and the Crusaders. From every agency of the Sioux,

DALLAS SHAW
(An Indian Deacon.)

EMILY SHAW, WIFE OF DALLAS
(Rosebud, S. D.)

Indians of a dozen different tribes—Sissetons, Wahpetons, Santees, Yanktons, Blackfeet, Ogallalas, and all the rest—journey to the meeting-place. Some of them are on the road over two weeks, winding in long trains over the hills, as the whites used to do for protection against these same red men. Above them float white banners on which is emblazoned the sign of the cross. When they reach the meeting-place from north and south and east and west, they pitch their tents, and by the time the convocation opens there are five hundred patches of white canvas dotting the plain, giving shelter to three thousand Indians. The delegations from each mission field, headed by one of their number bearing their banner, followed by forty Indian catechists in black cassocks, and by the white and Indian clergy and the Bishop in their vestments, march over the brown carpet of short buffalo-grass to the swelling strains of the processional, "Onward, Christian Soldiers;" and then, on the great bare bosom of the earth, they kneel and join in the service. Many of these Indians were at the battle of the Little Big Horn. Bishop Hare has been among them for a quarter of a century, and there has been a great change in them.



INDIANS AT THEIR NOONDAY MEAL

Youth : A Narrative

By Joseph Conrad

THIS could have occurred nowhere but in England, where men and sea interpenetrate, so to speak—the sea entering into the life of most men, and the men knowing something or everything about the sea, in the way of amusement, of travel, or of breadwinning.

We were sitting round a mahogany table that reflected the bottle, the claret-glasses, and our faces as we leaned on our elbows. There was a director of companies, an accountant, a lawyer, Marlow, and myself. The director had been a Conway boy, the accountant had served four years at sea, the lawyer—a fine crusted Tory, High Churchman, the best of old fellows, the soul of honor—had been chief officer in the P. & O. service in the good old days when mail-boats were square-rigged at least on two masts, and used to come down the China Sea before a fair monsoon with stun'-sails set alow and aloft. We all began life in the merchant service. Between the five of us there was the strong bond of the sea, and also the fellowship of the craft, which no amount of enthusiasm for yachting, cruising, and so on can give, since one is only the amusement of life and the other is life itself.

Marlow (at least I think that is how he spelt his name) told the story, or rather the chronicle of a voyage:

"Yes, I have seen a little of the Eastern seas; but what I remember best is my first voyage there. You fellows know there are those voyages that seem ordered for the illustration of life, that may stand for a symbol of existence. You fight, work, sweat, nearly kill yourself, sometimes do kill yourself, trying to accomplish something—and you can't. Not from any fault of yours. You simply can do nothing, neither great nor little—not a thing in the world—not even marry an old maid, or get a wretched 600-ton cargo of coal to its port of destination.

"It was altogether a memorable time. It was my first voyage to the East, and my first voyage as second mate; it was also my skipper's first command. You'll admit it was time. He was sixty if a day. A Geordie all over; a little man, with a broad, not very straight, back, with bowed shoulders and one leg more bandy than the other, he had that queer, twisted-about appearance you see so often in men who work in the fields. He had a nut-cracker face—chin and nose trying to come together over a toothless mouth—and it was framed in iron-gray, fluffy hair, that looked like a chin-strap of cotton-wool sprinkled with coal-dust. And he had blue eyes in that old face of his, which were amazingly like a boy's, with that candid expression some quite common men preserve to the end of their days by a rare internal gift of simplicity of heart and rectitude of soul. What induced him to accept me was a wonder. I had come out of a crack Australian clipper, where I had been third officer, and he seemed to have a prejudice against crack clippers as aristocratic and high-toned. He said to me, 'You know, in this ship you will have to work.' I said I had to work in every ship I had ever been in. 'Ah, but this is different, and you gentlemen out of them big ships; . . . but there! I dare say you will do. Join to-morrow.'

"I joined to-morrow. It was thirty-two years ago; and I was just twenty. How time passes! It was one of the happiest days of my life. Fancy! Second mate for the first time—a really responsible officer! I wouldn't have thrown up my new billet for a fortune. The mate looked me over carefully. He was also an old chap, but of another stamp. He had a Roman nose, a snow-white, long beard, and his name was Mahon, but he insisted that it should be pronounced Mann. He was well connected; but there was something wrong with his luck, and he had never got on.

"As to the captain, he had been for years in coasters, then in the Mediterranean, and last in the West Indian trade. He had never been round the Capes. He could just write a kind of sketchy hand, and didn't care for writing at all. Both were thorough good seamen of course, and between those two old chaps I felt like a small boy between two grandfathers.

"The ship also was old. Her name was the Judea. Queer name, isn't it? She belonged to a man Wilmer, Wilcox—some name like that; but he has been bankrupt and dead these twenty-five years now, and his name don't matter. She had been laid up in Shadwell basin for two years. You may imagine her state. She was all rust, dust, grime; soot aloft, and dirt on deck. To me it was like coming out of a palace into a ruined cottage. She was about four hundred tons, had a primitive windlass, wooden latches to the doors, not a bit of brass about her, and a big square stern. There was on it, below her name in white letters, a lot of scrollwork, with the gilt off, and some sort of a coat of arms, with the motto 'Do or Die' underneath. I remember it took my fancy immensely. There was a touch of romance in it, something that made me love the old thing—something—something—O youth! . . .

"We left London in ballast—sand ballast—to load a cargo of coal in a northern port for Bankok. Bankok! I thrilled. I had been six years at sea, but had only seen Melbourne and Sydney, very good places, charming places in their way—but Bankok!

"We worked out of the Thames under canvas, with a North Sea pilot on board. His name was Jermyn, and he dodged all day long about the galley drying his handkerchief before the stove. Apparently he never slept. He was a dismal man, with a perpetual tear at the end of his nose, who either had been in trouble, or was in trouble, or expected to be in trouble—couldn't be happy unless something went wrong. He mistrusted my youth, my common sense, and my seamanship, and made a point of showing it in a hundred little ways. I dare say he was right. It seems to me I knew very little then, and I know not much more now; but I cherish a hate for that Jermyn to this day.

"We were a week working up as far as Yarmouth Roads, and then we got into a gale—the famous October gale of thirty-two years ago. It was wind, lightning, sleet, snow, and a terrific sea. We were flying light, and you may imagine how bad it was when I tell you we had smashed bulwarks and a flooded deck. On the second night she shifted her ballast into the lee bow, and by that time we had been blown off somewhere on the Dogger Bank. There was nothing for it but go below with shovels and try to right her, and there we were in that vast hold, gloomy like a cavern, the tallow dips stuck and flickering on the beams, the gale howling above, the ship tossing about like mad on her side; there we all were, Jermyn, the captain, every one, hardly able to keep our feet, engaged on that grave-digger's work, and trying to toss shovelfuls of wet sand up to windward. At every tumble of the ship you could see vaguely in the dim light men falling down with a great flourish of shovels. One of the ship's boys (we had two), impressed by the weirdness of the scene, wept as if his heart would break. We could hear him blubbering somewhere in the shadows.

"On the third day the gale died out, and by and by a north-country tug picked us up. We were twenty-three days from London to the Tyne! When we got into dock we had lost our turn, and they hauled us off to a tier where we remained for a month. Mrs. Beard (the captain's name was Beard) came from Colchester to see the old man. She lived on board. The crew of runners had left, and there remained only the officers, one boy, and the steward, a mulatto who answered to the name of Abraham. It rained every day, and in the cabin we lived *en famille*. Mrs. Beard was an old woman, with a face all wrinkled and ruddy like a winter apple, and the figure of a young girl. She caught sight of me once sewing on a button, and insisted on having my shirts to repair. This was something different from the captains' wives I had known on board crack clippers. When I brought her the shirts, she said: 'And the socks? They want mending, I am sure, and John's—Captain Beard's things are all in order now. I would be glad of something to do.' Bless the old woman! She overhauled my outfit for me, and meantime I read for the first time 'Sartor Resartus' and Burnaby's 'Ride to Khiva.' I didn't understand much of the first then; but I remember I preferred the soldier to the philosopher at the time, a preference which life has only confirmed. One was a man, and the other was either more—or less. However, they are both dead, and Mrs. Beard is dead, and youth, strength, genius, thoughts, achievements, simple hearts—all dies. . . . No matter.

"They loaded us at last. We shipped a crew. Eight able seamen and two boys. We hauled off one evening to the buoys at the dock-gates, ready to go out, and with a fair prospect of beginning the voyage next day. Mrs. Beard was to start for home by a late train. When the ship was fast, we went to tea. We sat rather silent through the meal—Mahon, the old couple, and I. I finished first, and slipped away for a smoke, my cabin being in a deck-house just against the poop. It was high water, blowing fresh; the double dock-gates were opened, and the steam-colliers were going in and out in the darkness with their lights burning bright, a great plashing of propellers, rattling of winches, and a lot of hailing on the pier-heads. I watched the procession of headlights gliding high and of green lights gliding low in the night, when suddenly a red gleam flashed at me, vanished, came into view again, and remained. The fore-end of a steamer loomed up close. I shouted down the cabin, 'Come up, quick !' and then heard a startled voice saying afar in the dark, 'Stop her, sir.' A bell jingled. Another voice cried warningly, 'We are going right into that bark, sir.' The answer to this was a gruff 'All right,' and the next thing was a heavy crash as the steamer struck a glancing blow with the bluff of her bow about our fore-rigging. There was a moment of confusion, yelling, and running about. Steam roared. Then somebody was heard saying, 'All clear, sir.' 'Are you all right?' asked the gruff voice. I had jumped forward to see the damage, and hailed back, 'I think so.' 'Easy astern,' said the gruff voice. A bell jingled. 'What steamer is that?' screamed Mahon. By that time she was no more to us than a bulky shadow maneuvering a little way off. They shouted at us some name—a woman's name, Miranda or Melissa—or some such thing. 'This means another month in this beastly hole,' said Mahon to me, as we peered with lamps about the splintered bulwarks and broken braces. 'But where's the captain ?'

"We had not heard or seen him all that time. We went aft to look. A doleful voice arose hailing somewhere in the middle of the dock, 'Judea, ahoy!' How the devil did he get there? 'Hallo!' we shouted. 'I am adrift in our boat without oars,' he cried. A belated waterman offered his services, and Mahon struck a bargain with him for half-a-crown to tow our skipper alongside; but it was Mrs. Beard that came up the ladder first. They had been floating about the dock in that mizzly cold rain for nearly an hour. I was never so surprised in my life.

"It appears that when he heard my shout 'Come up,' he understood at once what was the matter, caught up his wife, ran on deck, and across, and down into our boat, which was fast to the ladder. Not bad for a sixty-year-old. Just imagine that old fellow saving, heroically, in his arms, that old woman—the woman of his life. He set her down on a thwart, and was just climbing back on board when the painter came adrift somehow, and away they went together. Of course in the confusion we did not hear him shouting. He looked abashed. She said cheerfully, 'I suppose it does not matter, my losing the train now.' 'No, Jenny—you go below and get warm,' he growled. Then to us: 'A sailor has no business with a wife—I say. There I was, out of the ship. Well, no harm done this time. Let's go and look at what that fool of a steamer smashed.'

"It wasn't much, but it delayed us three weeks. At the end of that time, the captain being engaged with his agents, I carried Mrs. Beard's bag to the railway station and put her all comfortably into a third-class carriage. She lowered the window to say, 'You are a good young man. If you see John—Captain Beard—without his muffler at night, just remind him from me to keep his throat well wrapped up.' 'Certainly, Mrs. Beard,' I said. 'You are a good young man; I noticed how attentive you are to John—to Captain—' The train pulled out suddenly; I took my cap off to the old woman; I never saw her again. . . . Pass the bottle.

"We went to sea next day. When we made that start for Bankok, we had been already three months out of London. We had expected to be a fortnight or so—at the outside.

"It was January, and the weather was beautiful—the beautiful sunny winter weather that has more charm than in the summer-time, because it is unexpected, and crisp, and you know it won't, it can't, last long. It's like a windfall, like a godsend, like an unexpected piece of luck.

"It lasted all down the North Sea, all down Channel; and it lasted till we were three hundred miles or so to the westward of the Lizards; then the wind went round to the sou'west and began to pipe up. In two days it blew a gale. The Judea hove to, wallowed on the Atlantic like an old candle-box. It blew day after day; it blew with spite, without interval, without mercy, without rest. The world was nothing but an immensity of great foaming waves rushing at us, under a sky low enough to touch with the hand, and dirty like a smoked ceiling. In the stormy space surrounding us there was as much flying sprays as air. Day after day and night after night there was nothing round the ship but the howl of the wind, the tumult of the sea, the noise of water pouring over her deck. There was no rest for her and no rest for us. She tossed, she pitched, she stood on her head, she sat on her tail, she rolled, she groaned, and we had to hold on while on deck and cling to our bunks when below, in a constant effort of body and worry of mind.

"One night Mahon spoke through the small window of my berth. It opened right into my very bed, and I was lying there sleepless, in my boots, feeling as though I had not slept for years, and could not if I tried. He said excitedly—

"'You got the sounding-rod in here, Marlow? I can't get the pumps to suck. It's no child's play.'

"I gave him the sounding-rod and lay down again, trying to think of various things—but I thought only of the pumps. When I came on deck, they were pumping. My watch relieved at the pumps. By the light of the lantern brought on deck to examine the sounding-rod I caught a glimpse of their weary, serious faces. We pumped all the four hours. We pumped all night, all day, all the week—watch and watch. She was working herself loose, and leaked badly. Not enough to drown us at once, but enough to kill us with the work at the pumps. And while we pumped, the ship was going from us piecemeal; the bulwarks went, the stanchions were torn out, the ventilators smashed, the cabin door burst in. There was not a dry spot in the ship. She was being gutted bit by bit. The long-boat changed, as if by magic, into matchwood where she stood in her gripes. I had lashed her myself, and was rather proud of my handiwork, which had withstood so long the malice of the sea. And we pumped. And there was no break in the weather. The sea was white like a sheet of foam, like a caldron of boiling milk; there was not a break in the clouds, no—not of the size of a man's head—no, not for so much as ten seconds. There was for us no sky, there were for us no stars, no sun, no universe—nothing but angry clouds and an infuriated sea. We pumped watch and watch, for dear life; and it seemed to last for months, for years, for all eternity, as though we had been dead and gone to a hell for sailors. We forgot the day of the week, the name of the month, what year it was, and whether we had ever been ashore. The sails blew away, she lay broadside on under a weather-cloth, the ocean poured over her, and we did not care. We turned those handles, and had the eyes of idiots. As soon as we had crawled on deck I used to take a round turn with a rope about the men, the pumps, and the mainmast, and we turned, we turned incessantly, with the water to our waists, to our necks, over our heads. It was all one. We had forgotten how it felt to be dry.

"And there was somewhere in me the thought: By Jove! this is the deuce of an adventure—something you read about; and it is my first voyage as second mate—and I am only twenty—and here I am lasting it out as well as any of these men, and keeping my chaps up to the mark. I was pleased. I would not have given up the experience for worlds. I had moments of exultation. Whenever the old dismantled craft pitched heavily with her counter high in the air, she seemed to me to throw up, like an appeal, like a defiance, like a cry to the clouds without mercy, the words written on her stern: 'Judea, London. Do or Die.'

"O youth! The strength of it, the faith of it, the imagination of it! To me she was not an old rattletrap carting about the world a lot of coal for a freight—to me she was the endeavor, the test, the trial of life. I think of her with pleasure, with affection, with regret; as you would think of some one dead you have loved. I shall never forget her. . . . Pass the bottle.

"One night when, tied to the mast, as I explained, we were pumping on, deafened with the wind, and without spirit enough in us to wish ourselves dead, a heavy sea crashed and swept clean over us. As soon as I got my breath I shouted, as in duty bound, 'Keep on, boys!' when suddenly I felt something hard floating on deck strike the calf of my leg. I made a grab at it and missed. It was so dark we could not see each other's faces within a foot—you understand.

"After that thump the ship kept quiet for a while, and the thing, whatever it was, struck my leg again. This time I caught it—and it was a sauce-pan. At first, being stupid with fatigue and thinking of nothing but the pumps, I did not understand what I had in my hand. Suddenly it dawned upon me, and I shouted, 'Boys, the house on deck is gone. Leave this, and let's look for the cook.'

"There was a deck-house forward, which contained the galley, the cook's berth, and the quarters of the crew. As we had expected for days to see it swept away, the hands had been ordered to sleep in the cabin, the only safe place in the ship. The steward, Abraham, however, persisted in clinging to his berth, stupidly, like a mule—from sheer fright, I believe, like an animal that won't leave a stable falling in an earthquake. So we went to look for him. It was chancing death, since once out of our lashings we were as exposed as if on a raft. But we went. The house was shattered as if a shell had exploded inside. Most of it had gone overboard—stove, men's quarters, and their property, all was gone; but two posts, holding a portion of the bulkhead to which Abraham's bunk was attached, remained as if by a miracle. We groped in the ruins and came upon this, and there he was, sitting in his bunk, surrounded by foam and wreckage, jabbering cheerfully to himself. He was out of his mind, completely and forever mad, with this sudden shock coming upon the fag-end of his endurance. We snatched him up, lugged him aft, and pitched him head first down the cabin companion. You understand there was no time to carry him down with infinite precautions and wait to see how he got on. Those below would pick him up at the bottom of the stairs all right. We were in a hurry to go back to the pumps; that business could not wait. A bad leak is an inhuman thing.

"One would think that the sole purpose of that fiendish gale had been to make a lunatic of that poor devil of a mulatto. It eased before morning, and next day the sky cleared, and as the sea went down the leak took up. When it came to bending a fresh set of sails, the crew demanded to put back—and, really, there was nothing else to do. Boats gone, decks swept clean, cabin gutted, men without a stitch but what they stood in, stores spoiled, ship strained. We put her head for home, and—would you believe it?—the wind came east right in our teeth. It blew fresh, it blew continuously. We had to beat up every inch of the way, but she did not leak so badly, the water keeping comparatively smooth. Two hours' pumping in every four is no joke—but it kept her afloat as far as Falmouth.

"The good people there live on casualties of the sea, and no doubt were glad to see us. A hungry crowd of shipwrights sharpened their chisels at the sight of that carcass of a ship. And, by Jove! they had pretty pickings off us before they were done. I fancy the owner was already in a tight place. There were delays. Then it was decided to take part of the cargo out and caulk her topsides. This was done, the repairs finished, cargo reshipped; a new crew came on board, and we went out—for Bankok. At the end of a week we were back again. The crew said they weren't going to Bankok—a hundred and fifty days' passage—in a something hooker that wanted pumping eight hours out of the twenty-four; and the nautical papers inserted again the little paragraph: 'Judea bark. Tyne to Bankok; coals; put back to Falmouth leaky and with crew refusing duty.'

"There were more delays—more tinkering. The owner came down for a day, and said she was as right as a little fiddle. Poor old Captain Beard looked like the ghost of a Geordie skipper—through the worry and humiliation of it. Remember, he was sixty, and it was his first command. Mahon said it was a foolish business, and would end badly. I loved the ship more than ever, and wanted awfully to get to Bankok. To Bankok! Magic name, blessed name. Mesopotamia wasn't a patch on it. Remember, I was twenty, and it was my first second mate's billet, and the East was waiting for me.

"We went out and anchored in the outer roads with a fresh crew—the third. She leaked worse than ever. It was as if those confounded shipwrights had actually made a hole in her. This time we did not even go outside. The crew simply refused to man the windlass.

"They towed us back to the inner harbor, and we became a fixture, a feature, an institution of the place. People pointed us out to visitors as 'that 'ere bark that's going to Bankok—has been here six months—put back three times.' On holidays the small boys pulling about in boats would hail, 'Judea, ahoy!' and if a head showed above the rail, shouted, 'Where you bound to?—Bankok?' and jeered. We were only three on board. The poor old skipper mooned in the cabin. Mahon undertook the cooking, and unexpectedly developed all a Frenchman's genius for preparing nice little messes. I looked languidly after the rigging. We became citizens of Falmouth. Every shopkeeper knew us. At the barber's or tobacconist's they asked familiarly, 'Do you think you will ever get to Bankok?' Meantime the owner, the underwriters, and the charterers squabbled amongst themselves in London, and our pay went on. . . . Pass the bottle.

"It was horrid. Morally it was worse than pumping for life. It seemed as though we had been forgotten by the world, belonged to nobody, would get nowhere; it seemed that, as if bewitched, we would have to live for ever and ever in that inner harbor, a derision and a byword to generations of long-shore loafers and dishonest boatmen. I obtained three months' pay and a three days' leave, and went to London. It took me a day to get there and pretty well another to come back—but three months' pay went all the same. I don't know what I did with it. I went to a music-hall, I believe, lunched, dined, and supped in a swell place in Regent Street, and was back to time, with nothing but a complete set of Byron's works and a new railway rug to show for three months' work. The boatman who pulled me off to the ship said: 'Hallo! I thought you had left the old thing. *She* will never get to Bankok.' 'That's all *you* know about it,' I said, scornfully—but I didn't like that prophecy at all.

"Suddenly a man, some kind of agent to somebody, appeared with full powers. He had grog-blossoms all over his face, an indomitable energy, and was a jolly soul. We leaped into life again. A hulk came alongside, took our cargo, and then we went into dry dock to get our copper stripped. No wonder she leaked. The poor thing, strained beyond endurance by the gale, had, as if in disgust, spat out all the oakum of her lower seams. She was recaulked, new coppered, and made as tight as a bottle. We went back to the hulk and reshipped our cargo.

"Then, on a fine moonlight night, all the rats left the ship. We had been infested with them. They destroyed our sails, consumed more stores than the crew, affably shared our beds and our dangers, and now, when the ship was made seaworthy, concluded to clear out. I called Mahon to enjoy the spectacle. Rat after rat appeared on our rail, took a last look over his shoulder at the decks, and leaped with a thud into the empty hulk. We tried to count them, but soon lost the tale. Mahon said: 'Well, well! don't talk to me about the intelligence of rats. They ought to have left before, when we had that narrow squeak from foundering. There you have the proof how silly is the superstition about them. They leave a good ship for an old rotten hulk, where there is nothing to eat, too, the fools! . . . I don't believe they know what is safe or what is good for them any more than you or I.' And after some more talk we agreed that the wisdom of rats had been grossly overrated, being in fact no greater than that of men.

"The story of the ship was known, by this, all up the Channel from Land's End to the Forelands, and we could get no crew on the south coast. They sent us one all complete from Liverpool, and we left once more—for Bankok.

"We had fair breezes, smooth water right into the tropics, and the old Judea lumbered along in the sunshine. When she went eight knots, everything cracked aloft, and we tied our caps to our heads. But mostly she strolled on at the rate of three miles an hour. What could you expect? She was tired—that old ship. Her youth was where mine is—where yours is—you fellows who listen to this yarn. And what friend would throw your years and your weariness in your face? We didn't grumble at her. To us aft, at least, it seemed as though we had been born in her, reared in her, had lived in her for ages, had never known any other ship. I would just as soon have abused the old village church at home for not being a cathedral.

"And for me there was also youth to make me patient. There was all the East before me, and all life, and the thought that I had been tried in that ship and had come out pretty well. And I thought of men of old who, centuries ago, went that road in ships that sailed no better, to the land of palms and spices and yellow sands; and of brown nations ruled by kings more cruel than Nero the Roman and more splendid than Solomon the Jew. The old bark lumbered on, heavy with her age and the burden of her cargo, while I lived the life of youth in ignorance and hope. She lumbered on through an interminable procession of days; and the fresh gilding, flashed back at the setting sun, seemed to cry out over the darkening sea the words painted on her stern, 'Judea, London. Do or Die.'

"Then we entered the Indian Ocean, and steered northerly for Java Head. The winds were light. Weeks slipped by. She crawled on, do or die, and people at home began to think of posting us as overdue.

"One Saturday evening, I being off duty, the men asked me to give them an extra bucket of water or so—for washing clothes. As I did not wish to screw on the fresh-water pump so late, I went forward whistling, and with a key in my hand to unlock the forepeak scuttle, intending to give them water out of a spare tank we kept there.

"The smell down below was as unexpected as it was frightful. One would have thought hundreds of paraffin-lamps had been flaring and smoking in that hole for days. I served out the water and ran up quick. The man with me coughed and said, 'Funny smell, sir.' I answered, negligently, 'It's good for the health, they say,' and walked aft.

"The first thing I did was to put my head down the square of the midship ventilator. As I lifted the lid it seemed to me that a visible breath, something like a thin fog, a puff of faint haze, rose from the opening. The ascending air was hot, and had a heavy, sooty, paraffiny smell. I gave one sniff, and put down the lid gently. It was no use choking myself. The cargo was on fire.

"Next day she began to smoke in earnest. You see, it was to be expected, for though the coal was of a safe kind, that cargo had been so handled, so broken up with handling, that it looked more like smithy coal than anything else. Then it had been wetted—more than once. It rained all the time we were taking it back from the hulk, and now with this long passage it got heated, and there was another case of spontaneous combustion.

"The captain called us into the cabin. He had a chart spread on the table, and looked unhappy. He said, 'The coast of West Australia is near, but I mean to proceed to our destination. It is the hurricane month, too; but we will just keep her head for Bankok, and fight the fire. No more putting back anywhere, if we all get roasted. We will try first to stifle this 'ere combustion by want of air.'

"We tried. We battened down everything, and still she smoked. The smoke kept coming out through imperceptible crevices; it forced itself through bulkheads and covers; it oozed here and there and everywhere in slender threads, in an invisible film, in an incomprehensible manner. It made its way into the cabin, into the forecastle; it poisoned the sheltered places on the deck, it could be sniffed as high as the mainyard. It was clear that if the smoke came out the air came in. This was disheartening. This combustion refused to be stifled. Then we resolved to try water, and took the hatches off. Enormous volumes of smoke, whitish, yellowish, thick, greasy, misty, choking, ascended as high as the trucks. All hands cleared out aft. Then the poisonous cloud blew away, and we went back to work in a smoke that was no thicker now than that of an ordinary factory chimney.

"We rigged the force-pump, got the hose along, and by and by it burst. Well, it was as old as the ship—a prehistoric hose, and past repair. Then we pumped with the feeble head-pump, drew water with buckets, and in this way managed in time to pour lots of Indian Ocean into the main hatch. The bright stream flashed in sunshine, fell into a layer of white crawling smoke, and vanished on the black surface of coal. Steam ascended, mingling with the smoke. We poured salt water in, as into a barrel without bottom. It was our fate to pump in that ship—to pump out of her, to pump into her; and after keeping water out of her to save ourselves from being drowned, we frantically poured water into her to save ourselves from being burnt.

"And she crawled on, do or die, in the serene weather. The sky was a miracle of purity, a miracle of azure. The sea was polished, was blue, was pellucid, was sparkling like a precious stone, extending on all sides, all round to the horizon—as if the whole terrestrial globe had been one jewel, one colossal sapphire, a single gem fashioned into a planet. And on the luster of the great calm waters the Judea glided imperceptibly, enveloped in languid and unclean vapors, in a lazy cloud that drifted to leeward, light and slow: a pestiferous cloud defiling the splendor of sea and sky.

"All this time, of course, we saw no fire. The cargo smoldered at the bottom somewhere. Once Mahon, as we were working side by side, said to me, with a queer smile: 'Now, if she only would spring a tidy leak—like that time when we first left the Channel—it would put a stopper on this fire. Wouldn't it?' I remarked, irrelevantly, 'Do you remember the rats?'

"We fought the fire, and sailed the ship too, as carefully as though nothing had been the matter. The steward cooked and attended on us. Of the other twelve men, eight worked while four rested. Every one took his turn, captain included. There was equality, and, if not exactly fraternity, then a deal of good feeling and a serene cheerfulness. Sometimes a man, as he dashed a bucketful of water down the hatchway, would yell out, 'Hurrah for Bankok!' and the rest laughed. But generally we were taciturn and serious—and thirsty. O! how thirsty! And we had to be careful with the water. Strict allowance. The ship smoked, the sun blazed. . . . Pass the bottle.

"We tried everything. We even made an attempt to dig down to the fire. No good, of course. No man could remain more than a minute below. Mahon, who went first, fainted there, and the man who went to fetch him out did likewise. We lugged them all on deck. Then I leaped down to show how easily it could be done. They had learned wisdom by that time, and contented themselves by fishing for me with a chain-hook tied to a broom-handle, I believe. I did not offer to go and fetch up my shovel, which was left down below.

"Things began to look bad. We put the long-boat into the water. The second boat was ready to swing out. We had also another, a fourteen-foot thing, on davits aft, where it was quite safe.

"Then, behold, the smoke suddenly decreased. We redoubled our efforts to flood the bottom of the ship. In two days there was no smoke at all. Everybody was on the broad grin. This was Friday. On Saturday no work, but sailing the ship of course, was done. The men washed their clothes and their faces for the first time in a fortnight, and had a special dinner given them. They spoke of spontaneous combustion with contempt, and implied *they* were the boys to put out combustions. Somehow we all felt as though we each had inherited a large fortune. But a beastly smell of burning hung about the ship. Captain Beard had hollow eyes and sunken cheeks. I had never noticed so much before how twisted and bowed he was. He and Mahon prowled soberly about hatches and ventilators, sniffing. It struck me suddenly poor Mahon was a very, very old chap. As to me, I was as pleased and proud as though I had helped to win a great naval battle. All youth!

"The night was fine. In the morning a homeward-bound ship passed us hull down. The first we had seen for months; but we were nearing the land at last, Java Head being about 190 miles off, and nearly due north.

"Next day it was my watch on deck from eight to twelve. At breakfast the captain observed, 'It's wonderful how that smell hangs about the cabin.' About ten, the mate being on the poop, I stepped down on the main-deck for a moment. The carpenter's bench stood abaft the mainmast; I leaned against it sucking at my pipe, and the carpenter, a young chap, came to talk to me. He remarked, 'I think we have done very well, haven't we?' and then I perceived with annoyance the fool was trying to tilt the bench. I said curtly, 'Don't, Chips,' and immediately became aware of a queer sensation, of an absurd delusion—I seemed somehow to be in the air. I heard all round me like a pent-up breath released—as if a thousand giants simultaneously had said Phoo!—and felt a dull concussion which made my ribs ache suddenly. No doubt about it—I was in the air, and my body was describing a short parabola. But, short as it was, I had the time to think several thoughts in the order here set down: 'This can't be the carpenter—What is it?—Some accident—Submarine volcano?—Coals, gas?—By Jove! we are being blown up—Everybody's dead—I am falling into the after-hatch—I see fire in it.'

"You see, she had blown up her decks, and the coal-dust suspended in the air of the hold glowed dull-red for an instant. In the twinkling of an eye, in an infinitesimal fraction of a second since the first tilt of the bench, I struck full length on the coals. I picked myself up and scrambled out. It was quick like a rebound. The deck was a wilderness of smashed timber, lying crosswise like trees in a wood after a hurricane. An immense curtain of soiled rags waved gently before me—it was the mainsail blown to strips. I thought, the masts will be toppling over directly; and, to get out of the way, bolted on all-fours towards the poop-ladder. The first person I saw was Mahon, with eyes like saucers, his mouth open, and the long white hair standing straight on end round his head like a silver halo. He was just about to go down when the sight of the main-deck stirring, heaving up, and changing into splinters before his eyes, petrified him on the top step. I stared at him in unbelief, and he stared at me with a queer kind of shocked curiosity. I did not know that I had no hair, no eyebrows, no eyelashes, that my young mustache was burnt off, that my face was black, one cheek laid open, my nose cut, and my chin bleeding. I had lost my cap, one of my slippers, and my shirt was torn to rags. Of all this I was not aware. I was amazed to see the ship still afloat, the poop-deck whole—and, most of all, to see anybody alive. Also the peace of the sky and the serenity of the sea were distinctly surprising. I suppose I expected to see them convulsed with horror. . . . Pass the bottle.

"There was a voice hailing the ship from somewhere—in the air, in the sky—I couldn't tell. Presently I saw the captain—and he was mad. He asked me eagerly, 'Where's the cabin table?' and to hear such a question was a frightful shock to me. I had just been blown up, you understand, and vibrated with that experience—I wasn't quite sure whether I was alive. Mahon began to stamp with both feet and yelled at him, 'Good God! don't you see the deck's blown out of her?' I found my voice, and stammered out, as if conscious of some gross neglect of duty, 'I don't know where the cabin table is.' It was like an absurd dream.

"Do you know what he wanted next? Well, he wanted to trim the yards. Very placidly, and as if lost in thought, he insisted to have the foreyard squared. 'I don't know if there's anybody alive,' said Mahon, almost tearfully. 'Surely,' he said, gently, 'there will be enough left to square the foreyard.'

"You see, the old chap was in his own berth, winding up the chronometers, when the shock sent him spinning. Immediately it occurred to him—as he said afterwards—the ship had struck something, and he ran out into the cabin. There, he saw, the cabin table had vanished somewhere. The deck being blown up, it had fallen down into the lazarette, of course. Where we had our breakfast that morning he saw only a great hole in the floor. This appeared to him so awfully mysterious, and impressed him so immensely, that what he saw and heard after he got on deck were mere trifles in comparison. And, mark, he noticed directly the wheel deserted and his bark off her course—and his only thought was to get that miserable, stripped, undecked, smoldering shell of a ship back again with her head pointing at her port of destination. Bankok! That's what he was after. I tell you this quiet, bowed, bandy-legged, almost deformed little man was immense in the singleness of his idea and his placid ignorance of our agitation. He motioned us forward with a gesture almost august, and went to the wheel himself.

"Yes; that was the first thing we did: trim the yards of that wreck. No one was killed or even disabled, and every one was more or less hurt. But you should have seen them. Some were in rags, with black faces, like coal-heavers, like sweeps, and had bullet heads that seemed closely cropped, but were in fact singed to the skin. Others, of the watch below, awakened by being shot out from their collapsing bunks, shivered incessantly, and kept on groaning even as we went about our work. But they all worked. That crew of Liverpool hard cases had in them the right stuff. It's my experience they always have. It is the sea that gives it—the vastness, the loneliness surrounding their dark, stolid souls. Ah! well! we stumbled, we crept, we fell, we barked our shins on the wreckage, we hauled. The masts stood, but we did not know how much they might be charred down below. It was nearly calm, but a long swell ran from the west and made her roll. They might go at any moment. We looked at them with apprehension. One could not foresee which way they would fall.

"Then we got aft and looked about us. The deck was a tangle of planks on edge, of planks on end, of splinters, of ruined woodwork. The masts rose from that chaos like big trees above a matted undergrowth. The interstices of that mass of wreckage were full of something whitish, sluggish, stirring; of something that was like a greasy fog. The smoke of the invisible fire was coming up again, was trailing, like a poisonous thick mist in some valley choked with dead wood. Already lazy wisps were beginning to curl upwards amongst the mass of splinters. Here and there a piece of timber, stuck upright, resembled a post. Half of a fife-rail had been shot through the foresail, and the sky made a patch of glorious blue in the ignobly soiled canvas. A portion of several boards holding together had fallen across the rail, and one end protruded overboard, like a gangway leading upon nothing, like a gangway leading over the deep sea, leading to death—as if inviting us to walk the plank at once, and thus end the poignant comedy of that voyage. And still the air, the sky—a ghost, something invisible, was hailing the ship.

"Some one had the sense to look over, and there was the helmsman, who had impulsively jumped overboard, anxious to come back. He yelled and swam lustily like a merman, keeping up with the ship. We threw him a rope, and presently he stood amongst us streaming with water and very crestfallen. The captain had surrendered the wheel, and apart, elbow on rail and chin in hand, gazed at the sea wistfully. We asked ourselves, What next? I thought, Now, this is something like. This is great. I wonder what will happen. I exulted as if after a triumph. All youth! And, by Jove! aren't we all descendants of Don Quixote, all the wise, all the simple—all of us in the quixotism of our youth?

"Suddenly Mahon sighted a steamer far astern. Captain Beard said, 'We may do something with her yet.' We hoisted two flags, which said, in the international language of the sea, 'On fire. Want immediate assistance.' The steamer grew bigger rapidly, and by and by spoke with two flags on her foremast, 'I am coming to your assistance.'

"In half an hour she was abreast, to windward, within hail, and rolling slightly, with her engines stopped. We lost our composure, and yelled all together with excitement, 'We've been blown up.' A man in a white helmet, on the bridge, cried, 'Yes! All right! all right!' and he nodded his head, and smiled, and made soothing motions with his hand as though at a lot of frightened children. One of her boats dropped in the water, and walked towards us upon the sea with her long oars. Four Calashes pulled a swinging stroke. This was my first sight of Malay seamen. I've known them since, but what struck me then was their unconcern. They came alongside, and even the bowman standing up and holding to our main-chains with the boat-hook did not deign to lift his head for a glance. I thought people who had been blown up deserved more attention.

"A little man, dry like a chip and agile like a monkey, clambered up. It was the mate of the steamer. He gave one look, and cried, 'Oh boys, you had better quit.'

"We were silent. He talked apart with the captain for a time; seemed to argue with him. Then they went away together to the steamer.

"When our skipper came back, we learned that the steamer was the Sommerville, Captain Nash, from West Australia to Singapore *via* Batavia with mails, and that the agreement was she should tow us to Anjer or Batavia, if possible, where we could extinguish the fire by scuttling, and then proceed on our voyage—to Bankok! The old man seemed excited. 'We will do it yet,' he said to Mahon, fiercely. He shook his fist at the sky. Nobody else said a word.

"At noon the steamer began to tow. She went ahead slim and high, and what was left of the Judea followed at the end of seventy fathom of tow-rope, followed her swiftly like a cloud of smoke with mastheads protruding above. We went aloft to furl the sails. We coughed on the yards, and were careful about the bunts. Do you see the lot of us there, putting a neat furl on the sails of that ship doomed to arrive nowhere? There was not a man who didn't think that at any moment the masts would topple over. From aloft we could not see the ship for smoke, and they worked carefully, passing the gaskets with even turns. 'Harbor furl—aloft there!' cried Mahon from below.

"You understand this? I don't think one of those chaps expected to get down in the usual way. When we did, I heard them saying to each other, 'Well, I thought we would come down overboard, in a lump—sticks and all—blame me if I didn't!' 'That's what I was thinking to myself,' would answer wearily another battered and bandaged scarecrow. And, mind, these were men without the drilled-in habit of obedience. To an onlooker they would be a lot of profane scallywags without a redeeming point. What made them do it—what made them obey me when I, thinking consciously how fine it was, made them drop the bunt of the foresail twice to try and do it better? What? They had no professional reputation—no examples, no praise. It wasn't a sense of duty; they all knew well enough how to shirk, and laze, and dodge—when they had a mind to it—and mostly they had. Was it the two pounds ten a month that sent them there? They didn't think their pay half good enough. No; it was something in them, something inborn and subtle and everlasting. I don't say positively that the crew of a vulgar French or German merchantman wouldn't have done it, but I doubt it. And it wouldn't have been done in the same way. There was a completeness in it, something solid like a principle, and masterful like an instinct—a disclosure of something secret—of that hidden something, that gift of good or evil, that makes racial difference, that shapes the fate of nations.

"It was that night at ten that, for the first time since we had been fighting it, we saw the fire. The speed of the towing had fanned the smoldering destruction. A blue gleam appeared forward, shining below the wreck of the deck. It wavered in patches, it seemed to stir and creep like the light of a glowworm. I saw it first, and told Mahon. 'Then the game's up,' he said. 'We had better stop this towing, or she will burst out suddenly fore and aft before we can clear out.' We set up a yell; rang bells to attract their attention; they towed on. At last Mahon and I crawled forward and cut the rope with an ax. There was no time to cast off the lashings. Red tongues could be seen licking the wilderness of splinters under our feet as we made our way back to the poop.

"Of course they very soon found out in the steamer that the rope was gone. She gave a loud blast of her whistle, her lights were seen sweeping in a wide circle, she came up, ranging close alongside, and stopped. We were all in a tight group on the poop looking at her. Every man had saved a little bundle or a bag. Suddenly a conical flame with a twisted top shot up forward, and threw upon the black sea a circle of light, with the two vessels side by side, and heaving gently in its center. Captain Beard had been sitting on the gratings still and mute for hours, but now he rose and advanced in front of us, to the mizzen-shrouds. Captain Nash hailed: 'Come along! Look sharp! I have mail-bags on board, you know. I will take you and your boats to Singapore.'

"'Thank you! No!' said our skipper. 'We must see the last of the ship.'

"'I can't stand by any longer,' shouted the other.

"'Of course not. We are all right.'

"'Well, I'll report you in Singapore. Good-by.'

"He waved his hand. Our men dropped their bundles quietly. The steamer moved ahead, and, passing out of the circle of light, vanished at once from our sight, dazzled by the fire, which burned fiercely. And then I knew that I would see the East first as commander of a small boat. I thought it fine; and the fidelity to the old ship was fine. We should see the last of her. O the glamour of youth! O the fire of it, more dazzling than the flames of the burning ship, throwing its magic light on the wide earth, leaping audaciously to the sky, presently to be quenched by time, more cruel, more pitiless, more bitter than the sea, and, like the flames of the burning ship, surrounded by the profound night: by the night that waits, by the night that rushes suddenly, and in which we are left to grope in the ashes of our desires, in the ashes of our strength, in the cold ashes of our loves, of our friendships, of our hopes, for some spark of that youth that has been!

"But there we were left alone to see the last of her. The old man informed us it was part of our duty to save as much as we could out of the ship. Accordingly we went to work aft, while she blazed forward to give us plenty of light. We lugged out a lot of rubbish. What didn't we save? An old barometer fixed with an absurd quantity of screws nearly cost me my life. A sudden rush of smoke came upon me, and I just got away in time. There were various stores, bolts of canvas, coils of rope; the poop looked like a marine bazaar, and the boats were lumbered to the gunwales. One would have thought the old man wanted to leave nothing but a clear ship to the fire. He seemed anxious to take as much as he could of his first command with him. He was very, very quiet, but off his balance, evidently. Would you believe it? he wanted to take a length of old stream-cable and a kedge-anchor with him in the long-boat. We said, 'Aye, aye, sir,' deferentially, and on the quiet let the things slip overboard. The heavy medicine-chest went that way, two bags of green coffee, tins of paint—fancy, paint!—a whole lot of things. Then I was ordered with two hands into the boats to make a stowage and get them ready against the time it would be proper for us to leave the ship.

"We put everything straight, stepped the long-boat's mast for our skipper, who was to take charge of her, and I was not sorry to sit down for a moment. My face felt raw, every limb ached as if broken, I was aware of all my ribs, and would have sworn to a twist in the backbone. The boats, fast astern, lay in a deep shadow, and all around I could see the circle of the sea lighted by the fire. A gigantic flame rose forward straight and clear. It flared fierce, with noises like the whir of wings, with rumbles as of thunder. There were cracks, detonations, and from the cone of flame the sparks flew upwards, as man is born to trouble, to leaky ships, and to ships that burn.

"What bothered me was that the ship, lying broadside to the swell, and to such wind as there was—a mere breath—the boats would not keep astern where they were safe, but persisted, in a pigheaded way boats have, in getting under the counter and then swinging alongside. They were knocking about dangerously and coming near the flame, while the ship rolled on them, and, of course, there was always the danger of the masts going over the side at any moment. I and my two boat-keepers kept them off as best we could, with oars and boat-hooks; but to be constantly at it became exasperating, since there was no reason why we should not leave at once. We could not see those on board, and could not imagine what caused the delay. The boat-keepers were swearing feebly, and I had not only my share of the work, but also had to keep at it two men who showed a constant inclination to lay themselves down and let things slide.

"At last I hailed, 'On deck there,' and some one looked over. "We're ready here,' I said. The head disappeared, and very soon popped up again. 'The captain says, All right, sir, and to keep the boats well clear of the ship.'

"Half an hour passed. Suddenly there was a frightful racket, rattle, clanking of chain, hiss of water, and millions of sparks flew up into the shivering column of smoke that stood leaning slightly above the ship. The cat-heads had burned away, and the two red-hot anchors had gone to the bottom, tearing out after them two hundred fathom of red-hot chain. The ship trembled, the mass of flame swayed as if ready to collapse, and the foretopgallantmast fell. It darted down like an arrow of fire, shot under, and, instantly leaping up within an oar's length of the boats, floated quietly, very black on the luminous sea. I hailed the deck again. After some time a man in an unexpectedly cheerful but also a muffled tone, as though he had been trying to speak with his mouth shut, informed me, 'Coming directly, sir,' and vanished. For a long time I heard nothing but the whir and roar of the fire. There were also whistling sounds. The boats jumped, tugged at the painters, ran at each other playfully, knocked their sides together, or, do what we would, swung in a bunch against the ship's side. I couldn't stand it any longer, and, swarming up a rope, clambered aboard over the stern.

"It was as bright as day. Coming up like this, the sheet of fire facing me, was a terrifying sight, and the heat seemed hardly bearable at first. On a settee cushion dragged out of the cabin, Captain Beard, with his legs drawn up, and with one arm under his head, slept with the light playing on him. Do you know what the rest were busy about? They were sitting on deck right aft, round an open case, eating bread and cheese and drinking bottled stout.

"On the background of flames twisting in fierce tongues above their heads they seemed at home like salamanders, and looked like a band of desperate pirates. The fire sparkled in the whites of their eyes, gleamed on patches of white skin seen through the torn shirts. Each had the marks as of a battle about him—bandaged heads, tied-up arms, a strip of dirty rag round a knee—and each man had a bottle between his legs and a chunk of cheese in his hand. Mahon rose. With his handsome and disreputable head, his hooked profile, his long white beard, and a pint bottle of stout in his hand, he seemed one of those reckless sea-robbers of old making merry amidst violence and disaster. 'The last meal on board,' he explained to me. 'We had nothing to eat all day, and it was no use leaving all this.' He flourished the bottle about, and indicated the sleeping skipper. 'He said he couldn't swallow anything, so I got him to lie down,' he went on; and as I stared, 'I don't know whether you are aware, young fellow, the man had no sleep to speak of for days—and there will be mighty little sleep in the boats.' 'There will be no boats by and by if you fool about much longer,' I said, indignantly. I walked up to the skipper and shook him by the shoulder. At last he opened his eyes, but did not move. 'Time to leave her, sir,' I said, quietly.

"He got up painfully, looked at the flames, at the sea sparkling round the ship, and black, black as ink farther away; he looked at the stars shining dim through a thin veil of smoke in a sky black, black as Erebus.

"'Youngest first,' he said.

"And the ordinary seaman, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, got up, clambered over the taffrail, and vanished. Others followed. One, on the point of going over, stopped short to drain his bottle, and with a great swing of his arm flung it at the fire. 'Take this!' he cried.

"The skipper lingered disconsolately, and we left him to commune alone for a time with his first command. Then I went up again and brought him away at last. It was time. The ironwork on the poop was hot to the touch.

"Then the painter of the long-boat was cut, and the three boats, tied together, drifted clear of the ship. It was just eighteen hours after the explosion when we abandoned her. Mahon had charge of the second boat, and I had the smallest—the fourteen-foot thing. The long-boat would have taken the lot of us; but the skipper said we must save as much property as we could—for the underwriters—and so I got my first command. I had two men with me, a bag of biscuits, a few tins of meat, and a cask of water. I was ordered to keep close to the long-boat, that in case of bad weather we might be taken into her.

"And do you know what I thought? I thought I would part company as soon as

I could. I wanted to have my first command all to myself. I wasn't going to sail in a squadron if there were a chance for independent cruising. I would make land by myself. I would beat the other boats. Youth! Beautiful, silly, charming!

"But we did not make a start at once. We must see the last of the ship. And so the boats drifted about that night, heaving and setting on the swell. The men dozed, waked, sighed, groaned. I looked at the burning ship.

"Between the darkness of earth and heaven she was burning fiercely upon a disc of purple sea shot by the blood-red play of gleams; upon a disc of water glittering and sinister. A high, clear flame, an immense and lonely flame, ascended from the ocean, and from its summit the black smoke poured continuously at the sky. She burned furiously, mournful and imposing, like a funeral pile kindled in the night, surrounded by the sea, watched over by the stars. A magnificent death had come like a grace, like a gift, like a reward to that old ship at the end of her laborious days. The surrender of her weary ghost to the keeping of stars and sea was stirring like the sight of a glorious triumph. The masts fell just before daybreak, and for a moment there was a burst and turmoil of sparks that seemed to fill with flying fire the patient and watchful night, the vast night lying silent upon the sea. At daylight she was only a charred shell, floating still under a cloud of smoke and bearing a glowing mass of coal within.

"Then the oars were got out, and the boats, forming in a line, moved round her remains as if in procession—the long-boat leading. As we pulled across her stern a slim dart of fire shot out viciously at us, and suddenly she went down, head first, in a great hiss of steam. The unconsumed stern was the last to sink; but the paint had gone, had cracked, had peeled off, and there were no letters, there was no word, no stubborn device that was like her soul, to flash at the rising sun her creed and her name.

"We made our way north. A breeze sprang up, and about noon all the boats came together for the last time. I had no mast or sail in mine; but I made a mast out of a spare oar and hoisted a boat-awning for a sail, with a boat-hook for a yard. She was certainly overmasted, but I had the satisfaction of knowing that, with the wind aft, I could beat the other two. I had to wait for them. Then we all had a look at the captain's chart, and, after a sociable meal of hard bread and water, got our last instructions. These were simple: steer north, and keep together as much as possible. 'Be careful with that jury-rig, Marlow,' said the captain; and Mahon, as I sailed proudly past his boat, wrinkled his curved nose and hailed, 'You will sail that ship of yours under water if you don't look out, young fellow!' He was a malicious old man—and may the deep sea where he sleeps now rock him gently, rock him tenderly to the end of time!

"Before sunset a thick rain-squall passed over the two boats, which were far astern, and that was the last I saw of them for a time. Next day I sat steering my cockle-shell—my first command—with nothing but water and sky around me. I did sight in the afternoon the upper sails of a ship far away, but said nothing, and my men did not notice her. You see, I was afraid she might be homeward bound, and I had no mind to turn back from the portals of the East. I was steering for Java—another blessed name—like Bankok, you know. I steered many days.

"I need not tell you what it is to be knocking about for days in an open boat. I remember nights and days of calm when we pulled, we pulled, and the boat seemed to stand still, as if bewitched, within the circle of the sea horizon. I remember the heat, the deluge of rain-squalls that kept us baling for dear life (but filled our water-cask), and I remember sixteen hours on end with a mouth dry as a cinder and a steering-oar over the stern to keep my first command head on to a breaking sea. I did not know how good a man I was till then. I remember the drawn faces, the dejected figures, of my two men, and I remember my youth and the feeling that will never come back any more—the feeling that I could last forever, outlast the sea, the earth, and all men; the deceitful feeling that lures us on to joys, to perils, to love, to vain effort—to death; the triumphant conviction of strength, the heat of life in the handful of dust, the glow in the heart that with every year grows dim, grows cold, grows small and expires—and expires, too soon, too soon—before life itself.

"And this is how I see the East. I have seen its secret places and have looked into its very soul; but now I see it always from a small boat—a high outline of mountains, blue and afar in the morning, like faint mist at noon; a jagged wall of purple at sunset. I have the feel of the oar in my hand, the vision of a scorching blue sea in my eyes. And I see a bay, a wide bay, smooth as glass and polished like ice, shimmering in the dark. A red light burns far off upon the gloom of the land, and the night is soft and warm. We pull with aching arms, and suddenly a puff of wind, a puff faint and tepid and laden with strange odors of blossoms, of aromatic wood, comes out of the still night—the first sigh of the East on my face. That I can never forget. It was impalpable and enslaving, like a spell, like a charm, like a whispered promise of mysterious delight.

"We had been pulling this finishing spell for eleven hours. Two pulled, and he whose turn it was to rest steered. We had made out the red light in that bay and pulled at it, guessing it must mark some small coasting port. We were right. As we pulled in we passed two vessels, outlandish and high-sterned, sleeping at anchor, and, approaching the light, now very dim, ran the boat's nose against the end of a jutting wharf. We were blind with fatigue. My men dropped the oars and fell off the thwarts as if dead. I made fast to a pile. A current rippled softly. The scented obscurity of the shore was grouped into vast masses, a density of colossal clumps of vegetation, probably—mute and fantastic shapes. And at their foot the semicircle of a beach gleamed faintly, like an illusion. There was not a light, not a stir, not a sound. The mysterious East faced me, perfumed like a flower, silent like death, dark like a grave.

"And I sat, weary beyond expression, triumphant like a conqueror, sleepless and entranced, as if contemplating a profound, a fateful, enigma.

"A splashing of oars, a measured dip reverberating on the level of water, intensified by the silence of the shore into loud claps, made me jump up. A boat, a European boat, was coming in. I invoked the name of the dead; I hailed Judea! A thin shout answered.

"It was the captain. I had beaten the flagship by three hours, and I was glad to hear the old man's voice again, tremulous and tired. 'Is it you, Marlow?' 'Mind the end of that jetty, sir,' I cried.

"He approached cautiously, and brought up with the deep-sea lead-line which we had saved—for the underwriters. I eased my painter and fell alongside. He sat, a broken figure, at the stern, wet with dew, his hands clasped in his lap. His men were asleep already. 'I had a terrible time of it,' he murmured. 'Mahon is behind—not very far.' We conversed in whispers, in low whispers, as if afraid to wake up the land. Guns, thunder, earthquakes, would not have awakened the men just then.

"Looking round as we talked, I saw away at sea a bright light traveling in the night 'There's a steamer passing the bay,' I said. She was not passing, she was entering, and she even came close and anchored. 'I wish,' said the old man, 'you would find out whether she is English. Perhaps they could give us a passage somewhere.' He seemed nervously anxious. So, by dint of punching and kicking, I started one of my men into a state of somnambulism, and, giving him an oar, took another and pulled towards the lights of the steamer.

"There was a murmur of voices in her, metallic hollow clangs of the engine-room, footsteps on the deck. Her ports shone, round like dilated eyes. Shapes moved about, and there was a shadowy man high up on the bridge. He heard my oars.

"And then, before I could open my lips, the East spoke to me, but it was in a Western voice. A torrent of words was poured into the enigmatical, the fateful, silence; outlandish, angry words, mixed with words and even whole sentences of good English, less strange but even more surprising. The voice swore and cursed me violently; it riddled the solemn peace of the bay by a volley of abuse. It began by calling me Pig, and from that went crescendo into unmentionable adjectives—in English. The man up there raged aloud, and with a sincerity in his fury that almost convinced me I had, in some way, sinned against the harmony of the universe. I could hardly see him, but began to think he would work himself into a fit.

"Suddenly he ceased, and I could hear him snorting and blowing like a porpoise. I said—

"'What steamer is this, pray?'

"'Eh? What's this? And who are you?'

"'Castaway crew of an English bark burnt at sea. We came here to-night. I am the second mate. The captain is in the long-boat, and wishes to know if you would give us a passage somewhere.'

"'Oh, my goodness! I say. . . . This is the Celestial from Singapore on her return trip. I'll arrange with your captain in the morning, . . . and, . . . I say, . . . did you hear me just now?'

"I should think the whole bay heard you.'

"'I thought you were a shore-boat. Now, look here—this infernal lazy scoundrel of a caretaker has gone to sleep again—curse him. The light is out, and I nearly ran foul of the end of this jetty. This is the third time he plays me this trick. Now, I ask you, can anybody stand this kind of thing? It's enough to drive a man out of his mind. I'll report him. . . . I'll get the Assistant Resident to give him the sack. See—there's no light. It's out, isn't it? I take you to witness the light's out. There should be a light, you know. A red light on the—'

"'There was a light,' I said, mildly.

"'But it's out, man! What's the use of talking like this? You can see by yourself it's out—don't you? If you had to take a valuable steamer along this God-forsaken coast, you would want a light too. I'll kick him from end to end of his miserable wharf. You'll see if I don't. I will—'

"'So I may tell my captain you'll take us,' I broke in.

"'Yes, I'll take you. Good-night,' he said, brusquely.

"I pulled back, made fast again to the jetty, and then went to sleep at last. I had faced the silence of the East. I had heard some of its language. But when I opened my eyes again, the silence was as complete as though it had never been broken. I was lying in a flood of light, and the sky had never looked so far, so high, before. I opened my eyes and lay without moving.

"And then I saw the men of the East—they were looking at me. The whole length of the jetty was full of people. I saw brown, bronze, yellow faces, the black eyes, the glitter, the color, of an Eastern crowd. And all these beings stared without a murmur, without a sigh, without a movement. They stared down at the boats, at the sleeping men that at night had come to them from the sea. Nothing moved. The fronds of palms stood still against the sky. Not a branch stirred along the shore, and the brown roofs of hidden houses peeped through the green foliage, through the big leaves that were shining and still like leaves forged of heavy metal. This was the East of the ancient navigators, so old, so mysterious, resplendent and somber, living and unchanged, full of danger and promise. And these were the men. I sat up suddenly. A stir, a wave of movement passed through the crowd from end to end, passed along the heads, swayed the bodies, ran along the jetty like a ripple on the water, like a breath of wind on a field—and all was still again. I see it now—the wide sweep of the bay, the glittering sands, the wealth of green infinite and varied, the sea blue like the sea of a dream, the crowd of attentive faces, the blaze of vivid color—the water reflecting it all, the curve of the shore, the jetty, the high-sterned outlandish craft floating still, and the three boats with the tired men from the West sleeping, unconscious of the land and the people and of the violence of sunshine. They slept thrown across the thwarts, curled on bottom-boards, in careless attitudes of death. The head of the old skipper, leaning back in the stern of the long-boat, had fallen on his breast, and he looked as though he would never wake. Farther out old Mahon's face was upturned to the sky, with the long white beard spread out on his breast, as though he had been shot where he sat at the tiller; and a man, all in a heap in the bows of the boat, slept with both his arms embracing the stem-head and with his cheek laid on the gunwale. The East looked at them without a sound.

"I have known its fascination since; I have seen the mysterious shores, the still water, the lands of brown nations, where a stealthy Nemesis lies in wait, pursues, overtakes so many of the conquering race, who are proud of their wisdom, of their knowledge, of their strength. But for me all the East is contained in that vision of my youth. It is all in that moment when I opened my young eyes on it. I came upon it from a tussle with the sea—and I was young—and I saw it looking at me. And this is all that's left of it! My God! Only a moment, an instant, a beat of the eyelid, and all is gone. All! The strength, the ignorance, the romance, the hopes, the glamour—youth! . . . A flick of sunshine upon a strange shore, the time to remember, the time for a sigh, and—good-by! Night. Good-by . . .!"

He drank.

"Ah! The good old time—the good old time. Youth and the sea. You have known it. What was it? What was there in it? Eh? Not the life itself. Hey? What? Glamour and the sea, the good, strong sea, the salt, bitter sea, that could whisper to you and roar at you and knock your breath out of you."

He drank again.

"By all that's wonderful, it is the sea, I believe, the sea itself—or is it youth alone? Who can tell? But you here—you all had something out of life: money, love—whatever one gets on shore—and, tell me, wasn't that the best time, that time when we were young at sea; young and had nothing, on the sea that gives nothing, except hard knocks—and sometimes a chance to feel your strength—that only—what you all regret!"

And we all nodded at him; the man of finance, the man of accounts, the man of law, we all nodded at him over the polished table that, like a still sheet of brown water, reflected our faces, lined, wrinkled; our faces marked by toil, by deceptions, by success, by love; our weary eyes looking still, looking always, looking anxiously, for something out of life, for something that never comes, that while it is expected is already gone, gone past, gone unseen, gone in a flash—gone together with the youth, with the strength, with the romance of illusions.

Books and Authors

Books of the Week

[The books mentioned under this head were received by The Outlook during the week ending September 15. Prices will be found under the head of Books Received in the preceding issue of The Outlook. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

HISTORY AND POLITICAL CONDITIONS

The argument made by Mr. Benjamin Kidd, the author of "Social Evolution," for *The Control of the Tropics* by the Anglo-Saxon races was so fully set forth in Mr. Kidd's interesting article published in The Outlook of September 10 that we do not need to analyze it here. The volume will be read with peculiar interest by the people of this country at this time, because of its bearing on the great problem of expansion and colonial government now in process of solving. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

Within the last year or so the London "Times" has published, from time to time, cable dispatches from its correspondent in China which have announced such startling changes in Great Britain's policy in her dealings with Russia that the dispatches were at first discredited. In every case, however, events proved that the correspondent was right, and that his knowledge of Chinese affairs was far in advance of that possessed by the newspapers at home. It is now known that the correspondent of the "Times" was Mr. Archibald R. Colquhoun. He has just published a book of quite unusual interest called *China in Transformation.* It may be described as by far the most important work on the general subject published for several years. Generally speaking, Mr. Colquhoun is decidedly pessimistic about British policy in China, and he reproaches Lord Salisbury's Government for lack of courage and energy. Since the book was written there have been decided changes in the Chinese situation, and these changes, to a considerable extent, invalidate, we think, some of Mr. Colquhoun's conclusions. We shall speak of the work at greater length before long. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

If it had not been for the journalistic pretentiousness surrounding the "mission" of the Rev. George Hepworth to Armenia, we are sure that his book would have had a more appreciative reading. Such an expedition as he undertook at the request of the New York "Herald" could hardly settle any of the vexed questions connected with the history of the Armenian massacres, though it might have thrown (and undoubtedly does throw) a good deal of light on the situation. Generally speaking, Dr. Hepworth's book, *Through Armenia on Horseback*, is readable, although it often falls into trivialities and occasionally strains after liveliness. We have never had any doubt that Dr. Hepworth was perfectly free, under the terms of his engagement with the "Herald," to present his conclusions fully, whatever they might be, and that, in point of fact, he examined the subject without any strong bias. It is equally true, as he himself admits, that he was accompanied by a personal agent of the Sultan, and was throughout brought strongly under Turkish influences. He found the Armenians "as low in many respects as either Turks or Kurds," and feels sure that the difficulty is political rather than religious, and that Armenia shares the moribund condition of all Turkey. Dr. Hepworth holds that the Armenian massacres were caused by Armenian revolutionists, or, more strictly, that the presence of the revolutionists gave occasion and excuse for the massacres, while the Turks were undoubtedly, he says, looking for such occasion and excuse. The book is handsomely printed and well illustrated. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.)

Just such a book as Professor Bernard Moses's *Establishment of Spanish Rule in America* has long been needed, and its publication at this moment is opportune. We earnestly hope that Professor Moses may follow this volume with one treating in a similar way the decadence and end of Spanish rule in America. The present book is written in a non-technical style, and traces carefully the chief events in the organizing of Spain's colonies, with the outlines of Spain's colonial policy. It contains not a little historical and economic knowledge that it would be difficult or impossible to find elsewhere in connected form. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Another volume of decided timeliness is Mary H. Krout's *Hawaii and a Revolution.* Under this title the author gives her experiences as correspondent in the Sandwich Islands during the crisis of 1893, and for the following year. She writes with the warmest possible feeling with the annexation party, and is not always, perhaps, historically impartial, this showing chiefly in omission rather than in any offensive positive criticisms. The book contains, scattered here and there through the narrative of events, a considerable amount of important information about education, religion, commerce, the customs of the natives, etc. The author sums up the question which has been settled by annexation since she wrote the concluding pages, in this form: "Shall what now exists—society, wealth, comfort, in which even the poorest share—be dissipated by hands incapable of administering law and order? or shall it be transferred to those who created it, and who, in saving their own, must save with it that which yet remains to the natives?" The few illustrations in the book are from excellent photographs. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

Mr. Francis Newton Thorpe has made an important contribution to our historical literature in *A Constitutional History of the American People (1776–1850)*, in two substantial volumes, his endeavor being to trace the evolution of government, and to register the changes of opinion and fundamental conception regarding the principles of government through which the people of the country have passed. He deals with events as illustrating the working out of a political system, and traces the course of political history from this standpoint down to 1850. His history is, in other words, an attempt to interpret, from the standpoint of principle, the history of the Anglo-Saxon peoples on this continent, and to make clear the successive steps by which the country has arrived at its present conceptions and institutions of civil and political order. The work will receive more extended comment. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Mr. John J. Chapman, whose volume "Emerson and Other Essays" gave a distinct impression of freshness, vivacity, and courage, confirms that impression by the publication of five additional essays under the title *Causes and Consequences*—a title which, upon the reading of the book, is seen to have a very definite relation to its argument. Mr. Chapman's point of view is both critical and optimistic. He is a thoroughgoing believer in democracy and in American civilization, while at the same time an extremely sharp and at times a somewhat captious critic both of institutions and manners in this country. The point of view from which he deals with political corruption, bosses, rings, and commercialism is as critical as that of the "intelligent minority" which for so many years has been lifting up its voice against the distortion of American ideals and the lowering of American methods. Mr. Chapman believes that our political corruptions and social inferiorities are due to what he calls "the temporary distortion of human character by the forces of commerce." His view of things is hopeful. No man has spoken more frankly about the boss system, which he characterizes as practical nullification of self-government, and he happily describes the boss as "a hired man employed to do the dirty work of others;" but he believes that the boss is already in large measure a figure of the past, and that we have escaped the peril of the boss system which at one time threatened to change the form of our Government from a democracy into the most vulgar plutocracy the world has ever known. Mr. Chapman is direct, pungent, and by no means lacking in originality. He is an idealist with a journalistic style. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

BIOGRAPHY

Naturally, the editors of The Outlook have noted with peculiar pleasure and interest the cordial reception given by the reading public to Mr. Justin McCarthy's *The Story of Gladstone's Life*, which was written at the request of The Outlook, and first appeared in its columns, serially, last year. The popularity of the book having required a new edition, the publishers have taken the occasion to add chapters from Mr. McCarthy's pen, bringing the story of the great statesman's life to its end. One of these chapters our readers may remember as having appeared in The Outlook just after Mr. Gladstone's death. The book has the same fine, almost sumptuous, form that was seen in the first edition. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

The story of the life of the Empress-Dowager of China is told briefly, but with dramatic effect, by Kathleen Gray Nelson under the title of *Tuen, Slave and Empress*. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.) The setting of the story is Oriental, and shows a close study of the people of China.

Mr. Archibald Forbes, the well-known newspaper correspondent, and a writer of clearness and force, has published a *Life of Napoleon the Third*, with illustrations, which is as readable as any account which has yet appeared of that unfortunate monarch. It is difficult to realize that the central figure in this biography was for fifteen years the most important man, in many ways, in Europe. Public opinion, which once overrated him, probably at this time very considerably underrates him, though there seems to be very good ground for the judgment that he was essentially a man of ordinary capacity and extraordinary opportunities. Entirely apart, however, from the question of his ability, the interest of his life and the great place he filled for a decade and a half in contemporary history make a good biography of him indispensable. The world has forgotten the extraordinary gamut of his experiences. A fugitive before he could speak, between his twentieth and his fortieth years he was a prisoner in four different places; he was an outlaw more than half his life; he lived on Staten Island in New York Harbor, and was engaged in business there; he was a special constable on Chartist Day in London; for fifteen years he was the ruler of the most brilliant people in Europe; he suffered the most calamitous defeat of any man in modern times, and he died in exile. The story of such a life has all the interest of a drama. This volume is profusely illustrated. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY

When the Revised Version of the New Testament was issued, it was decided that it should be published without marginal references except such as had already been inserted. At the same time the companies appointed for the revision of the Old and New Testaments expressed their earnest wish that, in view of the great amount of labor and care which had been given to these references, a place might be found for them in their entirety in later editions of the Revised Versions, and the University Presses of Oxford and Cambridge agreed to print at least one edition of the New Testament in which the marginal references prepared by the Committee of New Testament Revisers should be given in full. Both the Old and New Testaments have now been printed in a single volume, using the text of the Revised Version with all the revised marginal references. The book is printed from very clear type, and is well though economically made. It is a marvel of good work at the price for which it is offered—$1.25. (Henry Frowde, New York.)

A history of St. Mark's Church in Venice, enriched with eighty-two fine illustrations, is given under the title of *The Bible of St. Mark*, by Alexander Robertson, D.D. The title is appropriate to a building whose ornamentation has been so copiously derived from Biblical subjects. The two principles which the author finds exhibited in the artistic decoration of this famous church are "an open Bible and absolute freedom from priestly domination." In reference to the latter, and to the blending of the political and the ecclesiastical in St. Mark's Church, the book's sub-title is given as *The Altar and the Throne of Venice*. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

Colossian Studies, by the Rev. H. C. G. Moule, D.D., a highly esteemed clergyman of the Church of England, is well described by its sub-title as "Lessons in Faith and Holiness from St. Paul's Epistles to the Colossians and Philemon." As in Dr. Moule's other writings, the spiritual and devotional tone is strong and full. He truly represents the Apostle as combating seductive errors in the Colossian church by presenting Christ as the Answer of the Eternal to all the problems of the soul. Dr. Moule has appended to each section of the epistle a fresh translation interspersed with explanatory remarks.

We welcome his contention for Christian liberty, and his vindication of that good old word *Protestant* from objection and misuse. (Armstrong & Son, New York.)

The *Encyclopædia of Sacred Theology* strongly restates and aims to substantiate the fundamental principles of the Reformed or Calvinistic theology. Its author, Dr. Abraham Kuyper, is, as statesman, editor, and theologian, one of the most influential Hollanders of our time. His work is no mere reference-book, but, in the scientific sense of *encyclopædia*, a "scientific investigation of the organic nature and relations of Theology in itself, and as an integral part of the organism of Science." Dr. Kuyper frankly builds on an "assumption of the truth of the Reformed presuppositions." For this assumption he finds warrant in the validity of the act of faith, which in all science, theological or other, is the only bridge between the knowing subject and the object known—as Mr. Balfour has argued in his "Foundations of Belief." "Faith can never be anything else than an immediate act of our consciousness, by which certainty is established in that consciousness on any point outside of observation or demonstration." Such faith is effected by the self-revelation of God in our spiritual experience, and Dr. Kuyper declares that "no man is a theologian, in a scientific sense, unless he is also a partaker of personal enlightenment and spiritual experience." His work is for trained theologians rather than for the general teacher. He allows no such authorities as the Church and the Reason as co-ordinate with the Word of God in Holy Scripture. He sharply discriminates between the "normal" operations of the Holy Spirit in the regenerate life, and the "ever abnormal" inspiration manifest in the Scriptures; also between the continuous inspiration asserted by Rome, and the completed inspiration asserted by the Reformed Churches. Confessional theology, as held by these, he thinks alone able to maintain its position. The present volume includes but a third of Dr. Kuyper's work, and is occupied mainly with the Principles of Theology. Professor Warfield, of Princeton, accompanies it with an Introductory Note. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Dr. George J. Bayles, of the Faculty of Columbia University, has begun the publication of a digest of the statute laws passed by the various States of the Union affecting religious organizations. The first of these digests is devoted to *Civil Church Law* in this State, and is printed in flexible cloth and sold at $1 by Messrs. James Pott & Co. (New York).

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY

The Groundwork of Science: A Study of Epistemology, by St. George Mivart, possesses a special interest as the contribution of an accomplished physicist to a work more commonly prosecuted by metaphysicians. The vigor of the present intellectual movement against skepticism is attested by the frequency of recent studies in epistemology—inquiries into the grounds of our knowledge and the guarantees of its certainty. Professor Mivart, well known as an evolutionist who has severely handled the extreme claims made for the theory of natural selection, although a sturdy realist, and pursuing quite a different line of thought from the idealists whom he criticises, joins them in the conclusion that the cause of the universe, and of all truth and knowledge, is an eternal and ever-present reason, latent in all phenomena, and both producing and illumining our own intelligence. Breaches of continuity, apparent chasms or breaks in the evolutionary process, such as appear between lifeless things and living, between sentient and non-sentient life, between the psychic nature of animals and the higher reason of men, are changes that are referable only to the rational principle in which the universe itself is grounded. For ourselves, the ultimate certitude is to be found not in observation, or experiment, or sensitivity: "Our last appeal in all cases is and must ever be to a perception—an intuition of the intellect." Particularly noticeable, as coming from such a physicist as Professor Mivart, is his criticism of the "mental onesidedness" of some great physicists, whose exclusive devotion to physical studies has hindered them from giving due weight to mental and metaphysical science. To the skepticism thus engendered Professor Mivart's work brings the correction of a co-laborer. It is lacking in the clear-cut simplicity of style that an American reader delights in, but is solidly and strongly reasoned out. A syllabus of contents would be a great help to the reader. (The Science Series: G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Very valuable as a brief introduction to the study of philosophy, or as a summary report upon philosophical controversies, is a small volume by Professor John Grier Hibben, of

Princeton, entitled *The Problems of Philosophy*. These include the mooted questions of ontology, cosmology, psychology, epistemology, logic, ethics, political science, and æsthetics. In a bird's-eye survey of the whole field the author clearly states the various theories at issue, and the main arguments supporting them, noting the strong and weak points of each, with such comment and intimation of the present tendency of opinion as may serve to indicate both his own views and the line of advancing thought. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

A collection of song stories to introduce the songs has been published by the American Book Company, of New York, entitled *Song Stories and Songs for Children*. The stories are by Frances S. Brewster; the songs are selected and arranged by Emma A. Thomas, Supervisor of Music in the Detroit Public Schools The songs are simple and designed for the lower primary grades. The theory of the book is that children learn the songs more readily if their interest, curiosity, and imagination are aroused before the song is introduced.

Hope the Hermit, by Edna Lyall (Longmans, Green & Co., New York), is of the usual order of this novelist's plots and construction. Mystery, intrigue murder, and love are the ingredients. The good triumph, the evil are vanquished, and the purpose of the novel is served in holding the attention of the reader until the story is told.

A Lovable Crank, by Barbara Yechton, is the story of a brave struggle over physical limitation by a boy who belongs to a large family, and fun and frolic are the order of the day. There is a wee love story with the Lovable Crank as the hero. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

The coming of winter evenings will make *The Book of Games*, by Mary White (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), welcome. This issue of the eighth edition proves the popularity of the book, and the increase in the love of games in this country. This edition is enlarged, and changes have been made in several of the games. The book is very attractive typographically.

Three books for boys alike appeal to the boy's love of that which is stirring and adventurous, and alike, also, find this element in history. Mr. James E. Farmer's *The Grenadier* is a story of the French Empire which was well worth putting in this form. The author has made a very careful study of the particular offense which he relates, and employs the veil of fiction cleverly to surround these historic events. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.) Mr. Everett T. Tomlinson has probably no superior as a writer of stories for boys based on American history. His new volume, called *The Boys with Old Hickory*, is the final book in a series relating to the events of the war of 1812. Certainly nothing more stirring for boys' reading could be imagined than the concluding events of that war. (Lee & Shepard, Boston.) Equally fortunate in his subject is Mr. Elbridge S. Brooks, who tells the story of Custer's fight and death, under the title *The Master of the Strong Hearts*. From Indian sources the exact details of Custer's rally in the valley of the Little Big Horn have become known within the last two or three years. Mr. Brooks has made use of all recent information to make his story exact and complete. It is told with animation and vigor, and the fictitious tale which is made the medium of narration is well conceived and carried out. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.)

MISCELLANEOUS

Professor James O. Murray, Dean of Princeton University, and a well-known teacher of literature, has prepared for the Athenæum Press Series (Ginn & Co., Boston) a volume of *Selections from the Poetical Works of William Cowper*, with an introduction and notes. The Outlook has had occasion before to comment on the extremely good critical and biographical work which has appeared in the introductions to the volumes in this series. The high standard set in some of the earlier volumes is fully sustained by Professor Murray, who had a very delightful and congenial though by no means easy task to discharge in telling the story, estimating the quality of the work, and conveying a clear impression of Cowper. He has done this with intelligence, sympathy, and tact; with that nice combination of knowledge, insight, and sound judgment which are so characteristic of his work.

A Study of a Child, by Louise E. Hogan (Harper & Brothers, New York), is the careful record of the mental development of a child during the first seven years of its life. The record is also a revelation of the attitude of a healthy, intelligent mother toward her child. To many, child-study is a matter of adapting a theory to a child, as one would fit its clothes. This book reveals what child-study really is—the close study, without prejudice or preconceived opinion, of the growing intelligence of a growing soul, whose environment ought to secure that this growth should be wholly natural, unwarped by all influences created for the purpose of drawing out the child. Such a book has two values: it shows what child-study is; it shows the method by which the child can be studied without his knowledge. The third value, and perhaps the greatest, is that "A Study of a Child" is an unconscious argument for the protection of a child's individuality and dignity. The book is illustrated with drawings made by the child during this period. It will receive more extended comment.

Eighty Pleasant Evenings, as its name indicates, presents eighty programmes for evening entertainments for the social circle. Most of the programmes can be easily carried out by any group of friends of moderate social resources.——A half-dozen short religious essays by the Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler have been published under the title of *Well Built*. These essays are short and full of practical advice.——The story of the establishment of a social settlement, maintained by the people of wealth and social position in the degraded center of a small town, is told in *The Redemption of Freetown*, by Charles M. Sheldon. These three books are published by the United Society of Christian Endeavor, Boston.

The beautiful work done by the Roycrofters at the Roycroft Shop, East Aurora, N. Y., is very well illustrated in the symposium of essays on Socialism by William Morris, Grant Allen, George Bernard Shaw, Alfred Russel Wallace, and others, collected and published under the title *Hand and Brain*. This country certainly has seen no more striking evidence of the sympathy of a certain group of radical social reformers for the artistic side of life than that which is presented by this beautifully made volume, printed as it is on hand-made Kelmscott paper, uncut, with the broadest of margins and side-titles in color. The essays have already appeared in print, and there is no occasion to make comment upon them; they are fortunate in receiving a dress of such elegance.

Mr. A. B. Frost has been quick to seize those features of modern facts, habits, and pastimes which admit of caricature, and his latest work, which appears in *The Golfer's Alphabet*, shows how keenly alive he has been to the oddities, extravagances, and peculiarities of temperament, character, and figure which enliven the golf course. In this series the amateur and the expert are alike subject to graphic portraiture, and it is not easy to decide with which of the two types Mr. Frost has the greatest sport. The rhymes by Mr. W. G. Van T. Sutphen fit the pictures well. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Mr. Walter Copland Perry's *Women of Homer* is an attempt in a popular way to bring clearly before the reader the series of beautiful portraits of women which appear in the "Iliad" and "Odyssey." These portraits, it need hardly be said, are among the masterpieces of Greek literature, and Mr. Perry's aim is to make a place for them in the imaginations of those who are not familiar with the original poems, and to present them in a clearer order for those who are familiar with the epics but who have not thrown into bold relief in their own minds the figures of the women who appear in these poems. The book is illustrated from the most familiar statues and reliefs. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

Books Received

For the week ending September 23

A. S. BARNES & CO., NEW YORK

Ford, John D., U. S. N. An American Cruiser in the East. $2.50.

CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN PUBLISHING HOUSE, NASHVILLE, TENN.

Foster, Robert Verrell. Systematic Theology.

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK

Whitmarsh, H. Phelps. "The World's Rough Hand." $1.25.
Eliot, Charles W. Educational Reform. $2.
Mitchell, S. Weir, Dr. Far in the Forest. $1.50.
Trowbridge, J. T. Two Biddicut Boys. $1.50.
Harrison, Mrs. Burton. Good Americans. $1.25.
Gray, David Gallops. $1.25.
Fezandie, Clement. Through the Earth. $1.50.
Jackson, Gabrielle E. Denise and Ned Toodles. $1.25.
De Tocqueville, Alexis. Democracy in America. In Two Vols. $5.
Holden, Edward S. A Primer of Heraldry for Americans. $1.
Ingersoll, Ernest. The Book of the Ocean. $1.50.

DOUBLEDAY & M'CLURE CO., NEW YORK

Norris, Frank. Moran of The Lady Letty. $1.
Harrison, Mrs. Burton. The Well-Bred Girl in Society. 50 cts.
Rorer, Mrs. S. T. Good Cooking. 50 cts.
Peattie, Elia W. The Shape of Fear. 75 cts.
Hyne, Cutcliffe. Adventures of Captain Kettle. $1.

R. F. FENNO & CO., NEW YORK

Croker, B. M. Peggy of the Bartons. $1.25.

GINN & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Goethe's Egmont. Edited by Max Winkler. $1.
Mason, Luther Whiting. The Mason School Music Course (Book 2). 40 cts.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK

Bowne, Borden P. Metaphysics. Revised Edition.
Thackeray, William Makepeace. Contributions to "Punch." (Biographical Edition.) Vol. VI. $1.75.
Glasgow, Ellen. Phases of an Inferior Planet. $1.25.
Ridge, W. Pett. By Order of the Magistrate. $1.25.

D. C. HEATH & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Bray, J. W. A History of English Critical Terms. $1.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Burnham, Clara Louise. A Great Love. $1.25.

Bates, Arlo. The Puritans. $1.50.
Taylor, Hannis, LL.D. The Origin and Growth of the English Constitution. Part II.
JORDAN, MARSH & CO., BOSTON, MASS.
Butterworth, Hezekiah. Pinocchio's Adventures in Wonderland. 30 cts.
LEE & SHEPARD, BOSTON, MASS.
May, Sophie. Pauline Wyman. $1.25.
Stratemeyer, Edward. Under Dewey at Manila. $1.25.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., PHILADELPHIA
Morris, Charles. Historical Tales—Russian. Historical Tales—Japan and China. $1.25 each.
THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK
George, Andrew J. From Chaucer to Arnold. $1.
Lawton, William Cranston. The New England Poets. 75 cts.
Mason, Harriet L. Students' Readings and Questions in English Literature.
Busch, Dr. Moritz. Bismarck: Some Secret Pages of His History. In Two Vols. $10
Inman, Henry. The Ranch on the Oxhide. $1.50.
Van Dyke, Henry. The Gospel for an Age of Doubt. $1.25.
Smith, Goldwin. Guesses at the Riddle of Existence. $1.25.
Zola, Émile. Doctor Pascal. Translated by Mary J. Serrano. $1.50.
Seawell, Molly Elliot. The Loves of the Lady Arabella. $1.50.
Goethe's Egmont. Edited by Sylvester Primer. 60 cts.
Lessing's Nathan der Weise. Edited by George O. Curme. 60 cts.
Wright, Mabel Osgood. Four-footed Americans. Edited by Frank M. Chapman. $1.50.
THE RECORD PUBLISHING CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.
Dewell, James D. Down in Porto Rico with a Kodak.
REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING CO., BATTLE CREEK, MICH.
Avery-Stuttle, Mrs. L. D. Making Home Happy.
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK
Trumbull, H. Clay. War Memories of an Army Chaplain. $2.
G. A. Henty. At Aboukir and Acre. $1.50.
G. A. Henty. Both Sides of the Border. $1.50.
G. A. Henty. Under Wellington's Command. $1.50.
Alexander, Archibald Theories of the Will. $1.50.
Hamblen, Herbert Elliott. The Story of a Yankee Boy. $1.50.
SPON & CHAMBERLAIN, NEW YORK
Brooks, Christopher P. Cotton. $3.
HERBERT S. STONE & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.
Rule, Lucien V. The Shrine of Love.
E. B. TREAT & CO., NEW YORK
Small, Charles H., Rev. Corner-Stones of Faith. $2.
JAMES H. WEST, BOSTON, MASS.
Jean du Buy. The Teaching of Jesus. 50 cts.
THOMAS WHITTAKER, NEW YORK
Huntington, William Reed. Popular Misconceptions of the Episcopal Church. 25 cts.
Huntington, William Reed. The Spiritual House. 25 cts.

The Religious World

The Second Zionist Congress at Basle

By the Rev. Richard Gottheil, D.D.

The second Congress of Zionists, which was held on August 28, 29, and 30 at Basle, was a signal witness to the immense strides which the Zionist movement has made among the Jewish people. At the first Congress, held in 1897, there were about two hundred delegates. This year their number reached four hundred. In 1897 there were 117 Zionist societies in existence. This year 913 such societies were represented. Delegates had come from all parts of Europe, from Egypt, from Turkey in Asia, from North and South America, and from the Transvaal. The authorities in Basle had placed the Stadt-Casino at the disposal of the Congress; and from its balcony floated the Zionist flag (blue and white stripes with the shield of David in the center), flanked on both sides with the flag of Switzerland. Among the many prominent Jews who attended may be mentioned Dr. Theodore Herzl (President of the Congress), Dr. Max Nordau and M. Bernard Lazare, of Paris, Professor M. Mandelstamm, of Kiew, the Rev. Dr. M. Gaster, Chief Rabbi of the Spanish and Portuguese community of London. Conspicuous on the platform was a group of orthodox Russian rabbis dressed in their long caftans. The Congress was truly representative of all the religious and political affiliations which are to be found among the Jews. Three or four English Protestant clergymen followed the proceedings with the closest attention.

The Congress determined upon the immediate establishment of the Jewish Colonial Bank. In May last the preliminary Bank Conference in Vienna resolved to open a trial subscription. Within two months of the simple announcement of the fact in the Zionist organ, "Die Welt," subscriptions to the amount of four million francs had been made, and ten per cent. of the amount had been paid in. Of the 23,000 persons who had applied for shares, ninety-five per cent. had applied for single shares. The seat of the Bank will be in London; its capital, two million pounds. The Bank is to be the chief factor in representing the common interests of the Jews. It is to create industrial establishments in the East (especially in Palestine and Syria) for the purpose of utilizing Jewish labor, to support Jewish agricultural colonies, to organize the export and import trade in those lands, and to acquire concessions for the construction of roads, harbor works, mines, and trade monopolies, in the East. The Bank is formally prohibited from doing any speculative business whatsoever. The question of colonization in Palestine was discussed at length. Colonization on a large scale being, for the moment, impossible, it was felt desirable to commence with the indigent Jewish population in Palestine itself, until the full and open consent of the Turkish Government shall have been gained to a larger colonization from without. This work is to be under the control of a special colonization commission. But Zionism has not only political ends in view. It seeks also to elevate the Jews morally and spiritually. The proposal of the Cultur-Commission to found a Hebrew Language Union was unanimously adopted. The object of this Union is to raise the Hebrew language once more to the position of a spoken language, as the national Jewish tongue. Schools for this purpose are to be established in Palestine as well as in all lands in which Jews dwell at present. To a commission of fifteen scholars the work was delegated of compiling an authoritative dictionary of modern Hebrew.

The Archbishop of the Philippines and the Friars

According to a dispatch received by the Associated Press, the Archbishop of the Philippines has recently indulged in some very outspoken talk about the future of the islands and of the religious orders which are so numerous and so contentious. The Archbishop is convinced that Spanish control must absolutely end. The insurgents, he says, are now so strong that they can be conquered only after years of struggle, if at all. He is equally sure that the people are not yet ready for self-government, and that their only hope for peace and progress lies in a protectorate exercised by some strong Occidental power. He then speaks of various orders of Friars, and with equal positiveness declares that they also must go. Among those whose influence is most pernicious are mentioned the Dominicans, Augustines, Franciscans, and Recolletans. The Jesuits are not included in this list. The members and friends of the orders charge the animadversions of the Archbishop to inability to have his way. Whether right or wrong, the address remains with its two strong points of emphasis: the Spaniards must go; the Friars must go.

Religion at the British Association of Science

The British Association, the most eminent and learned scientific body in the English-speaking world, has recently concluded its sessions at Bristol. The most remarkable utterance of the meetings seems to have been the address by the President, Sir William Crookes; and that, so far as we can judge from the reports thus far received, was one of the most remarkable addresses of recent years. It was crowded with weighty and suggestive subjects, but no part was more interesting or valuable than that in which he spoke about the Unseen. He said: "Thirty years have passed since I published an account of experiments tending to show that outside our scientific knowledge there exists a force exercised by intelligence differing from the ordinary force common to mortals. . . . I adhere to my published statements. . . . I think I see a little further now. I have glimpses of something like coherence among the strange, elusive phenomena." After these words he advanced to what we venture to believe is one of the very best statements of the real trend of modern scientific investigation which has ever been made. Our readers, of course, will recognize that the "predecessor" to whom he refers was Professor Tyndall. We urge them carefully to study the following words:

> Science has trained and fashioned the average mind into habits of exactitude and disciplined perception, and in so doing has fortified itself for tasks higher, wider, and incomparably more wonderful than even the wisest of our ancestors imagined. Like the souls in Plato's myth that followed the chariot of Zeus, it has ascended to a point of vision far above the earth. It is henceforth open to science to transcend all we now think we know of matter, and to gain new glimpses of a profounder scheme of cosmic law. An eminent predecessor in this chair declared that "by an intellectual necessity he crossed the boundary of experimental science, and discerned in that matter which we, in our ignorance of its latent powers, and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its Creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium, the potency and promise of all terrestrial life." I should prefer to reverse the apophthegm, and to say that in life I see the promise and potency of all forms of matter. In old Egyptian days a well-known inscription was carved over the portal of the temple of Isis: "I am whatever hath been, is, or ever will be; and my veil no man hath yet lifted." Not thus do modern seekers after truth confront nature—the word that stands for the baffling mysteries of the universe. Steadily, unflinchingly, we strive to pierce the inmost heart of nature, from which she is to reconstruct what she has been and to prophesy what she yet may be. Veil after veil we have lifted, and her face grows more beautiful, august, and wonderful with every barrier that is withdrawn.

Canadian Methodism

The Methodist Church in Canada began the fifth General Conference at Toronto on September 1, and continued in session over two weeks. An equal number of clerical and lay delegates transacted the business of the Church. The Conference was of special interest, coming as it does once in four years, and representing nearly one-fifth of Canada's population, while Newfoundland, the Bermuda Islands, and the missions in Japan and China are also within its confines. Since the union of the six sections of Methodism in 1883, the growth of the Church in Canada has been very marked. At that time there were 1,643 ministers, 169,803 members, and property valued at $9,130,897. Now there are 2,000 ministers, 280,535 members, and property worth $15,392,944, while the Sunday-schools show 26,084 teachers and 270,329 scholars. It was a matter of deep regret, however, at the Conference, that the Church, with its better facilities, should show the smallest increase in church membership during the past four years of any quadrennium since the union. The official figures of these periods are in order: 27,663, 36,399, 27,085, and 19,584. The President of the Conference, the Rev. A. Carman, D.D., commented very earnestly upon this, and called for a revival of evangelism and spirituality in pulpit and pew. Among the aggressive movements adopted by the Conference was a million Twentieth-Century Thanksgiving Fund, the money to be devoted according to the desires of the donors. The coming prohibition plebiscite, strongly advocated in the President's address, was made the subject of approving resolutions and a public meeting. Social Reform was also before the Conference, and co-operation, equalization of opportunity, and general public conveniences were emphasized. Nor was the Anglo-American sentiment allowed to merely smolder. Satisfaction was expressed at the deepening sympathy between the United States and Canada, and the approval recorded of an international arbitration treaty. Church Union, too, was in the air, and more particularly so when fraternal greetings were conveyed in the first week from the Presbyterians, and in the second from the Congregationalists. Among matters more particularly touching Methodism dealt with by the Conference were the recommending of tithing, the exclusion of women from Church Councils, the maintenance of church discipline on dancing and card-playing, the raising of the educational standard for the ministry, and a discussion on the lengthening of the pastoral term. An indication of the growing freedom of the Methodist Church is seen in the fact that at the Conference there were pronounced evolutionists and higher critics, and yet there was not the breath of a heresy trial.

We are late in extending our congratulations to our contemporary, "Zion's Herald," of Boston, which celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary with its issue of September 7. It rejoices in the fact that it is the oldest Methodist paper in the world; and its quality is worthy of its age. Its anniversary number presents its readers with a copy of its first issue, and furnishes numerous articles of historical and current interest. The editor-in-chief of "Zion's Herald" is the Rev. Charles Parkhurst, D.D., and the publisher Alonzo S. Weed. Few papers more worthily represent their constituency.

Canon Cheyne and the Psalter

The English-speaking world has no more eminent or reverent student of the Bible than Canon Cheyne, of Oxford. He recently preached a sermon on the use of the Psalter, especially in the Anglican Church, which is worthy of a wide reading. We make a few selections from this sermon because it contains suggestions of importance to the members of other than the Anglican and Episcopal communions. Canon Cheyne says:

> The Anglican custom of dividing the Psalter into sixty parts, and singing or saying one part each day of the month, morning and evening, is not ideally perfect. It is too mechanical. It reminds one of the old Puritan custom of reading the Bible over and over again from beginning to end. That was not so edifying as choosing suitable passages, for some books of the Bible contain but a small amount of edifying matter, and even in some of the Psalms that are of an elevating and inspiring tendency there are verses that are unsatisfying or repulsive to the Christian sentiment.

The following are wise words concerning the use of the imprecatory Psalms:

> It is a mercy that the Psalms are so often sung, for we glide over the awful words of what are called the imprecatory or vindictive Psalms. To read or sing the Psalter throughout is strangely inconsistent with the daily lectionary. There is no Church in which the practice is carried to such an extreme as in the Anglican Church. In the Greek and the Roman Churches the practice of selecting proper Psalms for special seasons co-exists with the daily use. If we wish to justify the continued use of the old Hebrew psalms in Christian worship, it is essential that we should study them more.

He approves of certain privileges which are granted to the clergy in the use of the Psalms in the American Episcopal Church:

> John Wesley prepared an adaptation of the Psalms arranged for a month of thirty days, but the leaders of his Church were not wise to take his hint. The leaders of the young American Episcopal Church had greater insight, and permission was given to the minister to select special Psalms and to shorten Psalms. Such a reform as the sister Church in America has adopted is the minimum with which the English Church should be content. Selections of suitable Psalms and a few more optional canticles might be obtained if the laity would join those of the clergy who seek reform. This would be a return to primitive uses.

Correspondence

But Multiplying Two Wrongs Do Not Make Them Right

To the Editors of The Outlook:

It occurs to me that perhaps great injustice is done to Secretary Alger by those who are now so loudly and, withal, so justly denouncing the War Department's manner of caring for the soldiers. What they call "Algerism" is merely the recognized and—so far as the American people have as yet pronounced—authorized method of dealing out public offices to those who can show greatest efficiency in producing political results without regard to means employed. In the practical application of this method the executive abdicates his constitutional right of appointment and simply confirms the choice of the Senator or Representative or boss to whom "courtesy" demands that he defer. Under this system it results naturally that special fitness for service becomes a good reason for exclusion from office. The standard of appointment is efficiency in work which necessarily tends to disqualify for efficient service after appointment. Probably, if the facts were laid bare, it would be seen that the new appointments rendered necessary by the sudden expansion of the War Department's operations were made under this system. If this be true—and its probability is great—then we need look no further for an explanation of the inefficiency, incompetency, and seeming indifference to suffering which have so incensed the country. It is not necessary to look for grounds for special censure of the head of the War Department. The carrying out of the system of appointments which is general throughout the country, which is upheld by President McKinley himself when he turns over the Federal patronage to Quay in Pennsylvania and to Platt in New York, is more than sufficient to account for all the horrors which have been rehearsed to us. It is not likely that the inefficiency in the War Department has been greater than ordinarily results from a wholesale selection of new officials through "practical politicians." The difference is that here they had to do with the health and lives of men, and while they were learning how to do their work the men sickened and died.

The mournful lesson which should be learned from this public calamity will be lost to the American people if they shall be permitted to visit condemnation on a single individual and to lose sight of the fact that it is the American people themselves who are responsible because of their toleration of the spoils system.

The cry that the President should dismiss Secretary Alger seems to me most unjust and misleading. If all the Cabinet officers who have practiced "Algerism" should resign, how many should we have left? If resignations for this reason were to become the order, where would they stop? Was not the appointment of Alger himself a part of "Algerism"?

For humanity's sake, the American people should take to heart this sad object-lesson of the fruits of the system of politics which, by their acquiescence, they have indorsed and by their support they have upheld.

LINTON SATTERTHWAIT.

Trenton, N. J.

An Example Worth Following

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Our congregation, at the suggestion of one of our business men, adopted, last Sunday, the accompanying memorials, ordering the pastor to sign them and forward them to the Czar and the President. They were adopted by a unanimous vote at both the morning and the evening services, the entire congregation rising.

Why may not every Christian congregation in the United States take similar action? Why not send such messages flying as doves to the windows of the Palace in St. Petersburg and to the White House in Washington? Would not such a spontaneous response of the Christian people to this proposition of the Emperor help mightily toward the realization of the wonderful thing for which the Czar has encouraged us to hope? Let Christendom send up a mighty Amen to the prayer of this great Ruler!

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

Columbus, O.

To His Majesty Nicholas II., the Czar of all the Russias:

The members of one Christian congregation in the United States of America give thanks to God for the grace which he has given to you in moving you to propose the gradual disarmament of the great military powers of the world.

We are few, your Majesty, and far away, but our hearts go out in gratitude to you for this great act of wisdom; and we pray that God's blessing may abide upon you, crowning your efforts with abundant success.

As your illustrious grandfather won for himself immortal honor by the liberation of the serfs, so may your name be crowned with light in the records of the ages, as the leader of the nations into the ways of peace.

To His Excellency President McKinley:

The people of the First Congregational Church in Columbus, O., assembled with their neighbors for public worship, having read the request of the Emperor of Russia for a conference of the nations to consider the gradual disarmament of the military powers, most respectfully express their hope and expectation that the Government of the United States will do everything within its power to further this most Christian undertaking, and to hasten the day when nations shall know war no more.

Railroad Mail Rates

To the Editors of The Outlook:

General readers and postal students should thank you for your cautious reply to Mr. Baldwin, in The Outlook for September 10. You understate your case, I think, while Mr. Baldwin injures his side by the extravagant affirmation that "the Government pays too little." On some of the principal railroad lines the Post-Office Department pays for mail transportation as follows: first, an extravagant sum computed from the weight of mails; next, a munificent sum for mail-cars; finally, a round sum for "special facilities," which may mean a premium for getting the mail-cars moved as fast as the rest of the train. The care of the mails, loading and unloading, in these cases, are all done by Government employees.

We know exactly what services the railroads render in mail matters. And I must express dissent from the general assumption, in which even Government officers indulge, that all mails are carried by steam roads. They do nothing of the kind. A large part of star route matter, a large part of foreign matter, and especially all local or drop matter, never touches a railroad. In the city of New York drop matter pays more than forty per cent. of all postal receipts. To ascertain what the railroads carried, a deduction of twenty per cent. from the total matter mailed seems reasonable and moderate.

In 1897 the total matter mailed in this country, computed on the basis of the famous Wanamaker census of 1890, was 496,095,737 pounds; deducting twenty per cent. not carried by steam roads leaves 396,876,590 pounds carried by rail, for which the roads received $34,059,208.99, or 8.58 cents per pound net. The census of 1890 reported express matter to pay railroads 5.87 mills per pound; and express companies carry nearly all the cash for the banks, for the Government, and for the rich. Government bonds are sent out from Washington, not by mail, but by express. The point may be mentioned to show that express packages are as important as mail packages.

The opinion is often expressed that the average haul of mail matter is "about four hundred and forty-eight miles." The officials in Washington have concluded that the average haul is three hundred and twenty-eight miles. The true haul is unknown, and I beg to dissent very much from the figures just given. It is idle to think that the average mail-piece travels very far. The long-haul illusion is not borne out by postal facts.

In sending mails by a Cunard steamship the Post-Office pays about 44 cents per pound of letters, and about 4½ cents per pound of other matter. American ships get $1.60 per pound of letters, and 8 cents per pound of other articles. Of course letters are a very small part of the total weight of mails, being about one-eighth. All the world pays high rates for a high class of freight, and low rates for a low class. Only the American Post-Office persists in paying steam railroads the same high rate for all classes of mail offered. To the public the Post-Office charges postage on a sliding scale, from a cent per pound up to thirty-two cents a pound; but it drops this rule in paying railroads for transportation. It pays railroads more than all the rest of the world combined. And then it wonders at its appalling deficits, at its ridiculous assets, at being unable to emerge from grinding poverty. Its income is large and entirely reasonable; its expenses are fairly absurd. It is absurd not to buy railroad transportation in the open market, and instead to force upon railroads an accumulation of premiums. The case has no parallel in the whole history of transportation. To cap the climax, we are now told that railroads ought to have a little more.

C. W. ERNST.

Swampscott, Mass.

When the statue of Rufus Choate is unveiled in Boston, on October 14, addresses will be made by Walbridge A. Field, Chief Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of

Massachusetts, Mayor Quincy, of Boston, and Joseph H. Choate, of this city, the latter a nephew of the famous statesman and jurist. The statue is the gift of the late George B. Hyde, formerly a Boston schoolmaster.

Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

1. Between fifty and fifty-five years ago "The Ivory Crucifix" was exhibited in Boston. It was said to have been wrought out of a piece of antediluvian ivory by a monk (who believed he was inspired to do it as a votive offering to the Virgin) who had had no education in art and had not studied models. Hiram Powers regarded it as a wonderful work of art, and anatomists said that anatomically it was perfect. It was brought to this country by Mr. Lester, then our Consul at Genoa. Can you, or any one of your readers, tell where "The Ivory Crucifix" is now? 2. My copy of Hudson's "Law of Psychic Phenomena" is from the thirteenth edition, 1897, and so I suppose the book has been read by many people, but I have not seen reviews or notices of it. I am now reading his "Scientific Demonstration of the Future Life." I know quite a number of persons besides myself who would be grateful for a statement as to how the books are regarded by scientific readers, and something about Hudson himself. A. K. P.

1. Referred to our readers. 2. Mr. Hudson, as stated in the "Bookman," December, 1895, was born at Windham, Ohio, in 1834. After some years devoted to legal practice and to journalism, he took a position in the Patent Office in 1877. He retired from this after the publication of his first book, and resumed legal practice. He continues to reside in Washington. The books you name have had a deservedly wide circulation. While we have not made any inquiry into the opinions entertained about them, we regard them as, on the whole, a valuable contribution to right ways of thinking.

Please give me the titles of at least three books which in your judgment form the best answers to the questions and errors known under the general name of Christian Science.

A. G. L.

Hudson's "Law of Psychic Phenomena" (McClurg, Chicago, $1.50); Bates's "Christian Science and its Problems" (Eaton & Mains, New York, 50 cents); Wolcott's "What is Christian Science?" (Revell, New York, 35 cents).

Be so kind as to suggest a course of reading in philosophy for a young minister who has had regular college and theological training. He desires to keep abreast the best thought of the time in the new psychology and philosophy. Some good text-book with a bibliography of the subject would be a great help.

COUNTRY PARSON.

For a good critical survey of the psychological field, see Professor Ladd's "Psychology, Descriptive and Explanatory" (Scribners, New York, $4.50). For epistemology, the most important branch now of philosophy, see Dr. Ladd's "Philosophy of Knowledge" (Scribners, $4). For important critical essays in philosophy, especially with reference to the materialism which vaunts itself as "the new psychology," see Professor Seth's "Man's Place in the Cosmos" (Scribners, $2). For the most recent as well as profound work in philosophical theism, see "The Conception of God," by Professor Royce and others (Macmillan, New York, $1.50). For a general report upon the present philosophical field, see Professor Hibben's "Problems of Philosophy" (Putnams, New York, $1).

Kindly mention a list of books which I can use in a systematic study of the doctrine of the Trinity. I am acquainted with Dorner's System of Christian Doctrine. X.

Harnack's "History of Dogma," Volume IV. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston); Fisher's "History of Christian Doctrine" (Scribners, New York); Steenstra's "The Being of God as Unity and Trinity" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston); Whiton's "Gloria Patri; Our Talks on the Trinity" (Whittaker, New York); Ellis's "Half-Century of the Unitarian Controversy" (American Unitarian Association, Boston); Martineau's essay, "The Way Out of the Trinitarian Controversy" (in his Works, Longmans, Green & Co., New York).

Kindly say if the use of the inclosed slip for business purposes could be criticised as belittling the Word of God, or rather making it common:

"If a man lack wisdom, let him
Ask the Lord!
If he lack lumber, let him
Ask us!
We assure prompt shipment."

G.

The same protest which the sentiment of reverence makes in the law which forbids our National banner to be used as an advertising device must certainly be made against a similar use of a quotation from the Bible.

To "W. P. R.," in The Outlook for September 10: Will you kindly mention a few "Biblical episodes which we all know to be fictions"?

W. S.

For the Little People

The Robin and the Angleworm

By Nora Archibald Smith

A plump and saucy Robin
Was gayly hopping round,
And heard a ringèd Angleworm
A-squirming underground.
"Oh, do my ears deceive me,
Or can it really be,
A tender, juicy luncheon
Is waiting there for me?"
Thus spake the hungry Robin,
And cocked a listening ear,
An ear to hear the grass grow,
The falling dust to hear.
He tapped among the grasses
With yellow beak so gay,
"Good-morrow, neighbor Angleworm!
How's all with you to-day?"
"I'm well, kind neighbor Robin;
The earth is sweetly damp;
You're stepping just above me,
I feel your noisy tramp."
"Climb up, then, slippery neighbor!
The rain is falling fast;
Come up and take a bite with me
Until the storm be past."
The Earthworm hurried upward;
Said Robin, with a grin,
"Well, now you've troubled to come out,
I'll thank you to come IN!"

A Strange Little Blackbird

By Martha Burr Banks

In reality he had no right to be a blackbird at all, for he was a canary, with feathers that were usually as yellow as sunshine. He belonged to Katherine and Harry, and his name was Dickie. He was a merry little fellow, with a song or a chirp always ready in response to attentions from his little mistress or master, but one day he fell into a sorry plight.

One bright morning the children's mother thought that Dickie might enjoy a little freedom and exercise, so she gave him a holiday by setting him free from his cage to let him fly about the nursery at his pleasure. She shut the door of the cage after Dickie was out, so that he should not go back to his seed instead of improving his opportunities for stretching his wings. Then, after seeing that the windows of the room were closed, she went out of the door, making it fast behind her to keep out uninvited visitors like dogs and cats.

But it happened that mamma herself had unexpected guests that day, and, in the general interest and activity of the household, nobody chanced to think of poor Dickie alone in the nursery, which was not entered for the remainder of the day. It was not until nightfall that mamma suddenly remembered the little bird shut out from his home, and then she ran hastily upstairs to see how he had fared during the hours of daylight, while his friends were amusing themselves with other company.

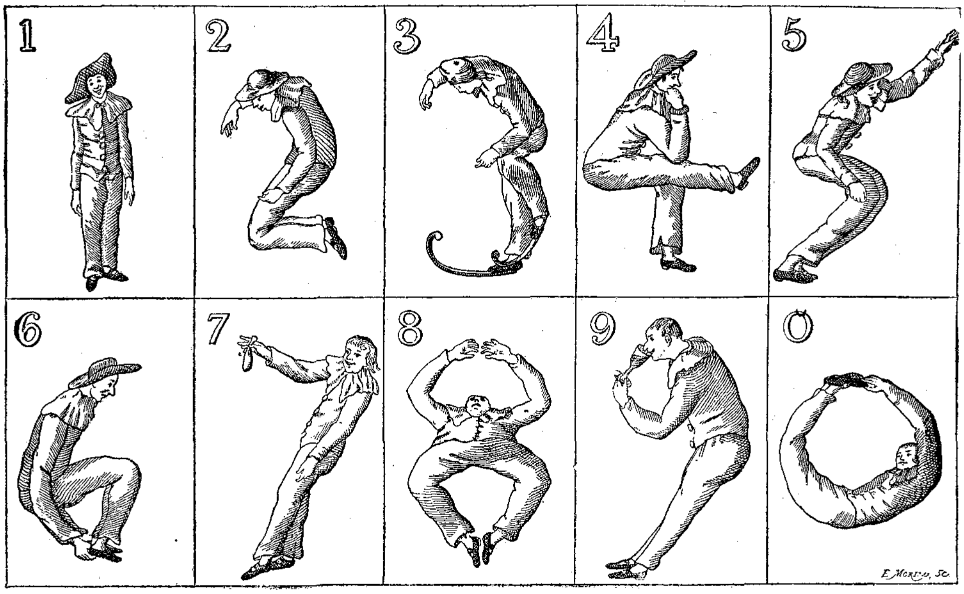
For a while mamma could not find him, though she lighted the gas and looked round and round the room for the fluffy bunch of feathers. At last, after a long search, she discovered the little fellow in one corner, on the floor, in a mournful frame of mind and a doleful state of body.

His bill was as black as night, and his face was just as dark. Indeed, his whole head was black, and his plumage was generously splashed with blots and dingy streaks. There he stood, sad, lonely, limp, and hungry, and seemingly mortified at the condition in which he found himself. Had he had anything at all to eat all day, and what had taken the place of the bath-tub and the drinking-water to which he was accustomed?

Mamma glanced round the room, and her eyes soon fell upon the paint-pot from which Mr. Dickie had decorated himself. On the writing-desk was a large square inkstand, which that morning had been filled with ink. Now the cover was pushed aside, and, judging from the spattering and the scattering of the contents of the stand over the blotter beneath it, it was clear that poor Dickie, thinking himself deserted by the family, had tried to supply his needs from the ink-well. He had evidently made an attempt to eat the ink and to drink the ink, and finally had done his best to take a bath in the ink. Whether or not he had succeeded in getting much of the fluid inside of him, he certainly had a good coating outside.

Harry and Katherine came into the nursery in answer to their mother's call, and they felt great sympathy for their pet when they saw his blackened feathers and face; but they were somewhat comforted concerning him when mamma took him up on one finger, washed him off as well as she could with clean water, and then put him back into his cage with plenty of good seed and pure drinking fluid within reach.

The visitors laughed when they heard the story of Dickie's adventure, but they also shook their heads, and said that the little bird would surely die from the effects of the ink; but, strange as it may seem, it never hurt him in the least, and the next morning he was as lively as ever, and though it was a long while before the ink wore off from his beak and head, he lived, if not exactly to tell the tale himself, to have it often told about him.



Harlequin's Ten Tumbles

Some ancient German caricatures, with a new Story discovered and presented by Ernest Ingersoll.

1. One is the Harlequin standing at ease
Telling the plan of his games, if you please.

2. Two—he is kneeling, to show us a trick.
The eye that can catch it must be sharp and quick.

3. Figure-skating is Three, and thinks he looks nice.
With skates of *that* length he will need all the ice!

4. In Four he is sitting on nothing at all;
If *I* were to try it, I know who would fall.

5. His next is an awkward attempt at a Five,
The worst-looking Harlequin ever alive!

6. Six is our tumbler turning head over heels—
A curious method of earning one's meals!

7. In Seven they have given the actor his money,
And he bows to them backward because that is funny.

8. Here Harlequin's twisting himself into Eight.
It's plain that the figure's too much for his pate.

9. Nine has purchased a drink in exchange for his penny.
I fear, from his pose, that he's had one too many.

10. Poor Harlequin finally ends as a Zero—
The fate, my dear friends, of full many a hero!

The Home Club

The Underlying Principle

A recent visit to an old colonial mansion, which has been preserved with reverent care by each generation, revealed the distinction between the housekeeper of the time the house represented and the housekeepers of the present day, or the majority of them. The furniture in the olden time was conceived for use first, and constructed on lines of beauty in response to the demands of the buyers. Furniture bought for ornamental purposes rarely, if ever, results in harmonious effect when brought together in one room. This applies equally well to table furnishing. Here and there to-day one finds a home that represents the same carefulness in detail, the nice adjustment of means to ends. Each piece of furniture in this old house was made for a special place in a certain room. It stands to-day where it was placed nearly two hundred years ago. It was ordered with due regard to the uses to which it would be put, and to the other pieces of furniture in the room; it was recognized as part of a whole. Every piece of glass and silver was ordered with the same care. The result was harmonious and artistic. The lack of dignity and repose in so many homes of the present time is due in part to a lack of the artistic instinct, in part to the allurements of the bargain sale, and in a great measure to the lack of restraint in buying before the room as a whole is conceived. The fault is not lack of money, but the lack of a carefully conceived plan, rigorously adhered to. It is just this that permits a woman to buy a hat which is in itself pretty, but is not in keeping with the other articles with which it must be worn, nor with the greater number of places in which it must be worn. The housekeeper of to-day, unfortunately, has too wide a range of choice; confusion and often ugliness are the result. That there has been a great improvement in recent years is cause for great rejoicing. We have ceased to use crazy patchwork, and the bows of ribbon on furniture. China dogs are not prized as works of art. Yet the gospel of elimination has not been universally preached, and is far from being as well practiced as preached. The art teachers have much to do before we shall again come to the dignity of the old colonial standard, when use was the first reason for a purchase, and taste controlled the character of the purchase.

The Family Bank

The "Popular Science Monthly" in a recent article urged that boys as well as girls should receive at least an elementary education in housework. It adds that in households where lack of means make the hiring of extra service in times of emergency impossible, the husband, often having a desire to help, cannot, because of ignorance, and awkwardness due to ignorance. This is true. Yet it is equally true that, in the better class of homes among the working people, boys are trained equally with the girls in housework. The vacation schools have done an immense amount of good by organizing sewing classes for boys. The work began with the making of sails. It was not difficult, after the stitches had been mastered, to suggest the sewing of buttons on pieces of cloth, and the darning of holes with coarse cotton. The mission sewing-schools have for several years taught sewing to boys, and have succeeded in even arousing ambition to excel. A club of boys were asked what they wanted to do. "Learn to sew," was the astonishing answer from one small boy. The director, when she recovered, asked, Why? "I want to learn to mend me pants." The club supported the member, and sewing was taught practically. The boys were taught to mend their own clothes. The washing of dishes, sweeping, bed-making, and dusting would be far more difficult to teach to boys, except in camp life, which presents a great opportunity for giving this kind of training. That knowledge of a practical kind can increase the family income by increasing its purchasing power we know; that the comfort and health of the family depend on the amount of practical knowledge of housekeeping possessed by its heads in common is also true; that this knowledge must be acquired early in life for those who are to profit by it, we know. The home offers the best place, because all can be taught practically and individually. Whether every mother who has the knowledge herself should not for two hours on Saturday morning become a teacher of domestic science remains for each to answer. In the home where the housework must be done by the mother, the training of the children depends on the mother. If she decides that it is easier to do all the work for five or ten years than to take the trouble to train each child for a few months each year until it has learned to assist intelligently, the children will not make their contribution of strength and intelligence to the home life.

Home Education

Dear Outlook: Before leaving home for the summer I took steps to have your magazine follow me, as I could not do without it. I have read with much interest the article by Julia Richman upon the question of introducing domestic training into the public schools. I heartily indorse her views, but I think they should have been more inclusive. I should like to have her in an equally thorough manner champion in the same cause the average American girl. Surely the public schools are not alone for the poor, nor are all American wives predestined to grinding poverty. Yet it is undeniable that there is much discomfort and much preventable illness in homes where the contrary might be sought, that are unmistakably and directly traceable to shiftlessness and sheer ignorance on the part of the mothers. You have inserted the wedge; let this second point of view drive it home.

I. R. W.

It is impossible in the space of one article to cover the whole field of education and its relation to our civilization. The article referred to deals wholly with its one proposition, Public Schools and Home-Makers, recognizing that education, in so far as it opens the intelligence to moral responsibility, trains for every sphere.

It is true that the woman who fails to make an income of ten thousand dollars per year count for its full value in the home she administers is as culpable as the woman who fails to make the one dollar a day which she expends for her family count for its full value in her home. The woman with the large income is protected from the student of sociology, the parish visitor, and the philanthropic restorer, who feel free to intrude into the privacy of the poorer women; her misdeeds are not made the subjects for voice or pen. That there are homes where illness, death, unhappiness, traceable to the ignorance and indifference of the one who should be home-maker, exist under the roof with wealth, is one of the sad facts of life.

No matter what the social ranking of the home-maker, her home is what she makes it. If her ignorance means neglected drains, cellars, ice-box, with their attendant evils; if it means underfed or overfed children; if her indifference means waste of material, extravagant ordering, neglected accounts, swelling the army of useless servants and dishonest tradesmen, she certainly adds far greater evils to her day and generation than the woman whose dollar represents the limit of her influence.

Social Education

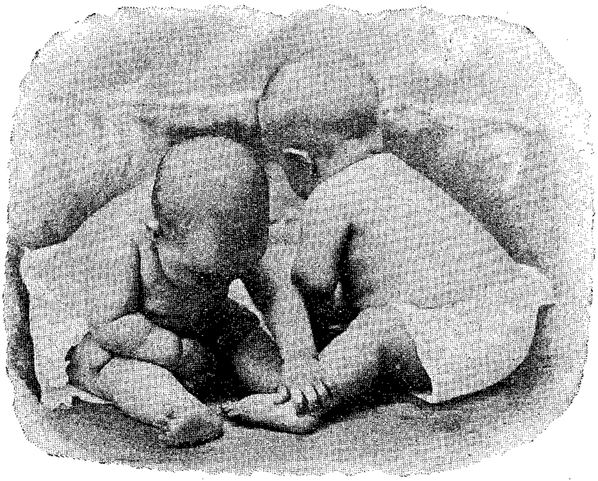
A recommendation made by the "Child Study Monthly" is one that, if properly inaugurated and maintained, would result in positive results in education. It recommends debating schools and clubs in rural districts. The debating school would presuppose a supervisor or director who would direct and criticise the work of each debater. The club would offer the opportunity for expressing ideas, and for practice; the debating school, the opportunity to improve under direction. This idea might be used by mothers who find it difficult to keep their sons at home in the evening. The club could be small in numbers at the beginning, the dues used for refreshments. The village library will provide the books. A traveling library, in some of the States, could be easily secured by any club or group organizing for purposes of study. Moral lectures will not keep boys inclined to roam at home, but an interest in a specific thing that exists as part of the home life will hold him fast, until the home habit is formed. A home should be to every boy and girl the center of social interests.

School-Room Decoration

A timely pamphlet has just been issued from the Riverside Press, by the Boston Public School Art League, entitled "Notes and Suggestions on School-Room Decoration." The interest in the decoration of school-rooms is increasing. No movement that tends to popularity needs the advice of experts more than those movements that bear directly on school life. To put pictures and casts in a school-room to cover bare white walls does not in itself mean decoration. Decoration rests on an artistically conceived principle based on training. The Boston Public School Art League gives in these notes and suggestions the history of school-room decoration in this country, a list of photographs approved by experts who have made a study of the subject of art in the school-room, a list of the articles that have appeared in the leading magazines on this subject, and the constitution of the League.

FOR BATH AND SHAMPOO

The delicious sense of refreshment after being well lathered and bathed with Packer's Tar Soap appeals to every one, especially when tired out from work, games, or travel. Its soothing influence is well known even by little children.



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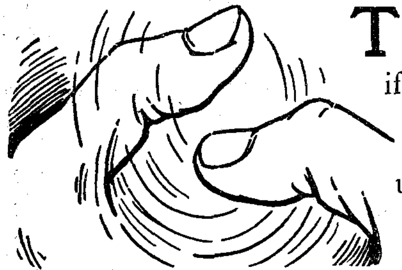
"PACKER'S TAR SOAP is antiseptic and keeps away many of the skin troubles to which little children are liable. It is the best soap we know of for washing babies."—*New England Medical Monthly.*

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

is invaluable for toilet and nursery purposes. It is pure, mild, soothing, and delightfully refreshing.

THE PACKER MFG. CO., 83 Fulton Street, New York.



Twiddle your thumbs,

if you've nothing better to do, in the time that's saved by washing with **Pearline.**

Better be sitting in idleness than to spend unnecessary time washing with soap, doing unhealthy and wearying work.

But almost every woman has something or other that she talks of doing "when I get time for it." Washing with **Pearline** will save time for it. 576

Millions NOW USE Pearline

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Dr. George W. Corey, M. D., Sacramento, Cal., says: "I have been using Tartarlithine in my own case of rheumatism, that I contracted in the swamps of the Tallahatchie River, in 1864, with more benefit than any other drug or combination of drugs that I have ever used."

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Pamphlet on the treatment of Rheumatism by Tartarlithine sent free by

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Invalids find *food repugnant* after a time. Give one trial to **Somatose** which not only supplies nourishment, but stimulates the appetite and never cloys the palate; odorless, tasteless, and may be given without patients' knowledge. Somatose may be taken in milk, tea, soups, wine, etc.

At druggists' in 2-oz., ¼, ½, and 1 lb. tins.

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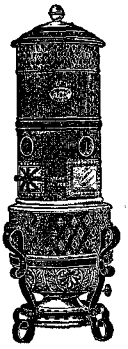

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THE FAMOUS SHOE FOR WOMEN

unequaled in retaining **shape, wear,** and **lustre.**
Fashionable for **street, dress, home,** or **outing.**

All feet and fancies fitted
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QUALITY COUNTS in style, fit and comfort, material, workmanship.

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China, Glassware, and Crockery. Cooking Utensils.
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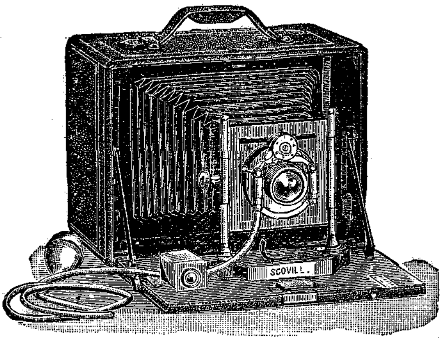

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The latest and most practical instrument for the discriminating amateur.

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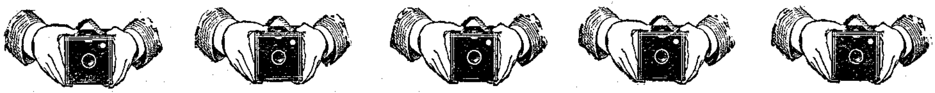

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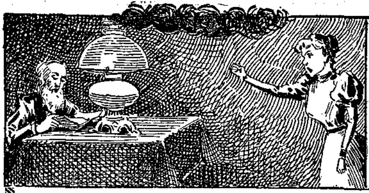

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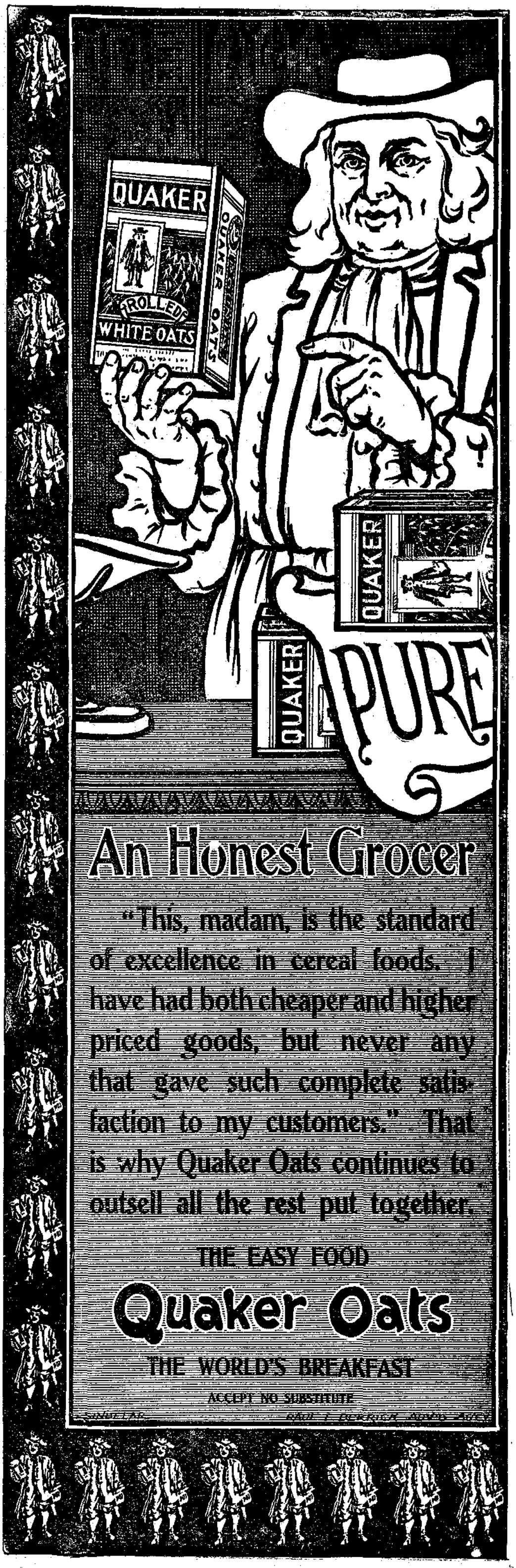
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The Mongolian origin of the people is shown in their love for quick, passionate dancing, the accompaniment to which is familiar to most music-loving people. It is further shown in their fondness for bright colors and rich embroidery.

This photograph represents a country tailor of the district of Heyduke as he sits at a "Singer Sewing Machine" applying heavy, bright colored braid to the gala costume of a Magyar peasant.

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MURALO is a cementitious paint, which dissolves readily and completely in cold water, and becomes part of the hard finished wall or ceiling. 95 % of this material is composed of one of the greatest disinfectants known to science. It is manufactured in 23 different tints, and can be applied so as to leave a perfectly flat surface, or to imitate tapestry and burlap work, or in patterns, and also for relief work. Unlike oil paints and paper, it is absolutely fireproof.

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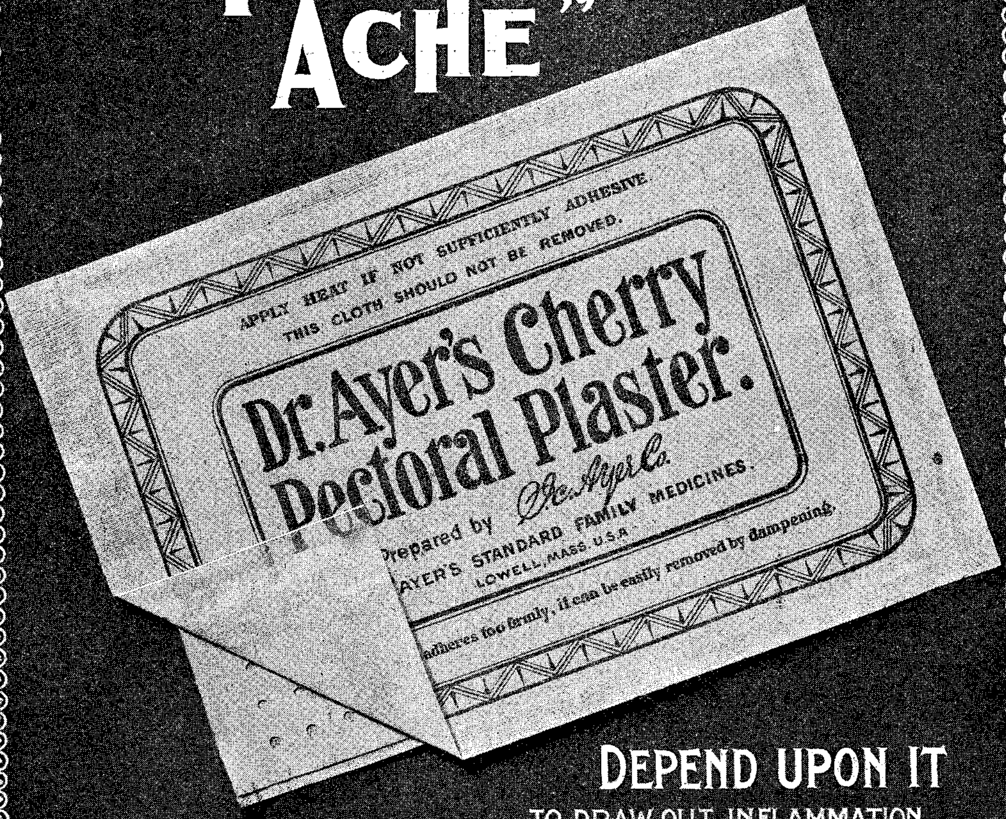
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AYER'S STANDARD FAMILY MEDICINES.
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adheres too firmly, it can be easily removed by dampening.

DEPEND UPON IT
TO DRAW OUT INFLAMMATION
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TO QUIET PAIN, CONTROL CONGESTION
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PUT THE PLASTER OVER THE PAIN.

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WILL NOT CROCK

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Most people are satisfied to sleep on a Hair Mattress, BECAUSE

Compressing the felt.
Binding and closing the tick by hand.
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GUARANTEE: Sleep on it for a month, and if it isn't all you hoped for in the way of a mattress, if you don't believe it to be the equal in cleanliness, durability and comfort of any $50 hair mattress ever made, you can get your money back by return mail—"no questions asked."

PATENT ELASTIC FELT consists of airy, interlacing, fibrous sheets of snowy whiteness and great elasticity; closed in the tick by hand, and *never* mats, loses shape or gets lumpy. Is perfectly dry, non-absorbent, and is guaranteed vermin-proof. Tick may be removed for washing without trouble. Softer and purer than hair *can be*; no re-picking or re-stuffing necessary.

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Send for our free illustrated book, "The Test of Time," which tells about Patent Elastic Felt.

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Ask your dealer for **Vici Leather Dressing,** and be sure the trade-mark, with the name of the maker, is on each box or bottle. Imitations may ruin your shoes.

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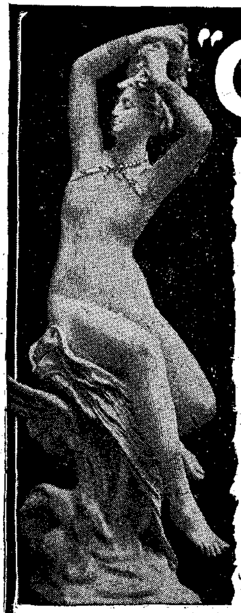

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UNION SUITS

are complete undergarments, covering the entire body like an additional skin. Perfectly elastic, fitting like a glove, but softly and without pressure. No buttons down the front. Made for Men, Women, and Young People. Most convenient to put on or off, being entered at the top and drawn on like trousers. With no other kind of underwear can ladies obtain such perfect fit for dresses or wear comfortably so small a corset.

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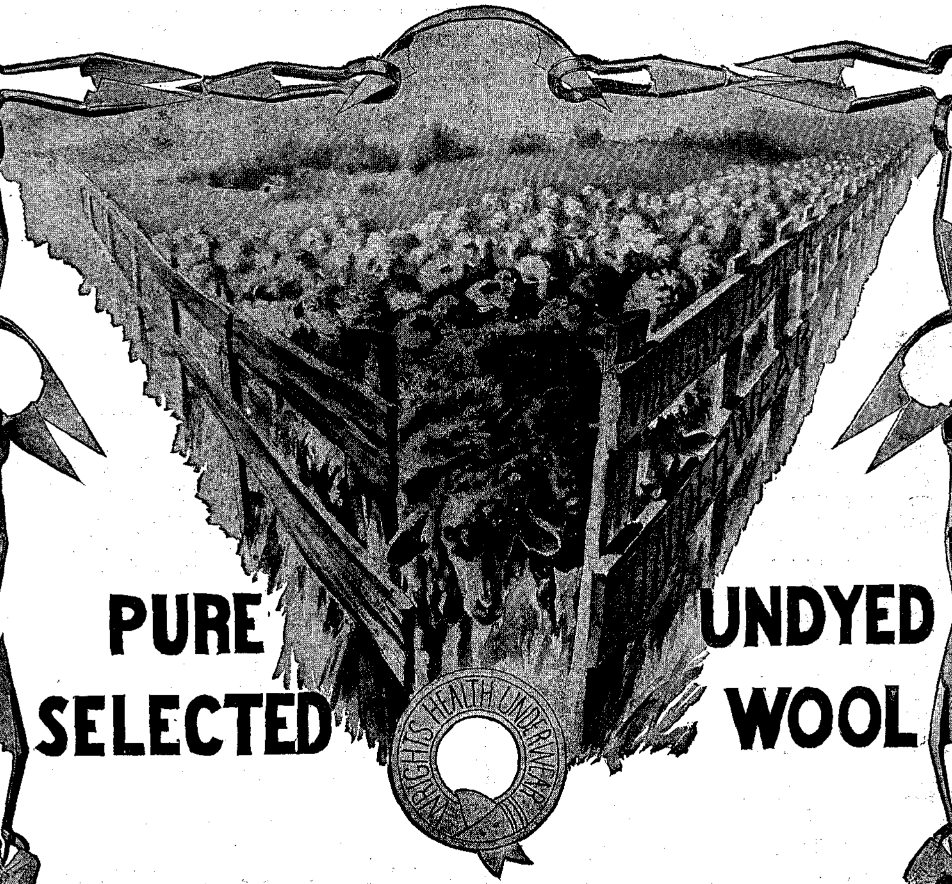

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The list of tunes is unlimited.

...IDEAL MUSIC BOXES...

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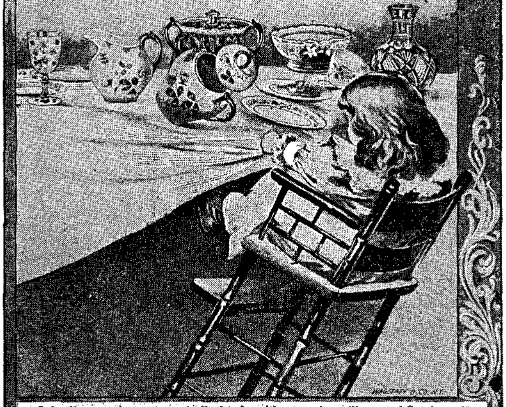

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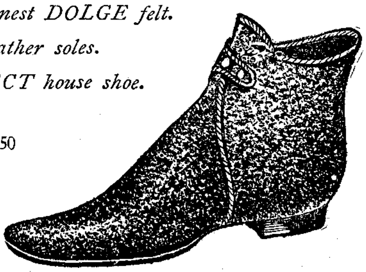

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Adjustable fastening.
Upper of finest DOLGE felt.
Noiseless leather soles.
A PERFECT house shoe.

LADIES', $2.50
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Delivered.

really cheerful feet are those shod DOLGE-fashion

Write us to-day for
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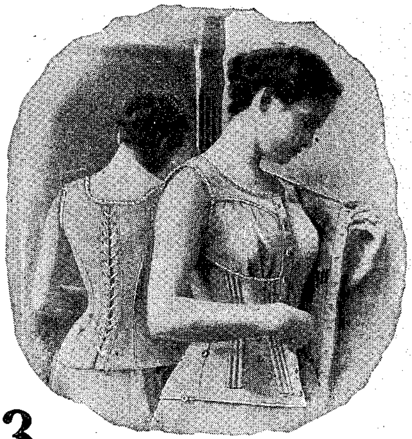
It explains and illustrates

Daniel Green Felt Shoes
119 West 23d St., New York

Equipoise Waist



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LADIES' Medium and Long Waist	White, Low Neck, " Extra Low Neck Drab, $2.50. Black,	$2.25 3.00 3.00
MISSES' . . .	White, Low Neck, . .	1.75

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easily identified by the trademark.

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Those who COULD NOT BUY, NOW CAN, AS WE ARE
CLOSING OUT at HALF PRICE our large stock of well-known lines of
Magic Lanterns, Stereopticons, and Slides
Owing to the rapid introduction of our Acetylene Gas Generators.
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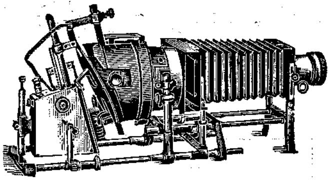


Annual Meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions

The eighty-ninth annual meeting of the American Board will be held at Grand Rapids, Michigan, in the First Congregational Church, beginning October 4th at 3 o'clock P.M., and closing at noon, October 7th.

Rev. R. R. Meredith, D.D., of Brooklyn, will preach the sermon. Addresses will be given by the President of the Board, a good number of the missionaries from the field, members of the Deputation to China, the Committee of Fifteen, and others, both pastors and workers. The annual reports of the work will be given by the officers of the Board.

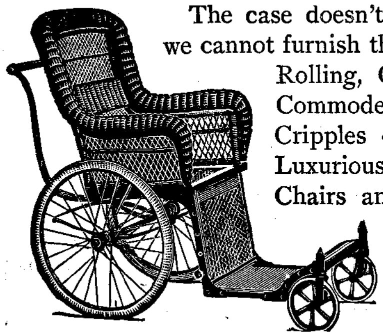
It is hoped that there will be a large attendance of Corporate Members, Honorary Members, pastors, and other friends. The Committee on Entertainment, Dr. James Gallup, Chairman, will make the most careful arrangements possible for those who desire to be in attendance and are seeking a place of entertainment.

The following hotels are recommended: The Morton House, $2.50 per day ($3.00 with bath). The Livingston, $2.00 per day ($2.50 with bath). The Warwick, $2.00. Sweet's Hotel, $1.50 to $2.00 per day. The Eagle, $1.00 per day.

Railroad rates at a fare and one-third have been granted by all the Traffic Associations on the certificate plan.

(Every person must obtain a certificate from the agent where the ticket is purchased to the point where the Convention is held. This certificate must be countersigned by the authorized clerk at Grand Rapids and viséd by the special agent of the Railroad Association. This will entitle the bearer to a return ticket at one-third the regular fare.)

The Rev. Dan F. Bradley, Grand Rapids, Michigan, is the Chairman of the General Committee of Arrangements.



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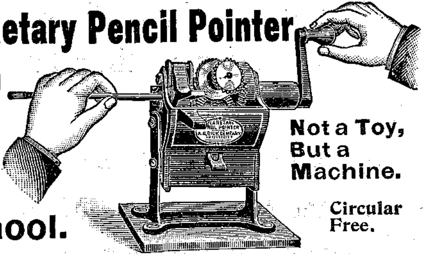

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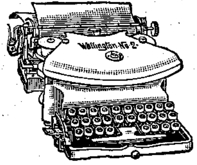

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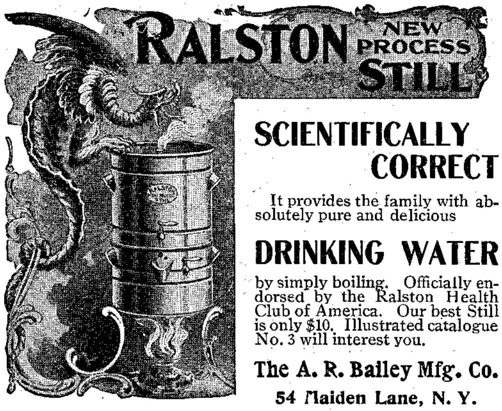
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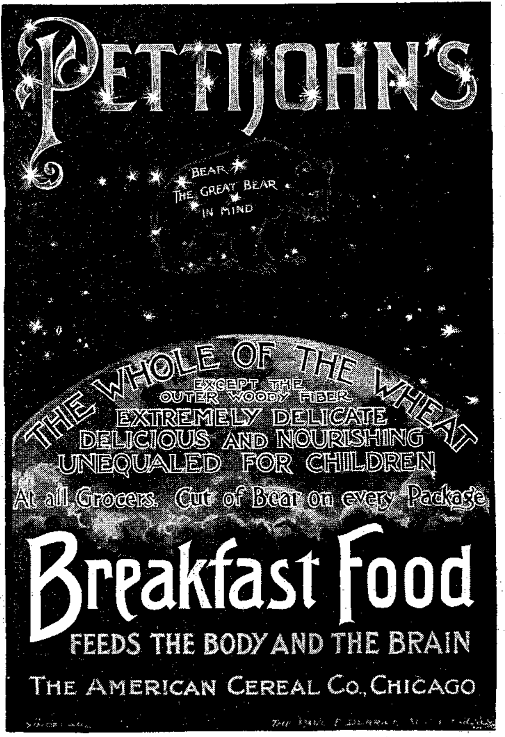
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We give you your choice of this Morris Chair, a Couch, a Ladies' Desk, Two Watches, Enamelled Bed and Springs, Upholstered Rocking Chair for selling $12 worth of

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Tell us what you are looking for, and we will endeavor to send you by return mail printed matter that will be of value to you in making your plans. No charge for this service is made to Outlook readers.

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For health or recreation. The appointments of a first-class Hotel. Elevator, steam, bells, sun-parlor, and Promenade on the Roof Suites with baths, Massage, Electricity Turkish, Russian, Natural Sulphur Water, and all Baths and health appliances. The Nauheim Treatment. Adirondack air, **Saratoga** Waters. Bicycle Paths, Tournaments, Entertainments, etc Send for illustrated circular

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Every proper name accented and diacritically marked, so that mispronunciation is practically impossible.

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is now being formed for the express purpose of supplying its members with copies of the **elegant first edition** of this sumptuous Bible at **lowest wholesale** rates—but little more than **one-third** publishers' regular retail prices. This is an opportunity that ought to be eagerly embraced by every Bible student and church worker.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

40,000 New Subscribers to The Outlook

have been added during the five months since the first of May. Forty Thousand More before the close of 1898 would be a most acceptable extension of The Outlook's circle of readers and influence. Important features for early publication are noted below.

George Kennan

the distinguished Siberian traveler and lecturer, has been the special Commissioner of THE OUTLOOK during the War with Spain, and was the first newspaper representative to enter the harbor of Santiago after the surrender. His **"Story of the War"** has attracted national attention. He is now recuperating from an attack of fever which prostrated him in Santiago, and early in November he will undertake a thorough study of the people and the conditions in Cuba, with the idea of giving to the readers of THE OUTLOOK exact information and picturesque description of what must ultimately become an important section of our national domain. His letters will probably begin in November and continue in weekly installments for some months.

Theodore Roosevelt

the most picturesque figure of the war, has consented to write for THE OUTLOOK an account of the service rendered by his friend and fellow-officer, **General Leonard Wood,** who entered the war as Colonel of the Rough Riders, was promptly promoted, and has done most important work as Military Governor of Santiago. Colonel Roosevelt will not fail to put into this description of his friend much of his own dashing personality.

Lyman Abbott

the Editor-in-Chief of THE OUTLOOK, will shortly begin the publication of a dozen papers, more or less, under the general title of **"American Problems and the Hebrew Prophets."** The object of these papers will be partly historical—to tell the story of the lives and times of the Hebrew Prophets—but chiefly interpretative, to make clear the principles which they inculcated. The papers will thus be of kin to the series of last year on the "Life and Letters of Paul," and will be conceived and written in the same spirit, but with the difference that Paul's topics were chiefly personal and theological, while those of the old Hebrew Prophets were sociological and political. The series may be described in a sentence as the teachings of the Hebrew Prophets applied to the problems of American life.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson

whose life has been spent in the literary atmosphere of Boston and Cambridge, has written for THE OUTLOOK a charming paper entitled **"My Literary Neighbors,"** which will be published at an early day, with a large number of portraits. Colonel Higginson will also furnish an early paper on **"The Eccentricities of Reformers."**

America's Working People

Mr. Charles B. Spahr, of the editorial staff of The Outlook, and author of "The Present Distribution of Wealth," is investigating **Economic and Social Life** in the industrial centers of America, and will present the result of his work to Outlook readers in a series of articles which promises to be of great interest and value. The titles of the projected papers are as follows:

The Old Factory Towns of New England
The New Factory Towns of the South
A Typical Primitive Community
The Negro as an Industrial Factor

Cotton and Sugar Plantations
The Coal Miners
The Iron Centers
The Labor World in Chicago

The Small Northern Farm
The Great Wheat Ranches
Irrigation Among the Mormons
Co-operative Experiments

Phillips Brooks

"Memorials of Phillips Brooks," by Herbert S. Houston, will describe the beautiful window placed in St. Margaret's, London, by Archdeacon Farrar, in memory of his American friend; the Memorial House at Harvard, where the religious activities of the University are to have a home; a splendid monument symbolical of the spirit and life of the man, now being designed by St. Gaudens; a bust and tablet for the interior of Trinity Church, Boston, by French; a fund for the spread in Harvard of Christian teaching, as exemplified in the life of Phillips Brooks; and a bronze memorial containing a portrait of the great preacher, placed in the Church of the Incarnation, New York, by the late Arthur Brooks, in memory of his brother. The article will be fully illustrated.

The Peace Commission

The most important international event of this year is the meeting of the **Peace Commission at Paris.** A special correspondent of The Outlook will write for immediate publication an article to be fully illustrated. It will present in a picturesque way the scene at the sessions of the Commission, the personality of its members, the method of its proceedings, and the steps by which its momentous results will be attained.

Hamilton W. Mabie

the Associate Editor of The Outlook, will contribute an illustrated article on **"The Background of Robert Burns's Poetry,"** and similar articles on other English poets, during the year. This is an attempt, not only to put behind great poetry the landscape with which the poet was most familiar, and which was therefore one of the determining features in his spiritual development, but also to suggest the deeper connection between the poet's work and his surroundings.

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Removed to 70 West 55th Street Reopens Oct. 5th. Mrs. JAMES T. HOYT, Principal.

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Classes for mothers in **CHILD STUDY.**
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Pupils received at any time. For prospectus address FRANK W. HALE, General Manager, Boston, Mass.

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MISS DANA'S School for Girls, Morristown, New Jersey.—Exceptionally broad curriculum, with ample equipment and thorough instruction. Certificate admits to four leading colleges. Music and art. Suburban to New York. Boarding pupils, $700

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Academic and college preparatory departm'ts. Special courses. 54 Park Place, Newark, N. J.

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Specializes in: 1. Broadly planned course of study, including college preparation. 2. Care of health and manners. 3. Appointments of a refined home. 4. Cultivation of a taste for the best in books, Art, and Music.
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33d year. Academic, Advanced, and College Preparatory Courses Diplomas given in each. Certificate admits to Vassar and Wellesley. Special courses in Art, Music, and Literature. One and a half hours from New York.

For other Educational advertisements see page XII.

Gettysburg, Luray, Natural Bridge, Hot Springs, Richmond, and Washington

The next and last eleven-day personally conducted tour of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to the Battlefield of Gettysburg, Luray Caverns, Natural Bridge, Virginia Hot Springs, and the cities of Richmond and Washington will leave New York and Philadelphia in a special train of parlor-cars on Wednesday, October 19. The party will be in charge of a tourist agent and an experienced chaperon. A whole day will be spent on the Battlefield of Gettysburg, a carriage drive with lectures by an able guide being included in the ticket. Ample time will be allowed at Luray and Natural Bridge to view the wondrous natural formations, and at the Hot Springs over three days will be spent. The season at this great autumn resort in the beautiful mountains of Virginia will be at its height. At Richmond and Washington opportunities will be presented to visit all the points of interest under intelligent guidance.

The round-trip rate, including all necessary expenses, is $65 from New York, $63 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points.

For detailed itinerary apply to Ticket Agents; to Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 789 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

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Opposite Victoria Park and Cedar Ave. Private Board, $12 to $14 per week.
Mrs. J. F. SMITH, Proprietor.

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.—First-class in all respects. F. O. JOHNSON, Prop.

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Greenwich, Ct.—First-class in all respects. home comforts. H. M. Hitchcock, M.D.

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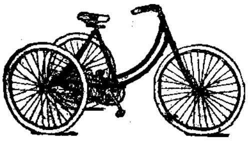

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